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The Journal

November - 1947

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THE Journal

Literary Magazine of Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

Vol. LVIII NOVEMBER 1947 No. 1

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Monthly Memos

With this, the first issue of the 1947-1948 scholastic year, we begin THE JOURNAL'S sixtieth year of publication. And, of course, we wish this year to be the best yet. We want to give you a magazine that will be appealing and packed from cover to cover with good short stories, informative articles, excellent essays, and fine poetry. THE JOURNAL is your magazine. It's filled with your writings. Therefore your interest, and yours alone, will make it a great success. The size of a student body does not necessarily determine the amount of literary talent present.

There's no reason why we can't make THE JOURNAL one of the best college literary magazines in the country. Read your magazine and make suggestions. The editorial staff will always be pleased to accept constructive criticism from you, our readers.

We were happy to note the number of student contributions handed us for use in this issue, one of the largest in the history of the magazine. We sincerely hope that this indicates an increasing interest in THE JOURNAL and in writing, in general, on the campus. We want your contributions. Any member of the staff will be happy to accept your work for consideration. So let's all read THE JOURNAL, contribute to its make-up, and help make it one for Wofford and hers to be proud of.

This month's splendid cover picture, an infra-red shot of the Main Building, was made by Dr. A. W. Biber. His excellent photography is also responsible for the beautiful picture of the library, also an infra-red shot. We also wish to single out for praise Mr. J. S. Charles of The Herald and Journal, who made the very fine cuts of these pictures.

This year we are inaugurating a number of new features in THE JOURNAL. The first of these is a new exchange policy and the BY EXCHANGE feature in the magazine. BY EXCHANGE will review for your aid the best short stories and articles from our many exchange magazines. Lewis Watts will be your exchange editor. After each issue of THE JOURNAL has been distributed, these exchange magazines will be displayed for your use and reading pleasure in the library. They will be there for a period of one week. For complete information read BY EXCHANGE in this issue.

You will also find in this year's issues a feature, "As I See It," by John W. Stevenson. Through this feature, THE JOURNAL will state its attitudes and policies. We feel that such an outlet for its views has long been needed.

In each issue, it will also be our privilege to reprint one of the best short stories or essays featured in the numerous exchange magazines we receive each month. We feel that this action will not only add to your reading enjoyment, but will serve as further incentive to review the exchange magazines while on display in the library. This month we offer you, "The Well Runs Dry," by Christopher Hamilton, reprinted from the University of Utah PEN.

We understand that many of you enjoy good poetry; so we shall endeavor to print one poetry feature in each issue, with a number of shorter poems.

Don't forget to give us your suggestions, and let us have your contribution soon.

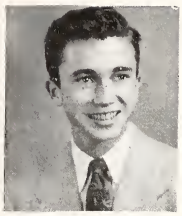
—THE EDITOR

CRESCENDO

By Rab Braddy

Rab Braddy is not a newcomer to this year's **Journal** readers. We are pleased to print another of his writings. Rab is a junior from Dillon, S. C. Music and writing dominate most of his leisure time.—The Editor.

It's hard to describe a world without light to those who see. Possibly the feeling is something akin to passing through a long dark underground tunnel. Light and perception are suddenly blotted out. Sounds are magnified, echoed, and acquire a certain weirdness. Muscles tense. Eyes strain. Then small, involuntary sighs are heard to escape, as once again the light of day appears.



We who are hopelessly blind will never breathe the sigh of relief that comes on passing back into the light of day. We shall remain thus high strung and sensitive—and ever increasingly more so—until the end of our days Our tunnel of darkness will never end.

* * * * *

Strange that my thoughts should have been occupied with a mental description of a world of blindness. I should have been concentrating on Marie as she played. My every sense should have been attuned to the sounds of her violin. My mind should have surely been with hers—deep in the second movement of the concerto. I should have been examining every phrase, attentive to the clarity and resonance of every note of every trill. For in less than an hour, Marie Chevaux would play. This was the night that would find the name of Marie Chevaux on the lips of all the prominent citizens of San Francisco's world of music.

The music swelled to fill the tiny backstage practice room. A master of music was speaking through his masterpiece. My sister, with her violin was translating—interpreting with genius. Yet, I realized that my accompaniment at the piano was mechanical, yes almost automatic. My fingers felt their way over the long familiar divisions of the keyboard—fingers that had been thus occupied most of their life. Here they needed no mind to tell them what to do, nor eyes to show them where to go. They were long and strong and competent. They performed their task alone and my mind was free to wander and—

I was a boy again. I was being led by a strange, sickishly sympathizing hand to the piano in a room filled with the odor of women. Middle aged women, all of whom loudly claimed their ability to appreciate music. Marie played, and I accompanied, and the applause was loud and long. But the applause was for Marie.

I winced as I heard once again the searing ripple of laughter which had preceded that eternity of silence. I had stumbled and fallen as I tried to leave the stage at intermission. I felt once again the unbearable mental pain I had felt when my sister returned to the stage to lead me off into the wings. Marie had always been so considerate. So completely conscious of my affliction. So damned eternally condescending.

She was the master and I—I was merely a tool—equipment that she must have in order to work. Oh, but I was much more than that! Was it not I who had worked with her, corrected her, improved her from the start? Were not my ears those which criticized her tone and developed her pitch. I had fused my feeling for music in her. I had made Marie Chevaux.

But the audience — to them I was not the master. Marie was the master and I was a curiosity. I was an accompanist who, in spite of a horrible handicap, had developed an ability to play the piano. Remarkable, they thought, the way I had taught my fingers to find their way over the keys alone. I was a freak pianist, but Marie was a musician.

Marie! What was her feeling toward me? Did she realize that it was I, not she, who was the soul of her music. Strange, it had never occurred to me before to analyze Marie's attitude toward me. Just what did she think of me? I knew. My mind flashed back, and I heard once again the roars of applause following the conclusion of a performance. I could see with my mind what my eyes had never seen—her standing there on the stage, smiling coyly, bowing primly. Bowing time and again and again. I could feel her hand on my arm as she invited me to my feet for a moment of recognition, then feel it drop as she resumed her own curtsies and recognitions. And I knew that, to Marie, Marie was the artist, and I was only the accompanist. I was her poor, blind brother, whom she must protect and provide for. I was an obligation. I saw now that her allowing me to be her accompanist was continued only that I might consider myself useful and necessary. Useful!

And tonight she was to be featured soloist with the San Francisco Symphony. She would march proudly onto the stage to take the place of honor. There would be no blind man to be led slowly,

awkwardly to the piano. I was to be left standing in the wings. Tonight Marie would break free from her burden. Tonight Marie would shrug aside her creator to go forth and claim for herself all praise for her creation.

Yet here I was, alone with her to the very last. Helping her as she worked herself into readiness for the performance—she was preparing herself for the break!

I suddenly realized that as my mind had been thus occupied my accompaniment had grown loud and accelerated. My playing was fierce, emotional, revolting. Already we had almost completed the second movement. There my accompaniment would stop, and Marie would go into the third movement alone. Just as I had taught her, so she would play it. She would shade the phrases as I had told her to shade them. She would accelerate and diminish exactly as I had taught her. But who of those who had heard her would know that it was the genius of Victor Chevaux which they were hearing? Who would know that this accomplished young violinist was nothing more that my reflection, the medium through which I made myself heard? Bitterly I realized that few who heard would know that Victor Chevaux existed. Artless socialites! What right had they to hear my creation? Indeed, why should she be heard!

Now my fingers moved powerfully, competently over the keys as the movement raced to a close. My accompaniment became methodical and flowing as I matched the fevered pitch of her playing, note for note. Two phrases remained before the end. I paced her faster. Together we began the final crescendo. The music grew louder and more vigorous with every note. Four measures—then two. We raced toward the finish. The last chord came forth with a violent crash. Then Silence.

Confidently she began her solo—alone. My expressionless eyes stared ahead into blackness as I listened. My hands lay in my lap and I felt in them a strange power, a steadiness, a viciousness. I flexed them gently and felt the tendons ripple under my skin. And Marie played.

Carefully I rose from my bench and turned my head in the direction of her playing. I felt my way along the top of the piano until I knew that I was standing beside her. Then I fixed my blank stare on where I thought her face should be, and listened. The melody, which in the beginning had been docile and soothing, had now gone into a minor variation. It forced its way into my mind, magnified itself in my ears and soon its sadness had saturated my emotions.

No doubt, there was a strangeness in my expression which Marie had never before seen. Perhaps my blank, unfocused stare increased her nervousness. At any rate, I heard her turn and face the other wall. Still I stood there, motionless, and listened. She was tapering every phrase just as I had taught her. Every fortissimo was exactly where I had said it should be. The pitch and resonance which I had so tediously developed in her playing was now perfect. My creation was completed. And tonight the puppet was to break its string, and from thence go alone.

I stretched my arms forward to where I knew she was standing and my hands came to rest lightly on her shoulders—smooth, rounded shoulders, which were bare above the low cut of her evening gown. She continued to play, but now more feverishly, less artistically, as if she had only a number of minutes in which to finish. The simple melody began to pound itself through my brain as she played it over and over again, varying it with each repetition. My hands moved together along her shoulders, and my fingers encircled her slender throat. For a brief second she hesitated—then began to play again, almost wildly now and void of all expression or clarity. Could she really be frightened? Many times I had moved my fingers over her face and neck, tracing the contours of her features. But now I was tracing no contours. She had been mine to create. She was mine—to destroy!

My fingers tightened about her neck. The music stopped as her arms straightened and the violin fell to the floor. The music had stopped, but the melody continued to ring weirdly in my mind. Strangely, I had set its tempo to the beat of her heart as it pounded blood faster and faster through the vein beneath my fingers. I tightened my grip, and the pulse weakened, then died. My fingers relaxed and she slid lifelessly to the floor.

Still the music was racing through my brain—now to the tempo of my own pulse as it wildly rose and fell in my temple.

I had no thoughts. I stood there, arms dangling, squinting into the recesses of my world of darkness.

There was a sharp rap at the door. My breath caught in my throat, and my legs grew weak and shaky. A second's pause, and a polite, but urgent voice called, "Ten minutes till curtain, Miss Chevaux." Fool that I was! Of course, they would come to find her in a matter of minutes. She was expected to perform! My mind was seized with terror. What to do? Where to go? If only that infernal music would stop!

To attempt the long trip down the stairs and out of the building alone scarcely entered my mind. One thought possessed me. To escape without

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A PAGE FROM A COUNTRY DEACON'S LIFE

By Robert R. Whiteside

On this cold and frosty morning, Silas Higgins reluctantly shoved back the warm checkered quilts and muttered half to himself and half to the early caller, "Who in the thunderation is knocking at this ungodly hour? All right, all right, hold your horses, I'll git ther."

Without bothering to light the lamp, Silas blundered his way out of the dark room into the hall where his head struck the deer antlers which served as a hatrack. The frosty air in the hall was warmed with his oaths.

Silas, being a cautious man, eased the heavy curtain over the door to one side, and looked out. Seeing that the visitor was quite young, he pulled the door open; "Who's there?"

"It's me, Mister Higgins," answered a cold and fear-shaken voice.

"Well, what is it, son?"

"My Ma sent me to tell you that Pa died and she wants you to send for Doc Perkins. She says can Mrs. Mamie come down."

"I'm right sorry to hear that. Come on in, Son."

No, suh, Mr. Higgins, Ma said I ought to go tell Aunt Carrie but it'll shore make her mad. She told Pa last week he's agonna die."

"You tell your Ma that me and Mamie'll be down soon as we can."

While locking the door, Silas bellowed out, "Git up, Mamie, it's time to git up, and besides, I guess we'll hafta go down to Purdy's cause Jim's dead."

Silas was able to avoid any mishaps in the hall as he went mumbling along, but soon after entering the bedroom a loud metallic sound and crash rang out.

"Confound it, Mamie, why in the jumping blue blazes don't you push this dang thing back under the bed after you use it."

"Well, Pa, you ain't use to stalking around in the dark afore I git up. Hand me the lamp and I'll go start breakfast."

In a fairly short time the milking was done and the bright red Jewel lard pails were back on the rack beside the dairy house shining in the morning sun. The strainer, through which several gallons of milk had passed recently, also reflected the brilliant rays. Friendly and pleasant-smelling smoke drifted out of the big house. Silas came charging through the kitchen door and was greeted by the odor of frying ham and boiling coffee. Mamie was taking a pan of hot biscuits from the oven. Without saying a word, Silas washed his hands and sat down at the head of the table.

"Mamie, bring that pitcher of honey, and, I guess you better fry me an extra egg, 'cause we won't git much to eat at Purdy's."

"Push that chair agin the table, Pa. That cat's gonna be on the table afore you know it."

"Say, Mamie, I wonder if Maud'll let me use their lower five for what Jim owed me? She ought to."

"Well, Pa, for goodness sakes, let 'em get Jim under the ground 'fore you say anything."

The dishes were washed, hogs were fed, churning was done, and all the usual morning chores were over when the master and mistress of the Higgins household finally got into the buggy to go to the aid of Jim Purdy's widow. Mamie was sitting in the buggy checking over a basket of food, talking to herself and to the hired man. "Let's see, I've got a can of last year's corn, some black-eyed peas, streaked fatback, dried apples, and peach brandy. You know, Pinky, Sister Hawkins said I saved her life with some of my brandy. You know what a hard time she had with her heart when Brother Hawkins passed on. Oh, Pa, bring that half-pound of butter on the shelf in the dairy house. I'll take it. It's gitting a little rank."

"All right, but it's no use in taking a whole ramption of stuff down there. Other folks can bring something. I guess if I'd left it up to you, you'd took one of my hams. That streaked fatback is good aplenty."

The buggy was bouncing merrily along the shady lane with Mrs. Higgins keeping up a continuous chatter. Silas spoke up, "Keep quiet, Mamie, there's Tom Dillard fixing his fence. Hello there, Tom."

"Morning, Higgins. You and the Missus going to town?"

"No, Tom, we're going to Purdy's. Old Jim died last night. Guess you'll be down to sit tonight, won't you?"

"Shore am sorry to hear that. I'll sure be down. Hafta fix my fence this morning. Ole Red has broke it down for the third time in a week."

"I knew he was out. Had to run him away from my pasture this morning. See you later, Tom."

The road soon left the hills and bottom land and led up to some flat, washed clay fields. The buggy soon turned off the county road at a washboard, sandy drive. The ruts led up to the Purdy house. It was an unpainted frame building, badly in need of repair. The windows looked bare.

"I see old Jim didn't even bother to take his punkins in. Can't say I blame him though. They're awful scrawny."

Silas then changed his expression as if he were changing gears. His face had a grim look when he drove by the small group of men standing in the yard. He stopped the buggy beside the house and waited for Mamie to get out and get her package. After Mamie stepped away from the buggy, Silas drove on to the barn. He unharnessed his fat red mare and led her to the lot where the Purdy mare was. He stood there looking at the bony nag for a few minutes; then as if on second thought he turned and put his mare in the stall.

Mr. Higgins stalked across the yard looking very serious. His black suit and black tie seemed to match his expression. He was greeted by his various local titles of Deacon Higgins, Brother Higgins, and Mister Higgins.

"Good morning, men, glad to see you all. I'll go in to see Maud now. Has Perkins come yet? I sent for him."

When the porch creaked beneath Mr. Higgins' weight, the few women standing before the fireplace in the parlor hastily dropped their skirts, and the others rushed to spit their snuff out. It was a sinful thing to see other women using snuff, Mr. Higgins always said. He opened the door and spoke briefly to them. Mrs. Crook pointed to the bedroom, "Mrs. Mamie has the family in there."

Mr. Higgins nodded as if he knew that Mamie had taken charge of things. He went straight into the bedroom without knocking.

"Mrs. Purdy, I shore was powerful sorry to hear about Jim. He always said I done more for him than anybody. Just took my appetite away to hear the news. I know I can't do much, but if I can do anything, just let me or Mamie know. Just talked to Jim a few days ago. I'll go outside now."

"Thank you kindly, Deacon, for them kind words."

As Higgins left the room, weeping broke out anew among the eight children and Mrs. Purdy over the unusually kind words of Deacon Higgins. He seemed well pleased after doing his duty.

The day wore on with some of the men whittling on nice big splinters which they had broken off the porch floor. Lem Wilkens wanted to know, "How come old man Johnson run his boy off last week? Shore musta made the old man mad."

Before Ben Hayes could finish getting volunteers to help him rebuild his barn, Will Watson started in on his latest joke. "Did you fellows hear about the city man that bought hisself a piece of land and a house? He got this farm and decided to raise pigs. Well, somebody told him to take his old sow to the boar down the road. It seems how he put the old sow in the wheel bar and took her. Well he looked out the next morning and twarn't no little pigs so he took her agin. Still no pigs the next morning. He kept this up for a week. Then one morning he told his old woman to look out and see if ther wuz any pigs. She did. Then she said, 'Tain't no pigs but the sow is in the wheel bar!'"

The laughing quickly subsided when Mr. Higgins walked up. To completely change the subject, Will spoke to him. "Deacon, you sure looking chipper lately. Is it cause you got that new manure spreader and stuff from Sears Roebuck? You keep up with all the new stuff."

"Yes, Brother William, the Lord did bless me with a new spreader and some tools. If a man does the Lord's bidding, the Lord'll look out for him. I always try to do what's right."

As if to prevent further comment, Doc Perkins came out of the house and started toward the group. William spoke up, "Let's take up a collection for Doc right quick." He passed his hat around and they all put some in except the Deacon; he had left his money at home. The contribution was handed to Higgins, who gave it to Doc when he got to them. Perkins looked at the money, grinned a little at the $5.35 and said, "Well, I didn't have much to do since old Jim was pretty well pickled anyhow."

"Perkins, you got no call to go a-talking that way about the dead."

"Well, Deacon, you wasn't no help to him when he was alive. You got him put outa the church." Perkins turned his back and walked away jingling the money in his pocket.

Bob, Jim's oldest boy came out on the porch. Higgins went straight over to him and began talking in a fatherly manner. The young lad, weighed down by the new responsibility, seemed moved by the older man's sympathy and understanding.

"Bob, I know you'll have a load on you now trying to care for your family. I was just wondering if you'd want me to work your lower five for you. I could sow it in winter rye now. Just let me know when you can. It's getting dark now so I'll talk to the men out here and see who's gonna sit up."

All the men came over when he called them. "I just want to know who's gonna sit up."

Most of the men answered that they would stay.

"Well, I've got to go home and see about my kids. I wanted to tell you that you better keep the wood door pushed to cause there are some big

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BRITAIN TODAY

By Eben Taylor

It is difficult to realize that over two years after the cessation of hostilities, Britain's economic position is at a far lower level than at any period since 1939. The failure of Britain to restore herself economically among the leading nations is attributable to numerous reasons. Let us examine a few of the more obvious factors which have led to her present predicament.

Early in 1946, the United States extended Britain a loan that would give her the opportunity to become self-supporting. It was anticipated by the British Government that this loan would financially assist Britain until 1949. The loan, amounting to $3,750,000,000, is now practically exhausted without having accomplished the desired rehabilitation of the nation's productive machinery. Events which Britain had not expected struck quickly and expended the dollars at a faster rate than safety would allow. In a number of instances, the failure and lack of foresight on the part of the Socialist Government in using the loan advantageously has been directly responsible for the rapid depreciation of the dollars. These disasters are easily illustrated by the severe winter blizzards and subsequent floods which resulted in great losses to agriculture, industry, and transportation.

To Doug Hooker, who has lived in London, England, the greater portion of his life, and is now beginning his pre-medical work at Wofford, I wish to give the credit for any merit this work may possess. His first-hand knowledge of the problem and wealth of personal experience with it have been invaluable.
—The Author

The merging of the British and the United States zones in occupied Germany has also increased Britain's expenditure and consequently used approximately 8 percent of the loan. Moreover, the great increase in the prices of U. S. food exports has effected a heavy drainage upon Britain's dollar resources. In accordance with the loan agreement, Britain allowed the free exchange of sterling for dollars, producing a run on The Bank of England and a forced suspension of sterling convertibility. Illustrations of the Socialist Government's failure to use the loan profitably will be treated in detail later.

In order to cope with the economic crisis, Mr. Attlee recently announced his Austerity Plan to help Britain through the critical winter months. Probably the most harsh measures of this decree are the further cuts and restrictions to the Britisher's sadly insufficient rations. The milk ration has been reduced to two pints per person per week, while the meat ration is limited to between fifteen and twenty cents' worth per person per week. In addition, the Britisher has been told to expect still greater sacrifices before the end of the year. In an endeavor to help alleviate the food position, allowances for hotels and restaurants have been reduced, but the majority of hotel and restaurant owners believe that these cuts will have negligible effect in improving the food situation. The Austerity Plan also ordered the complete suspension of the basic gasoline ration for private automobile owners from the first of October, curtailing one of the few pleasures remaining in Britain. This, naturally, has had some effect on the value of second-hand cars, which is reported already to have dropped by 50 percent, while it is expected that the number of vehicles on the roads of Britain will have been decreased in number by one million. However, the government anticipates an increase in car exports to 75 percent of production. From the first of October the amount of foreign currency allowed to each person leaving the country for pleasure was reduced to thirty-five pounds, and complete suspension of foreign currency for pleasure travel was enforced on the tenth of October. A reduction in imports of tobacco, films, and other luxury goods has been made. It is anticipated that these combined measures will result in a saving of over a billion dollars which, though helping considerably to improve the position, will not be sufficient to remove the economic crisis.

In order to deal successfully with the economic situation, it is essential that British exports at least equal her imports. The primary imports are naturally food and raw materials. These are obviously necessary, but unfortunately, the government has wasted a fair proportion of the loan on unnecessary luxury goods. For example, great numbers of electrical appliances were imported, but during the fuel and electrical crisis of last winter, it was found that so much additional pressure was placed on sources of supply, that it was necessary to curtail the use of all electrical appliances during certain hours of the day. The lack of foresight by the government in a number of similar situations has resulted, not in the desired increase of production,

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THE BLACK SOUTH

By Robert Craig

Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, North Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida all have a Negro population of at least 25% their total populations. The total Negro population of the United States is less than 10% of the whole; the nine Southern States, listed above contain over half of them. In South Carolina, 43% of the population is Negro. These facts are indicative of the importance of the Negro to the South, and his problems to Southern problems.

How do Negroes live? For the most part they live in dwellings which are definitely unfit for human habitation on any level. It is interesting to compare the Southern Negro with the Displaced Person in Germany. Although the Displaced Person is homeless in the ultimate sense of the word and must depend on the charity of the International Relief Organization, he would have to be destitute indeed ever to consider living in a dwelling similar to many of the Negro houses seen in the South. The temporary dwellings of the Displaced Persons far surpass the shacks that Negroes must accept as their permanent homes.

Since he was granted his freedom at the end of the Civil War, the Negro has been forced to accept low, servile positions.

The distinct American legend describing the paper boy who rose to great fame and fortune does not apply to the Negro. The paper boy soars with ambition, for he knows that his chance of success depends solely on his own native ability and determination. The cold fact that everything worth having is in possession of the white man is forced upon the Negro from very early childhood, and the hatred and indifference of the white man make it almost impossible for a Negro to improve himself. This indicates the rash, though perhaps thoughtless, conspiracy of the white man to "keep the nigger in his place." What hope is there for a Negro to create a better world for himself when all the wherewithall is in the hands of those who are doing their level best to prevent his betterment? It appears to him, as it would appear to anyone under similar conditions, that it is better to live in poverty than to attempt surviving the gauntlet of white hatred, indifference, intolerance, and wordy abuse.

Is a Negro mentally capable of competing with the white man, or is he, by nature, ignorant and uncivilized, as some people claim? Through intelligence tests, the Negro's I. Q. has been checked many times. Most tests revealed that the Negro's I. Q. is lower than the white man's, although he occasionally proves himself superior in certain fields. One set of tests showed that the normal white American had an average I. Q. of 102, while a Negro had an I. Q. of 86 (Indians and Mexicans showed up even lower). The important facts to recognize concerning these tests is that they do not measure native intelligence alone, but a combination of native intelligence and acquired intelligence. They are also deeply affected by attitude and by state of health. Can the 16 point difference in the two scores mentioned above be explained by an inequality of these dependent factors? Or are they native differences? No one can tell. Environment is far too varied, the educational differences too great, the health factor too prominent.

The education of the Negro certainly shows an inequality with that of the white. Here are the facts in South Carolina according to the Seventy-Eighth Annual Report of the State Superintendent of Education of South Carolina (1946): the average per pupil expenditure for both elementary and high schools for the whites in 1946 was $81.00, for the Negroes, $29.00. An average of $1,351 was received by white teachers in 1946, while for Negroes, the average was $828.00. How many times in recent months has it been lamented that capable **white** teachers cannot be obtained because of low salaries paid? How much worse must be the Negro situation.

This partiality in educational fields is common, customary, and accepted in Southern States. It is illogical to argue that Negroes should receive less to educate their children than the whites simply because they pay less taxes than the whites. They pay their just proportion in relation to their salaries; their average salary is not equal to the white average because the whites themselves have arranged it that way. Further, if it is considered how the Negro's education has been neglected and how far he has been placed behind the white, the whites should, from this viewpoint, contribute more to his education than to their own education. Observe from your own experience that the white child, regardless of the income of his father, receives an education equivalent to that of any other child in his school. Yet Negroes receive one third as much as whites. Why?

Negro inferiority in regards to intelligence has never been proved. The uninformed person, viewing the Negro in his loathsome environment finds it easy, since prejudice sways him, to conclude that this poverty is the natural result of an inferior people trying to compete with the whites. The observer that reasons in this manner is unaware of the rigid unwritten laws which white men abide

by almost subconsciously, by reason of an inborn "heritage" of white supremacy.

The observer cannot be factually acquainted with studies of the Negro mind if he sincerely believes the Negro naturally inferior to the white man. For although there is no conclusive evidence in either direction, the very fact that the Negro's education is inferior to that of the white is reason enough to believe that under equal circumstances the Negro can prove himself of equal worth.

Added to the lack of proper education is the consideration of the comparative health standards of the two groups. The low income bracket of most Negroes, combined with their lack of education in nutrition, brings their standard of health below that of the white man. Negro mortality rates have been higher than those of the whites ever since the Civil War. Testors admit that individual health is no small factor in determining the I. Q.

There is still another factor which enters into the tests to determine Negro intelligence, namely, ambition. There is no strong motive to drive a black man on to aquire an education. It is very easy to overlook this fact, but it is, nevertheless, true. Omitting a few exceptions, the Negro who plans to study science is wasting his time, because he will end up as a janitor or a carpenter's helper. There is no real desire for an education because the Negro would have no use for it, if he were lucky enough to obtain it. If he spends five thousand dollars and four years getting something society will not let him use, he is very foolish indeed.

White men in the Southern States are free to do as they wish as long as their actions do not interfere with another's freedom. This is the primary blessing of our form of government. The Negro is denied this privilege, not by law, but by public opinion. He is prevented from entering any respectable business because the entire economic structure of our country is dominated by the whites. He is not allowed to enter into his own business because of legal technicalities.

To the white man in the South, the Negro presents no problem. He is completely subordinated and incapable of interfering with white interests. Whites are perfectly happy with things the way they are, so they prefer to ignore the shameful condition of their fellow men. There is a flaw in this ignoble system, however. The Negro needs only educaion to make him equal in intelligence to the white. Once he brings himself up to an equal standard, no alliance of any sort can prevent him from rising to his rightful place in a democratic society. Whether the whites take it upon themselves to help him or not, he will rise; it will take time, but he will rise. Our attitude now, when he is down and out, will, however, create his attitude then. If we prefer to continue ignoring him, and make him fight his way to the top, we will force him to build his society upon hatred of the white. His every action will be to spite the white. Today, the servile attitude of the Negro shows a lack of will to fight for what is rightfully his. But with the spread of education, that will is bound to increase. The Negro will have founded a society basically foreign and hostile to that of the white. One founded on malice and hope of revenge. At that point in the game, the state of South Carolina will find that 43% of its people hate the remaining 57%. Life will not be as pleasant for the white man as it is now.

If only we were to overcome our enmity and lend a willing hand to the Negro, the situation could perhaps be prevented. The task is complicated: no one single effort towards reform can be successful. The hatred of the white man which is bred in him must be overcome. The education of the Negro must be promoted. He must be allowed to participate in businesses and professions, and no longer be restricted to manual labor alone. But not one of these things can be accomplished overnight. Each factor must be changed little by little; business opportunities must arise as the individual aquires a better education; housing and food will improve as business and educational standards are raised. The solution lies not in presenting him with a new house and making him vice president of a railroad; it lies in generating his potential ability into actuality. Then, and only then, he can shift for himself in the world of competition.

The thought of equality of the Negro makes "Southern Ladies" feel faint and "Southern Gentlemen" boil with anger. This grandiose display of emotion is brought about by two primary factors: first; generally speaking, Negroes come from one social class—the lowest one. As is characteristic of all lower social classes, both white and black, their standards of cleanliness and personal habits are less like the standard of the day. This fact leads a superficial mind to deduce that Negroes are naturally filthy, whereas the true explanation lies in the statement that the lowest social classes are filthy.

The second factor is simply that the innate nature of man gives him a desire to feel superior to someone. In the case of the South, the Negro is the scapegoat.

The owner of a house in a white residential district is horrified at the thought of a Negro moving into a house near his. This horror is based on the thought that the Negro is naturally dirty. Why

is it that some low-bred white family does not move in next door? That is easy; they wouldn't have the money. This same simple law will govern the Negro. Once he is educated, he will fall into a social category according to his own merits, instead of being restricted to poverty regardless of his abilities. Social segregation will then follow natural laws.

I cannot myself see a day where intermarriage of the two races will be prevalent. I do not approve of it, although it is a natural right of man: if two people, one black and one white wish to marry, it is their business alone. But this factor is not sufficient to persecute the Negro as he is being persecuted today. Create a law against intermarriage if it is necessary, but let the Negro rise—make him free!

The Negro will rise! Our treatment of him now will either make him a friend, or a bitter enemy. The Negro is not naturally inferior, but he is surpressed on all sides by white economic and political superiority. The Negro does not demand that he be accepted into white society, but he only asks a chance to build a respectable society of his own. He can build that society in spite of white resistance, but it would be founded on hatred of the white.

THE HOMECOMING

By Dick Rose

The closer to home he got, the more excited Jeff Barton became. He tried to settle back calmly in his seat, but he just couldn't sit still. Jeff was like a kid waiting for Santa, and he didn't care who knew it. Perhaps that's why the conductor smiled and patted him on the arm as he walked through the car.

Only half an hour more! Did time ever pass so slowly? Home—it sounded pretty good to a guy who had been overseas for three years. Thirty days of Mom's cooking, and sleeping late in the morning made Jeff weak with anticipation. Gosh, but it would be swell to see the folks again. He wondered if Betts would be down at the station to meet him. He had thought of her a lot in those three years. Whenever things were tough and he had gotten all tense and tight inside, he would think of Betts and grin; and then, of course, everything would be all right again.

He wondered why thinking about her always made him laugh and feel big and protective. Jeff remembered that first day he had seen her. He had been attracted to her from the start, and she had liked him, too. He guessed the first thing he had noticed about her were her eyes—big brown ones that always seemed just a little sad. Anyway, Jeff had stopped to see her every afternoon on his way home from school, and finally, he had taken her home with him. He was relieved when his folks had liked her; although it really wouldn't have mattered, because from the first Jeff knew that he wanted Betts for his very own.

After that, he and Betts were together nearly all of the time. There were long tramps in the country with Betts always in the lead, showing him things he had never noticed before. When Jeff bought the old Ford, Betts was the first to ride in it. They had driven up in front of his house and Betts had looked as proud as Jeff had felt when the folks came out to see the jalopy. And there were many evenings spent before the fire when Betts would snuggle up to Jeff, and he would rumple up her long hair. These were the memories that Jeff had carried with him into combat.

No one had thought much about war then; everyone had felt that America could remain aloof and untouched by events in Europe. Perhaps that's why Pearl Harbor was as much of a surprise to the Bartons as it was to the rest of America. But Jeff, full of enthusiasm, had enlisted almost as soon as he had graduated from high school. His parrents hadn't wanted him to go; but there was a job to be done and Uncle Sam needed young men. So Jeff had said good-bye to Betts and home and had left for Camp. His unit was one of the first to go overseas. Of course, then, everyone thought that the war would be over in a year; but now, three years later, the end was at last in sight and Jeff was coming home on furlough.

He sat up with a start as the conductor nodded at him and called his stop. Jeff jumped up, grabbed his bags, and dashed out onto the rear platform. This was the moment he had been waiting for. His eyes searched greedily for familiar land-marks as the old home town came creeping toward him . . . past the city dump where he and the gang had rooted for old auto parts; past the gravel pit where he and Betts had swam so often; past the old school yard; and finally, the train puffed its way into the station. He scanned the crowd eagerly, and then he saw them: Mom, Pops, and Betts. Leaping from the still-moving train, he embraced them all. Mom had tears in her eyes and Pop kept clapping him on the back. Jeff reached for Betts and hugged her hard. Poor Betts! She wiggled and squirmed, her little tail beating frantically. Then she licked his face and rubbed her wet nose against his cheek. Jeff set her gently on the ground, tweaked her ear and grinned. Gosh, but it was good to be home again!

TOUGH

By Peter Karegeannes

"Quit nagging!" he shouted at her. "For Christ's sake, quit nagging!"

I watched Catherine; she stiffened against the back of the booth and dropped her eyelids for a second as if to give herself time to count up to ten. Then:

"I'm not nagging," she said quietly.

"You're always nagging," he said. He turned his eyes down to his coffee and chewed on his lower lip. It was embarrassing; I looked away from them and out the window.

We were high up on the road and you could see the other mountains rise up. The tops were dim in the distance; it would be night in a few minutes. The haze had begun to drop down around the trees and the roadhouse was clammy from the changing humidity. We were waiting for another couple—Guy and Nancy Lefler. We had planned to meet them here and go down to Asheville for the night to attend a benefit dance.

"Steve," Catherine said. "May I have another cigarette?"

I worked one out of the pack and she took it. Her hand trembled slightly as I lighted it for her. She smiled at me, leaned back, and inhaled deeply.

"Cigarette, Harry?" I asked him.

He looked at me, disgust mirrored securely in his eyes. I didn't mind; he was my best friend. He turned his gaze back to the spoiled, cold coffee and Catherine gave me a fleeting smile, apologizing for the way things were going.

"Well," I said brightly. "I think I'll have another cup of coffee. You, Harry? Catherine?"

Catherine smiled "no" and Harry refused to indicate.

I got up, went over to the counter and said to the girl behind it, "Coffee, please."

She was leaning on her elbows over a book open on the counter. She ignored me while she finished reading the paragraph and read the next one from the coffee urn. I took the coffee over to the juke box, put it down on top of it, and dropped a nickel in the slot. I shut my eyes and pushed one of the buttons. "Somewhere in the Night" was the song. Sinatra's voice and the mellow orchestra behind it filled the room. We were the only people—besides the waitress and the cook in the kitchen—who were in the place. I was on my way to the booth when I heard Harry's angry voice and Catherine's appeasing protest rising from behind the high wooden sides of the enclosure. I backtracked to the counter and sat there to drink the coffee.

The waitress glanced up for a second and went back to the book.

"Good book?" I asked.

She looked up again and in such a manner as to indicate that it was none of my business. "It ain't bad," she said.

"What is it?"

This time she looked at me from under her eyelids. She sighed and stood up, lifting the book in front of me so I could see the jacket.

"Haven't read that one," I said.

She put the book back on the counter, propped her head on her hands, and lost herself in the book again.

I swiveled around on the stool to look at the booth and was just in time to see Harry get up. He passed me on his way to the door; his face was angry red and he was saying something to himself. I let him go on out. The parking lot blazed up in the haze of the Mercury's lights just at the same time he slammed the door of the car and I heard him hitting the starter. The motor caught and he raced it violently. The tires screamed as he backed up to clear the car; then, he was out of the lot and on the highway.

Catherine was hidden from sight inside the booth and I walked across the room to her. She was listening to the music with no particular expression on her face. She smiled up at me.

"Where's Harry going?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Out to cool off. He's mad at me."

I sat down. I was a little disgusted with both of them.

"He's so damn tough," she said. "He wants to be a tough husband."

"He's a prizefighter," I said. "All prizefighters are supposed to be tough. That's their business."

"I know," she said. "I know. But that's in the ring. Does he have to be tough with me, too?"

"What the hell's the matter with you two, anyhow? We leave the cabin all happy and feeling swell and then you two start fighting."

"I didn't start it," she said.

"The guy's worried," I said. "He's got things on his mind."

"I don't know. I don't know **what** he's got on his mind. He never tells me anything."

"Nuts," I said. "Want something to eat or something?"

She said no and we sat silent for a few minutes. Suddenly—and for no apparent reason—she said, "We shouldn't have got married."

I fumbled for a cigarette.

"We're too young," she said. "We should have waited."

"Look, Cathy. Maybe you shouldn't be telling me your personal problems."

"You're his best friend, aren't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, that's what friends are for. Isn't it? Any pal of Harry's," she said, "is a friend of Catherine's. Hello, friend."

"You're out of character," I said. "You shouldn't talk like that."

"Why? Don't I entertain his friends like the good wife I am?"

"I hope to hell you haven't been trying to entertain me, Cathy."

"Oh," she said. "Oh, don't you know? You're his best friend. I have to look good to his best friend. I can't let you think that your best pal married a little tramp, can I?"

I laughed without humor. "I like people who try to sell me short. I know you're not a little tramp and you don't have to prove it to me or anybody else."

Her mouth was open to speak some other defense but she let it close into a grateful smile.

"Thanks, Steve. I'm sorry."

I bowed graciously. I tried to think of what to say next and perhaps salvage some of the good things we'd all known together during the past two weeks.

"After all," she said. "I can't tell what his best friend is really like until I've known him a while."

"Of course not."

"But I do wish we'd get along as well as we did at first."

"He's all right," I said. "He's a good boy. The war has changed him a little. But you know how it is, Cathy. He's a good boy."

"Yes," she smiled. "But such a tough little boy. So tough. If he only didn't think he was so tough."

Just then, Nancy and Guy came into the roadhouse. I hadn't heard them drive into the lot. When they came in, more of the clamminess came in with them. I didn't see them over the tall booth until Nancy came and stood in front of us. I saw right away as I looked at her that something had gotten her nervous; something that had happened recently. I thought of an accident and, with the same thought, of Harry and the way he had driven away.

I looked to see if Catherine noticed anything but she was absorbed with other thoughts of her husband.

I stood up. "Hello, Nan. Where's Guy?"

"Back there," she said. She was watching me closely, making a motion with her head, but stopped abruptly when Catherine looked up at her. She smiled at Catherine. "Hi, Cat," she said.

"Hello, Nan." Catherine moved over on the seat and Nancy sat down beside her. I leaned out of the booth and saw Guy standing near the juke box. He was urging me to come there quickly, waving his arm jerkily.

"Where's Guy?" Catherine asked.

"At the juke box," I said quickly. "Looks like he's having trouble getting his slug back. Excuse me."

I got up and as I walked away, I heard the two women go into a discussion of the Asheville dance.

"What the hell's the matter?" I asked Guy.

"Oh, Christ," he said. "Harry's had an accident."

I looked at him; he was swallowing rapidly and his face was perspiring.

"Let's get out of here," I said. I glanced over my shoulder to the booth.

We went out to the parking lot and Guy grabbed my arm.

"We were on the way down here—just a mile or so up the road—and we heard a hell of a crash. It was a few yards ahead of us, around a curve. He went clean through the guard rail."

"You sure it was Harry?"

"It's his car. I was afraid that Catherine was with him."

I thought of her back there in the booth and prayed that Nancy was doing the right thing. The road was high for miles in both directions; everything fell flat inside me as I thought of the long drop.

"Could you see anything?"

"Just the car. It's stuck on a ledge about thirty feet down, but it looks bad."

"Go inside and call an ambulance. Don't let Catherine find out about it."

He went in and came back after a few minutes. It had gotten much colder. We got into his coupe and drove fast up the climbing road. The highway was dangerously wet and the worst section for curves.

"There it is," Guy said. The headlights played around the curve and on to the guard rail. It was broken away so that it looked as if Harry's car had slid into it sideways.

We drove as close to the rail as we could get and stopped. We got out and looked over the rail down on the wreck. Somehow, the lights had not been damaged in the fall and they lit the ledge onto which the car had fallen. The ledge was wide

(Turn to page 37)

INSIDE WHEELISM . . .

An Instructive Article Printed for Your Use

By The Editorial Staff

"Turn, turn my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man."
—Longfellow

The following is not intended as a commentary on Wofford's influential men, but merely as a guide to those students, freshmen and otherwise, interested in becoming what were formerly known as "Big Men On Campus"—now termed "Wheels."

Upon becoming a member of, or associating with, any faction or "ism," one must necessarily be equipped with the superficial or basic requirements of that society. Now, gentlemen, the first and fundamental item on the road to "wheeldom" is excellence and appropriateness in sartorial taste. As you might expect, definite clothing rules have been established by the present and just-passed Wofford "Wheels." Succinctly, then, one must own:

at least one royal or dark blue suit
at least one pair of dirty saddle oxfords
at least one conservative necktie
a half dozen pairs of argyle socks
several reams of T-shirts
large pullover sweaters, preferably black or tan
a tired looking gabardine raincoat-topcoat

Fortified with these essentials, anyone may become a "Wheel."

There are several shortcuts to this exalted position which we shall mention but briefly, for we are chiefly concerned with a complete and total development from absolute obscurity to the dizzying heights of B.M.O.C.ism. The shortcuts, however, are these: a position on the Varsity football or basketball teams; a position on any of the Wofford publications, THE JOURNAL, THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK, or THE BOHEMIAN; an upperclass office; or membership in Pi Gamma Mu, International Relations Club, the Blue Key, or the Senior Order of Gnomes. Strictly speaking, these last two are not aids to the achievement of "wheelism," but rather gauges of the degree of "wheelism" an individual has attained.

But let us turn to the long hard trip up the Wofford ladder of extra-curricula activity and success. Assume, for the moment, that you are a freshman coming to Wofford for the first time, knowing that it is a small, Southern, Liberal Arts College. Within a week or so it should become apparent to you that there exists on the campus a group of individuals comparable to demi-gods. These men control most of the student activities, either directly or indirectly, are known to everyone, either by sight or name, and, in general, are well-liked, held in awe, or despised, according to the social level of the person evaluating them.

Spotting these "giants of the campus" is no difficult matter. They will always be seen equipped with the clothing essentials already mentioned, plus a number of mechanical pencils and fountain pens rather prominently displayed. They will be found, surrounded by other "wheels" and "heir-presumptives," discussing their work and complaining about the great burden resting upon their tired shoulders—a burden they would relinquish only over their dead bodies. A confident air, and business-like attitude is ever present.

If, as a freshman, you're ambitious (and what freshman isn't—ask the professors), you now begin to lay the foundation of the campaign which will carry you to "wheeldom." During your first semester, activities are limited. However, subtle methods may be employed to focus attention upon yourself. For example, a freshman may capture the delighted interest of the upperclassmen at a dance by continually breaking on their dates, or by monopolizing the floor to demonstrate the latest dance steps. The unusually clever freshman may even, without great difficulty, succeed in convincing one of the publication editors that his services are absolutely essential to the publication's success. Another subtle way of drawing needed attention is to be conspicuous by your absence at "Rat Meetings," football and basketball games, Chapel services, and S.C.A. meetings.

Contacts, of course, are extremely important, and may be made in any number of ways. Having faith in the ingenuity and intelligence of Wofford freshmen, the writers will not attempt to prescribe any other particular method of becoming "known" by the important people. Freshmen, sufficiently motivated by higher goals, will figure this problem out for themselves.

Once you have passed the hurdle of mid-year exams, you are eligible for most of the various organizations which provide entree into wheelish circles. Most of these organizations have rigid standards that must be met before you can become a member. For example, you must be able to make some sort of noise before you are allowed in the Glee Club, and you must be able to grace-

fully, yet firmly contradict any statement to become a debater. If you wish to play bridge with the "wheels," it is advisable that you be able to count to thirteen. In order to join the International Relations Club, one must be aware of the fact that other countries exist in this world besides the United States, for example, the fact that Cuba is free—"Cuba Libra," that is! Pi Gamma Mu requires that you be able to explain that every historical growth and problem is a result of sociological function. The Pre-Medical Association insists that one understand that it is inevitable that human beings become sick at some time or other, and must, therefore, have medical aid. To become a member of Blue Key, one must have had his picture appear at least five times in the preceding year's annual. However, upon close examination, it will be seen that these, and similiar campus organizations, are simply fraught with "Big Wheels." Hence, it would be worth the aspiring freshman's while to attempt to become a member of one of these organizations.

Also, at about this time, there are all sorts of competitions for positions either in editorial or business capacities on the publications. If it can be established that you have great literary talent and have the stamina to write word after word, pausing from time to time to form an artistic, well-rounded period, you are practically made. Moreover, it is well to bear in mind that managerial posts for athletic activities become available. Consequently, a second term freshman is now in a position to realize his potentialities. After much weighing of pros and cons, he should join those groups which seem to offer the most "cartes blanches" to the higher levels of the Wofford social heirarchy.

Now comes the question of fraternity rushing. It is assumed that since your arrival on the campus you have established your desirability as a fraternity man, and that most of the frats are clamoring for you to honor them with your presence. It is frequently here that the promising potential wheel so often goes astray. During a kaleidoscopic orgy of rushing, he makes, alas, a wrong decision. Being a football man, he joins an intellectual frat. Or being aloof, he joins a singing frat. Worse yet, being completely befuddled by all the attention lavished upon him, he elects to stay independent! The reader is warned that at this crucial point unless great care is exercised, fatal, irretrievable mistakes may occur.

Another important thing that has occured is the opening of the football season. If you can attain a position on the Varsity football squad, your success is automatic. This is so important that it bears repeating. If you are automatic you will have success on the Varsity football team . . . No, that doesn't look quite right. If you are a football . . . Well, anyway, you see what we mean.

Four more important considerations remain. The first is the importance of having an automobile. Suffice to say, that this is a great asset in becoming a wheel. Secondly, if one becomes a member of Blue Key or Senior Order of Gnomes, one knows that one has arrived. Thirdly, a position on one of the bodies politic of Wofford College isn't to be sneezed at.

Our fourth, and last, consideration is that of the Phi Beta Formula for becoming a wheel. It is possible to become a wheel by merely studying—by concentrating on preparation for class periods, tests and examinations. But since this method does not create a wheel that clatters loudly as it moves, but one that is recognized only late in his senior year, perhaps many of you will not be interested in this method. Moreover, if one isn't careful, it can easily lead to "spookism," schizophrenia, or teaching—conditions which the true "Big Wheels" instinctively shun.

we agree.
this youth with the Christ-like
beard speaks several truths.
but is not the confirmed wrong-
doer likewise allowed a margin
for correction?
we know:
he deals with involved hypotheses
and his sensitive mouth curls at
our feeble attempts at poetry; but
with that sneer his washed-out eyes
shift from left to right.
we are aware
of his ability to vocally dissect
mr. eliot and toss him with
mastery out to the dog's winds. but
he does this with a drunken-thick
voice that convinces only him.
we ask:
does he really prefer his new-found
existentialism to the simple facts
of truth versus obscurity or is it
merely today's temporary haven
against yesterday's wounds?
inform him,
please, that one fine day he will
come face to face with the final
truth and ask him if, that day,
he will have a name for that, too;
or will he scream curses at it?

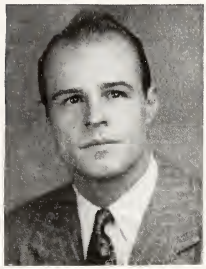
—Peter Karegeannes

NOW'S THE TIME

By Dewey Bell

It is our pleasure to publish in the first issue of the 1947-48 academic year this enlightening message written for the student body's benefit by Dewey Bell, President of the Student Body.—The Editor.

Just recently I bid my family and friends goodbye. Saying farewell to the home-town and another summer, I turned reluctantly toward Spartanburg and Wofford College. But upon approaching the city's northern border and seeing again Main's stately twin towers reared against the sky, my reluctance began to disappear. I remembered a familiar phrase, "Proudly stands our Alma Mater"; and there it was—proud, stately and dignified. The old building was erected in 1854, before I, my father, or my grandfather was born. Partially built by slave labor, this grand old edifice has stood as a monument to education for almost a hundred years. Yes, "proudly stands our Alma Mater as the years go by." I entered the campus. Pride swelled within me. It was good to be back. My reluctant feeling had completely vanished, and to myself, silently, I was saying, "Hail to thee, our Alma Mater." I was home.



Within that short period of time, in riding from the main gate to Carlisle Hall, a thousand memories flashed through my mind—memories of past college years. There were faces and voices, students and faculty members, classes, themes and term papers, grades, holidays, football, basketball, tennis, track, victories, losses, shouts and cheers, groans and moans, labs, fraternity meetings, visiting speakers, chapel, bull sessions, exams, midnight snacks, and church; all of these, and more, had been a part of college life. So, in a way, with all these memories, coming back to Wofford was like coming back home.

At once I noticed signs of improvements, changes and additions to the college and the campus. These would facilitate the students' work. They added comfort, convenience, and pleasure to both work and recreation. Because the improvements were not immediately visible, it was days before I found out just how much had been done.

It was just a few days after my arrival, September 18, 1947; as if unveiling a great masterpiece, we of Wofford College rolled back the curtains of yesteryear and there before us was a new collegiate year—47-48. It should have been a red letter day in the life of every Wofford student. Why? Because now was the time for one's own analysis of himself and his plans for the future.

"Take a reading on yourself, Joe." I know I am here to complete my education, and I know what I have in mind for the future. But—now wait a minute—do I really know myself, the extent of my capabilities, the depth of my reasoning? Am I one to take advantage of valuable opportunities around me? Do I plan my time; work? Do I know what I want out of college? Is my course planned so as to give me an over-all view of life? Will it give me not only the essentials of a future business, but will it also give me the essentials necessary for living with other people? I mustn't enter this or any other college year blindly. I just won't aimlessly drift through one of the most important years of my life. I'll take stock of myself now and plan this year accordingly. We should all do this.

Since this 47-48 collegiate year is just under way, it might be wise for us to realize the necessity of getting a good start. I'm certain that you have either seen in the movies, or witnessed in real life, the action of a skier as he makes a jump from a specially constructed chute designed to give him speed and perfect take-off. During the first part of the jump, the skier is coming almost straight down at a terrific speed. Failure here might prove disastrous in the end. And then, too, many of us have seen here on our own Snyder Field, a member of our track team, lose his footing when starting one of the dashes—the result—he loses the race. Similarly, it is just as important that we get off to a good start with our college work. Failure in doing so might again be disastrous. The first few weeks of college life is a pretty good measuring stick for achievement here. Getting off to a good start doesn't mean that we can loaf through the rest of the course, but it will surely help when the going gets tough. A good start has proven itself time and time again to be invaluable. Be **determined** in your work. You have a clean slate so far in this college year—**keep it so!**

Here is some advice given to college students by Dr. L. T. Lowery, President of Blue Mountain College. Although this information is addressed directly to freshmen, I think it very wise for all of us to take heed. Dr. Lowery says, "Here are ten things I would do if I could be a freshman again:

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WHITEFOORD SMITH LIBRARY

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.

—Francis Bacon

AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER WHY

By John W. Stevenson

What is man's chief end? Almost every day we ask ourselves this question in any number of ways. Where can I best find a purpose for this life? What is the secret of happiness? What constitutes my duty and obligation to society? Where shall we search for the final truth? These are only a few of the many questions that continually push themselves into our minds in odd moments of reflection, and, in their obstinacy, demand some sort of satisfactory answer. To keep pushing them aside, to keep avoiding any recognition in our mind's eye, only postpones and eventually minimizes any positive creed (or you may want to call it philosophy) that should direct our actions and principles.

In the Shorter Catechism we find this answer: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever," and, as a Christian precept, it very simply lays down a fundamental truth that must be at the base of our answer if we hope for any success. Can we find the answer in truth, or rather, in the search for truth? Surely every man has in him a certain passion for truth, for finding the answer to his question, Why? Truth is not a thing to be arrived at suddenly; like happiness, it is a search for the highest and noblest, and it is also the motive behind our education, behind the sciences and the humanities; it is largely behind our quest for the chief end of man. I can't help bringing in here something that Bacon said concerning truth, "If we begin with certainties, we shall end in doubts; but if we begin with doubts, and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties."

Let us turn to another possible answer to our search, that spiritual motive in man to improve the lot of humanity. By this, I do not mean that body of people who are ever among us, and who self-righteously soil their souls come Christmas time by going about the poor and downcast doing good. With a condescending and pontifical air, they allegedly scatter sunshine on what they term the poor unfortunates and then return to the safety of their refined palaces and self-consciously forget their errand of mercy. But, in the drive for improving humanity, I mean the desire to know man as man, to raise up the level of civilization beyond conflict, envy, greed, selfishness and the hate among people that is bred in nationalism. One thing is certain in our search for man's chief end and that is the answer will not be found in finding fault and looking for weaknesses, but in the acceptance of other people as people and not as the conscious result of a system or government. For in the end, it is the individual who counts and if we dream of a perfect society, of a faultless state, the first step must be found in tolerance which is the complete absence of prejudice and the first fruits of knowledge. Turning for a moment from this view, let us take a glance at the possibility of finding an answer in the pursuit of moral perfection. Morality is the awareness of people about us, the recognition that to live together in any community there must be a consciousness of others, a harmony in fellowship and a well directed desire to serve as well as receive. So often we are exposed, as young people, to countless harangues and sober deliverances on the moral responsibility of youth, the necessity for stern living and righteous perfection, which probably has its source in the old Puritan traditions of our forefathers. But a positive moral creed is so much more than the authoritative and somewhat negative exactness laid down by our Puritan ancestors. Simply, it is a naive and generous faith in man, a passion for honesty, and an intuitive love for truth.

Now let us take these few beginnings in the search for man's chief end and see if there are any evidences of their being applied in our world today. Is the church living up to its simple and direct affirmation "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever?" There can be no direct yes or no answer here for in many ways the church has failed. But, on the other hand, there are many, many evidences that it has succeeded. By the church we mean the individuals who compose the church, from the simple believer to the pedantic hair-splitter, and with only the merest perfunctory glance back over history, we discover singular ignorance or indifference to the modest and perfect philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount. Next, how well has man succeeded in finding his answer in the quest for truth? Because of the limitless argument in this abstraction, let us limit our premise to the field of education, and even more to our own education in college today. A man does not have to go far in his education before he discovers that most of his fears and prejudices are the result of ignorance and, that in his discovery of knowledge, he comes nearer and nearer to the true thing. Man's chief end may not be to acquire knowledge and nothing else, but certainly there is satisfaction and happiness in finding the road to enlightenment. In our colleges today there seems to be an embarrassment toward books; men regard them as required companions

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THE COLLEGE LETTERS
of MORTIMER C. PIDDLE, *Freshman*
Made public by Ben De Luca, Jr.

**Mr. Piddle looks sharp,
is sharp — and feels like hell.**

Miss Mary Ann Hotkiss
Comely College
Downright, Virginia

Darling,

For the past ten days I have been wanting to write you, but I have been so very busy with my studies and the Glee Club and all that I just haven't had the time. I received your last letter Tuesday and was awfully glad to learn that you can come down for the dance. It's one of the big social events of the year and I certainly want you to be with me then. All the fellows are dying to meet you, kitten. I've told them what a dream-girl you are.

Don't believe what Betty told you—it isn't true. I haven't had a date with anyone except you, honey, since I came to Wofford. There's another fellow here in college that looks a lot like me. She probably saw him. You know you're the only girl for me, Mary.

Well, baby, I've got to rush—lots of studies and things.

All my love, Mortsie

* * * * *

Mr. Alfred M. Stuffy
Principal, Jefferson High School
Murky Fen, Georgia

Dear Mr. Stuffy:

Thank you for your letter of October 2nd. I should have answered before now, but I have the usual college complaint of being busy. College is very different from high school, as you said at graduation. The work is much more difficult, but I enjoy giving my complete energy to striving for knowledge. My work so far has been good, for I have spent most of my time studying.

You asked me about activities; well, I tried out for the Glee Club but didn't make it this time. You can tell Coach Hamstrung that I intend to go out for the basketball team later.

Thank you for writing.

Respectfully yours,

Mortimer Piddle

Mr. William Sack
Cornfed College
Tigerville, South Carolina

Bill, you old ——— ——— ———

Gee, but it was swell to hear from you. You seem to be having one hell of a time at Cornfed, but wait 'til you hear what I've been doing at Wofford. Yessiree!!!

As you know, Winthrop and Limestone are near-by and just full of man-hungry women. Geez, Bill, you ought to see some of the beautiful dolls I've been out with! There's one in particular over at Limestone who really has me in a daze. I'm sho getting places with her. For God's sake don't tell Mary Ann or she'll kill me. She thinks that I haven't been out with anyone else—poor simp.

I see you've had your baptism under fire (firewater, that is—ha, ha). Well, we manage to throw down a few beers now and then, too. You know what I mean! Boy, it was hard to tell what was coming when we were back at dear old Jefferson Hi, wasn't it? I never thought college life would be like this. I haven't passed a test in so long that I've forgotten what it feels like. The courses here are really tough, but I'm hoping for a gentleman's C.

Well, I've got to study some to help get that C I was talking about. Write soon.

Mort

* * * * *

Mr. John Clutch
Clutch's Hardware Store
Murky Fen, Georgia

Dear Mr. Clutch:

I should like to know the possibility of getting a job at your hardware store this coming summer. I shall be able to work from about the middle of June until the end of August, and would like to do something constructive. I am willing to do any type of work, driving your delivery truck, stock boy, clerk or anything you have open.

I will appreciate hearing from you soon.

Sincerely yours,
Mortimer Piddle

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A STUDENT LOOKS AT THE U.N.

By Francis Nicholson

Not too long ago, a debate was held in the Preston Library Society on the question, "Should the United Nations be Abolished?" Strong arguments were presented both pro and con, and the few members present in the Society Hall that night gained a definite idea of the present status of the U.N. This writer will attempt to convey that impression in this article. It is not the impression of a scholar, nor of a person who has done any research into the facts behind the present status of the U.N. It is only the off-hand impression that any person might receive from reading a few magazine articles and listening to a few speeches about the U.N.

The main opinion being expressed now about the United Nations is that it has failed to operate as an effective machine for preserving peace. There seems to be no doubt that if the U.N. is not strengthened soon, the present unfriendly relationship between the United States and Russia will lead to war. But what has kept the U.N. from being a successful organization? Why is it that the U.N. has failed to act on the important questions brought before it? Some of the most crucial matters which the members of the United Nations have been unable to agree on are:

(1) To determine the cause of, and to stop, the Greek civil war;

(2) To agree on disarmament;

(3) To make peace in the Indonesian War;

(4) To establish an international military force to back up a peace dictated by the United Nations;

(5) To set up any machinery to internationalize atomic energy.

Although the U.N. has solved a few less important questions, such as the establishment of U.N.R.R.A., the expulsion of French soldiers from Syria and Lebanon, and the evacuation of Russian troops from Iran, the Security Council has been able to do nothing but talk about any major problems. In the 111 intricate articles of the Charter of the U.N., the members of that body have the power to solve any of those problems. If the members of the Security Council could agree on what they wanted to do, they could make the Security Council the most powerful organization in the world. They could use the laws in the Charter, a legal document drafted with the specific purpose of keeping peace, to stop wars and to bring punishment upon those who had started them.

But never yet have the delegates to the Security Council agreed on an important issue. An official of our State Department got down to the core of the depressing situation the U.N. is in when he said, "The difficulties with which the U.N. has had to contend have not been difficulties created by the U.N.'s deficiencies but by the members themselves. The member nations, and not the U.N. or its Charter, are responsible for the successes or failures of the organization. The U.N. can succeed or fail only in so far as the members do or do not want to achieve a common objective. If the member nations really want to keep peace, they can, because the Charter is big enough and legally strong enough to cover whatever requirements the nation might have for maintaining peaceful and prosperous world conditions."

I feel that one of the main reasons the member nations cannot agree on any action is that the delegates they are sending to the U.N. are not true representatives of the people of their respective countries. Instead, most of the delegates are lawyers representing a client. The delegates' actions are dictated by the wishes of the heads of the nations. Too often the directives sent to the delegates at the U.N. meetings are directives aimed at getting the most possible benefit for the particular nation.

It seems that the U.N. has reached the stage of being a verbal battleground for nations, particularly the United States and Russia. As Frank Gervasi said in "What's Wrong With U.N.?" an article in **Collier's** of October 25, "Perhaps what is most wrong with the U.N. . . . is the struggle for power between the Soviet Union and the United States or, at least, the antagonism generated by their efforts to assert their respective points of view." The United States advocates that the conception of democracy as brought forth in the formation of our country should prevail as the leading doctrine of the United Nations. Russia is equally determined that Communism is the type of government that the fallen nations of Europe want, and should have.

The resulting differences of opinion between the Soviet Union and the U. S. as to who shall run the world devolve into a gigantic conflict between the two strongest powers of the U.N. Russia has communized Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Communism is also fast gaining its way in Greece and Turkey. The United States has struck back with the Truman Doctrine, a program aimed to enforce the resistance of democratic elements the world over to the progress of Communism.

In this struggle within the United Nations between "the Communist East and the Democratic West," Russia has used the veto power of the Big Five as its strongest weapon. In the General Assembly, where each of the 55 member nations has one vote regardless of its power, the democratic principle usually prevails. But the General Assembly has no mandatory power in its hands. It can only urge that its decisions be accepted.

But in the body of the U.N. that does have some power, the Security Council, Russia makes full use of the rule that any one of the five permanent members of the Council—America, Great Britian, Russia, China, and France—can halt the will of the majority by simply vetoing the measure under consideration. Thus the Russian delegate to the Security Council is able to vote down any policy which the Kremlin thinks is a danger to Russia's personal interests.

The question of the Greek civil war is a good example of how Russia used the veto to her personal advantage. If the Communist-led guerillas win the war, Communism would take a big step forward. Russia would come to bear great influence in the very important region of the Dardanelles, an eastern gateway to the Mediterranean which Russia has sought to control for 400 years. When Gromyko vetoed the proposal for peace efforts in Greece, he made it very probable that the Soviet Union might gain that objective.

When the experts drew up the plans for the United Nations Organization, they purposely gave the veto power to the Big Five. In fact, the veto power was an American Idea, proposed by President Roosevelt at Yalta and agreed upon by Churchill and Stalin. Roosevelt seemed to conceive the veto as preventing a hasty action by any one of the Big Five. The president wanted America to have that power in order to prevent the hasty use of American troops in an internal situation of another country without first gaining the consent of Congress.

At the beginning, the Big Five realized the danger in permitting the veto to become "a stick in the wheels of the Security Council," as Mr. Gervasi so ably stated the problem. The five permanent members of the Council publicly agreed not to use the veto "willfully to obstruct the operation of the Council." They further said that they would use it only in a situation of the "greatest urgency."

But when the 188th session of the Council ended last August, the veto had been used 19 times. Soviet Russia used the veto 18 of those times. France was the only other member of the Big Five that found occasion to use that power. Russia used the veto five times to merely block the admission of countries to the General Assembly. That offense would be more easily understood if Russia had any explanation for her actions rather than that the countries "would have swelled the already overwhelming majority against the U. S. S. R." The other 13 times Russia used the veto were in cases corresponding to the stopping of a possible peace in the Greek civil war, in which case the Russian advantage has already been explained.

Frank Gervasi, in his article in **Collier's,** summed up the case against Russia's obvious use of the veto power for her own gain by saying, "As used—or misused—by Russians the veto is undoubtedly one of the things most wrong with the United Nations. It has become what the Australian delegate described as 'the most vicious instrument employed by man to prevent the democratic will of the majority.'" Gervasi brought out the point that unless a compromise is effected between the widely different views of Russia and the U. S., the United Nations cannot run smoothly.

During that Preston Literary debate which was mentioned at the first of this article, one of the speakers upheld the idea that since the U.N. has been unable to solve any of the major problems placed before it, that organization ought to be abolished to leave the nations free to keep peace through diplomatic maneuvering. Even the most severe critics of the U.N. agree that that move would be unwise. Even if the U.N. continues as nothing more than a sounding board for the arguments between Soviet Russia and the U. S., it will be serving a definite purpose. For now, all the conflict between nations is made public in discussions in the United Nations, while if we had no U.N., the exchanges between nations would not be subject to public opinion.

Although the use of the U.N. as a world forum is highly recommended, the great idealists behind this organization to preserve peace certainly intended that the U.N. should have some strength to enforce peace. They didn't intend that the U.N. should remain an organization of strife and disagreement.

Now that the U.N. has reached the dangerpoint below which it will lose all of the faith and hope of the freedom-loving people of the world, the time has definitely arrived to strengthen the organization and to make its opinion supreme in questions of world peace.

One of the things that would do most to strengthen the U.N. would be to restrict the use of the veto power. Some of the delegates even believe that the veto power should be abolished.

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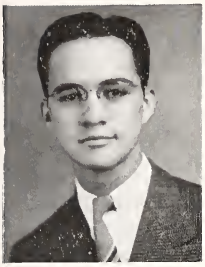
IAGO'S DEFENSE

By Warren L. Molton



Although Iago, the character in the following poem, was taken from the Shakesperian play, "Othello," this work is not intended to be a true characterization of that personality; but because he is representative in literature of all that is evil, he was used as a basis for this poem.

Iago has been condemned by men since the first publication of the play, as being the personification of sin, but until now has offered no defense. After the author speaks the first eight introductory lines, Iago begins his address.

* * * * *

Rip him of his virtuous vesture—garb him in a sable shroud.
Knowing not the heart of honor, he revels in a devil's cloud
Of vicious and pernicious sin. This cloak he wears of "honesty"
Though white without, is black within; he's nature's great mendacity.
Behold him as he stands before us; hear him as he states his case,
Can he hold a hope for mercy, or hope for pardon dare embrace?
The great tribunal of mankind keeps its peace and hears him out,
He rises—good and evil shudder. He sneers—looks about—
Then speaks.

* * *

I, a dying ember, lay too far from glory's flame to feel
The radiating warmth that comes from grateful countrymen who kneel
Before the hero coming home—who shout and cry his name aloud.
Yes, among the ashes I; pressed beneath Othello's foot. A cloud
Of smoke, victory's breath, filled my eyes and when it cleared, I saw
Not my own coal bright'ning now in glory's eye, but Cassio.
And then a cool and calm and quiet breeze swept o'er my graying ash;
I chilled, then caught the devilish eye of jealousy himself. A flash
Of light. A growing glow. New life, warmed with hate. Smoke, breathed from Hell.
I burst into flame—not red, but "Honest Blue." Grow, I said, and swell.
My aspirations sought new heights, my hopes an acme could not gain,
The thought of rank enchanted me—ambitions I could then unchain
And with the people's faith, poor fools, 'twould be the simplest task for me
To realize success in full. And yet the path, once so clear,
Was growing dimmer now. Of ultimate triumph I was sure, but fear
Of lack of means by which to move entered into every scheme.
But now, I reminisce, and laugh to think how difficult did seem
The simplest task. It was as crossing o'er a stream with rock in place,
And as I stepped from each to each and pressed my foot upon a face,
I recognized a friend by nature carved. I first found hope and strength
In Roderigo's hate, so on this stone I stepped, and when at length
It slipped beneath the surface of my stream, 'twas no regret,
For out beyond, another rock lay resting in the rays. I'd set
My pace now, and moved from stone to stone and gained the other side;
I viewed my path, and found all stones had sunk, save one that dared abide—
Cassio!

The swift slash of expert swordsman's skill can sever head from heart
And quickened death denies perpetuated pain—The crafty are
Of him who gives the dagger thrust, if rightly placed, again cheats pain,
And thus the light of life is blown, the spring is frosted over night;
But such was not my luck to die a normal death, nor pass in fight
But by the men on earth who knew my life was wished yea prayed into this hell.
Hell? No bubbling pit nor licking flames—the hottest fire I'd quell,
Or else, become a coal among the coals to burn the poor damned souls
Who by good fortune (if they but knew) into the furnace fell, to miss
The fate which peaks all lasting doom and to escape in Hell's abyss
The Wrath of man, which I contend is sharper than the sword of God—

Sears deeper than the hottest heat—can draw more pain than Aaron's rod.

Dip your darts of condemnation, bathe their points in poisoned wine;
Toss them with a rare perfection, listen to their stinging whine.
Bequeath your evil epithets, cry them down the halls of crime,
Make my name synonymous with all known sin throughout all time.
A villian? Aye! A demon? Yea! But if ye'll brand me, burn me deeper,
Paint me black—not putrid gray, lest my name be rendered cheaper
By the lightness of your curse. Slaughtering giant, crafty elf?
Perhaps the subtle, shifty son of Mephistopheles himself?

Entitle me what-e'er ye wish, Eden's rotten apple's core!
Progenitor of all Earth's sin, spoiling man forevermore.
Apple? Such a rosy thought! I lie, luscious, in your palm;
Yet, even as the fruit of Eve, I am the virus that brings the qualm
And death; for deep within this crimson skin my wormy heart decays,
And fetid fruit becomes, to you, of little worth when ye appraise.

All mankind has termed me thus, as in his wretched hand I lay;
Yet none has dared to crush this fruit of sin and drop it, to decay,
For fear that as he pressed, the evil juice would bathe his hand
And leave a stain as blood to damn his soul. And why obey command?
The seed would sprout. And so upon the fingertips of man again I rest.
Mash—bruise this fruit—ye can't! For years ye cursed, then gazed—then blest
Became my name, for now in truth ye worship me—all damns are lies!
For in your hands I crystallized, turned gold before your very eyes.
Gold! For I am now the greatest treasure man doth hold—his heart.
My life, my name, my sin-cursed fame; there is some representing part
Of me in every man that breathes—And so the Hell which I desire,
Is not for me; as long as man subsists on sin there is no fire
To liquidate my life. So I must bear Man's Wrath—must hear his cry
Of damns, must bear his spit and wound—for sin personified am I—
Or so ye say . . .

And then a pause—a frightful cringe. He spurts his words. His face
Would seek to hide the punishment that comes to men when they disgrace
Their God in sin. In agony and pain he writhes, then lifts his eyes,
Bloody red. His cheeks are seared; those lips with which he testifies
Are parched. He casts a ghastly glare, then screams aloud to all,
"Ye judge but ne'er avenge—for ye are also sin and ye must fall,
And though I burn with each black soul that plummets into Hell, all sin
One day will be consumed, then I shall pass—know death's joy, and men
Shall be as God."

BY EXCHANGE

By L. Poindexter Watts

If students at Wofford this year feel that they —like last year's "Bohemian"—need a motif, their inevitable choice would be "Operation Expansion." This would apply to almost every phase of college life at Wofford; and not inappropriately to Volume LVIII of THE JOURNAL.

Departing from our twenty-eight page standard of 1946-1947, we expect to average thirty-six pages per issue this season. Our business manager has been rushing about frantically securing advertising to cover the extra pages. He has done a good job! Your exchange editor has been frantically writing letters to schools all over the country asking them to exchange copies of their magazines for ours.

Under a new plan, Wofford men will now be able to share in a privilege formerly reserved for the staff of THE JOURNAL: All the exchange periodicals that we may receive this year will go into the library for anyone to read. Most of the student-authored stories are brief enough for one to read several of them in a free period. We hope students here will take time to read the literary magazines from other colleges.

Today all the exchange issues from last year will go on display for a period of one week. As the new "mags" come in, they will replace the older ones in the library.

Therefore, we felt it necessary to get as large an exchange circulation as possible to impress our

fellow students with THE JOURNAL'S popularity with other colleges. Our goal: An exchangeship with at least one college in every state of the United States. At this writing, however, all the replies have not arrived.

Last year we had editors of other school magazines write original articles for THE JOURNAL. We called this the Guest Editor system. This year we shall merely reprint, with the author's permission, a story in each number of this publication chosen from one of the exchange issues that has already come in. The reprint story for our first issue is taken from one of our 1946-1947 exchange periodicals.

Reviewing the Magazines Now in Our Library

From the local area, we have first "The Concept" of Converse: Their March 1947 issue has two one-act plays, "Lola" and "Bikey." Both have no real action, but are successful in their descriptions of home atmospheres. More students here might enjoy the slightly gory "Black Seamed Scar."

Lander's "Erothesian" in its Winter 1946 copy has an article by this year's editor reminiscent of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." Look for "The Flop."

"The Journal of Winthrop College has always made us wish somone would do a little name-changing. Of course, we would not want to go to the trouble. More seriously, however, we must admit we like their magazine. In the Winter 1946 number there is not one "continued on page —" to annoy the reader. Those Winthrop editors must have to stay up pretty late some nights to balance such a format. For an insight into what one girl thought about a date, turn to "The Art of Wearing a Corsage." So many college journals deal too heavily in "serious" stories.

"The Criterion" of Columbia College, March-April 1947 has printed an essay which also stood out as non-serious: "The Disadvantages of Ears." If you notice a page missing from that issue it is only the "Exchange" page which the Editor cut out to show to this author. "Now this is what a good exchange page is like!"

The Commencement Issue 1947 of Brenau's "Flame" is distinguished by many short features: "The Art of Sleeping," again humorous, is an example. In "Intermission," a relatively long story, we wonder why the beautiful model suddenly found New York social life so hollow. Had it not been so all the time? Or is this prosaic commentator supposed to have "read between the lines"? Was there a "someone" who caused her disillusionment?

The University of Utah "Pen's" Winter of 1947 edition contains three photographic reproductions of contemporary paintings by LeConte Stewart, head of the U. of U. Department of Art. Do we have any distinguished artists? Mrs. Helen Du-Pre Moseley, sister of our librarian, had an exhibition of her delightful sketches at the Mint Museum of Art in Charlotte. . . . In the Winter "Pen" read "The Shadow of a Great Rock." It is listed under **Stories,** but it is just as much an essay on human emotion and prejudice.

From the Amherst "Touchstone," we find a variety of interesting articles and stories. "They Do It Every Time" is an apparently humorous criticism of movie techniques, but we find a devastating truth-content in what is said. Just to keep us from being suspected of having a shallow mind, scan the satire in "Strictly for the Birds," also from the December 1946 "Touchstone."

Wofford students will find The Oregon State "Quad" completely different from THE JOURNAL. It is almost entirely a humor magazine. Peruse "Quest for Certainty" in their March 1947 issue—and laugh.

Volume 108, Number 3, of "The Virginia Spectator" is a fat, forty-page magazine. In it they reprint a rather bitter tale from "The Yale Lit": "I Don't Like It Here." The story makes you wonder . . .

FINANCIAL REPORT

THE JOURNAL, WOFFORD COLLEGE

1946-1947

Receipts

Student Activities Fee	$ 910.78
National Advertising	116.65
Local Advertising	326.00
Post Office Refund	1.45
Balance from 1945-46	182.94
Total	$1,537.82

Disbursements

Printing **Journal** (5 issues)	$ 880.00	
Editor's Salary	103.57	
Business Manager's Salary	103.56	
Engraving	46.91	
Postage and Misc. Expense	5.89	
Story Prize Contest	5.00	
Binding 2 copies of **Journal**	6.00	
Space in **Bohemian**	35.00	
Stationery and Contract Blanks	17.90	
Surplus for year 1946-47	151.05	
Surplus from Previous Years	182.94	
Total		$1,537.82

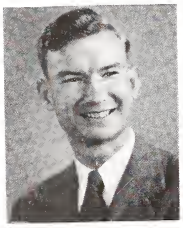
Bobby G. Collins, Bus. Mgr.
Dick G. McTeer, Editor

THERE'S STILL A LIGHT

By Iverson Graham, Jr.

Editor's note: Mr. Graham, 23 years old, is a junior from Marion, South Carolina, majoring in Religion. This is Mr. Graham's first writing to appear in The Journal.

As we thumb the pages of history that were yesterday, our attention is called to the rapid technological and scientific advances which man has made. The invention of the steam engine ushered in a new era, on land and at sea, where trains and giant steamships replaced the old horse-drawn stages and two-masted schooners. This invention was followed by the invention of the telephone and, still later, of the automobile, airplane and radio.



Similar improvements were being made in the schools. Modern brick buildings, complete with steam heat and running water, replaced the old one-room school houses in which our parents hovered around the giant wood stoves and tried as best they could to shield themselves from the gusts of wind which persisted in finding their way through the cracks in the floor and the broken window panes.

But as there have been changes in the buildings themselves, so, also, have there been radical changes in the methods of teaching, as well as in the school curriculum. The school of a generation ago put primary emphasis upon the three "Rs." Spelling-bees were a tradition, and happy was the pupil who was able to remain at the head of the line. Latin was required, as was a study of ancient literature.

But this is an age of mechanization, and in the race for high-paying jobs, many of the classics which were deemed so important a generation ago have been scrapped. New schools have arisen which pride themselves on their ability to train large numbers of men and women to take their places in this scientific world. Why should they require a student to read Caesar, they argue? After all, he lived centuries ago. What possible benefit could a man derive from a study of ancient literature if he expects to be an automobile mechanic or an airplane pilot? These so-called educators are probably right. If a man expects to be nothing but a mechanic or a pilot or an engineer, he may not have any need for a knowledge of Hamlet, and his wages might not be raised because of his ability to quote Browning or Tennyson. But even though a person may be an excellent engineer, he is also a man and as such needs to live a well rounded life. We need men who are able technicians, to be sure, but most of all, we need men who are able to think. The assembly line methods employed in some of our larger universities and colleges cannot hope to lay a broad cultural foundation when they place their total emphasis upon technology and the latest agricultural experiments to the exclusion of the classics. It is only through a systematic study of the past that the scales are lifted from our eyes and we are enabled to see the present and future more clearly.

The ability to make a living, as desirable as it is, is not all there is to life. There are certain mental and moral and spiritual values having their roots deeply embedded in human experience which can find expression through the reading of good literature.

If we miss a meal we become hungry. The body requires a certain amount of food to sustain it. But quantity is not enough; we need a properly balanced diet, which includes a certain number of calories and certain kinds of vitamins. The more active we are physically, the more food the body requires. The mind, also, requires food if it is to grow and become strong. It, too, must have a properly balanced menu. We cannot feast on the soft foods of the "pulp" magazine and the comic books if we are to have an active mind. How often we gulp down our breakfasts and rush for the morning newspaper to see whether or not Dick Tracy has been successful in capturing Autumn Hews. Or to ponder over the momentous question of what ruse Li'l Abner will use in dodging Daisy Mae come next Sadie Hawkins Day. These things have their place. But we should not read the comic strips and sports pages to the exclusion of the news and editorials. We must give our minds quality as well as quantity of thought.

Let there be no mistake, the sports pages and the comic strips undoubtedly add color to life, but how dry most of the so-called "Funny Papers" are in comparison with the works of such a great humorist as Samuel Clemens. Few boys grow to manhood without having at least heard of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," yet how few of us see beneath the veneer of humor and recognize a great satirist at work.

The modern publishing houses are busy printing books which, as Joseph M. Broughton, former governor of North Carolina, reputedly said, have more real-estate value than they have literary value. Seemingly, most contemporary authors do not feel inspired to write great books which would be beneficial to their fellowman. In many cases, their only

interest lies in the sales value. Consequently, they try to appeal to man's baser instincts by relating lewd tales, by the constant use of profanity, and by the general moral looseness of their characters. They do not emphasize those good qualities which tend to uplift. Instead, they argue that they must write just as a character would act and talk if they are accurately to portray life. "Gone With the Wind" had no great literary value; there was no particular beauty in its passages, but people read it in order that they might be outraged. Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road" painted the darkest possible picture of life among the tobacco share croppers of Georgia. He portrayed them as doing and saying things which, perhaps, some did and said, but there was nothing to be gained by the use of lewd sex stories, filled with suggestion as they were, except that they made a best seller out of a book that otherwise might not have been published.

Certainly few people would have waded through a book as long as "Gone With the Wind" if it had not contained so many questionable stories. Sometime ago, we heard a rather elderly lady comment that the only book she had ever read was "Gone With the Wind." Yes, this type of book has tremendous sales value, but it is impossible to estimate the cost in morals which such books have had upon the youth of our land. To be sure, Chaucer is not above reproach in "Canterbury Tales," but his works have real literary value **in spite of** and **not because of** such allusions. Any author who wants his works to live must build upon something more stable and uplifting than immoral stories, for though the immediate sales value of such a book may be great, it will not stand the test of time and is doomed to a forgotten grave.

One of the most acute needs of the world today is educated men, because a real education should train a man to think. There is probably nothing which stimulates the thought processes like a good book, regardless of when it was written. In them can be found a great wealth of information ranging from a learned discussion of metaphysics to some less abstract and more personal advice on marriage by some modern sociologist. All of the great books were not written in the long ago. There are many of high quality coming off the presses even in this age of **unliterary** literature. "The Robe," by Lloyd C. Dougless has that matchless charm and beauty of style which mark it as a work of art. It has the ability to catch, and hold, the reader's attention firmly in its grasp until he has read the last word on the last page.

Frequently, as we pass down the halls of our dormitories, we are asked if we have something to read. When queried as to just what type of book the prospective reader has in mind, almost invariably he asserts that he wants something light. What he actually wants is not something to read, but a picture magazine or a comic book at which to look. But why is this true among students? Is it because they spend so much time studying that they want a little mental relaxation? Perhaps this is sometimes the case, but usually the cause lies far deeper. The first time we ate olives we probably did not like them, but after eating them several times, thy actually began to taste good. The same is true with literature. It is an acquired taste; the more we read, the more we will want to read. There is still another reason why so few people read good literature. Real literature awakens our minds and stirs our consciences. It makes us think, and thinking is hard work. Unfortunately, few of us have trained our minds to think. While exercising our bodies, we have failed to give our minds any mental calisthenics. The slightest demand upon our thought processes leaves us mentally exhausted. We are not mentally "in shape." We shy away from anything which might require thought, because thinking is work; it is hard, so in a moment of weakness we turn to some modern novel or picture magazine.

If we would read and understand Lord Bolingbroke's deistic philosophy as expounded by Alexander Pope, if we would appreciate the allegory in John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," if we would enjoy Washington Irving's romantic tales, we must wipe the cobwebs from our brains. At first they seem difficult and profound, but gradually we will be reading for pleasure some of those books which, at first, we had to force ourselves to read.

The old proverb which says, "As he thinketh . . . so is he" (Proverbs 23:7), is one of the great truths of all times. To a large extent we can be judged by the books and magazines which we make our constant companions. If they are classics—using this term in its broader sense to include the best works in a given field—then we will be stimulated to think great and noble thoughts.

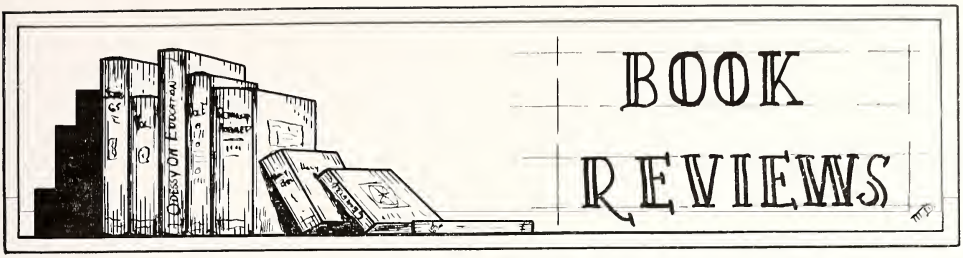
Too frequently, however, we confine our reading to what some modern writer has to say about some great classic rather than reading the original. This is probably truer of "The Bible" than of any other single classic. We can learn a great deal by reading what some modern author has to say about it, provided, of course, he is a reputable authority

(Turn to page 41)

AS I SEE IT

By John W. Stevenson

By way of a few explanatory remarks, this little contribution is to serve no other purpose than to entertain and to remark briefly on various campus activities and goings-on. Before any discussion of it, or argument to it, comes up, it is not meant to be in the form of a newspaper column or dealer in common gossip; let us say, rather, that we are more interested in thoughts and ideas than in actions and social peregrinations. . . . In the manner of those two great American naturalists, Emerson and Thoreau, and if you will overlook the pun, we would like to present a sort of journal of daily thoughts and impressions. . . . Certainly the one thing that is foremost in our minds is Wofford and its daily parade of events and conditions. If you will allow an oft-used figure, it is like the happenings of a large family, which, directly or indirectly, concern everyone associated. At this writing, the most remarkable change in the life of our campus is the new surge of school spirit that seems to have engulfed the student body. It is like a "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" and as contagious as a common cold. Brother Wordsworth perhaps may resent our borrowing his definition, but it seems to fit our description of this new feeling. Back of it, of course, is the flower of Wofford's knighthood, our redoubtable football team. To them much credit is due, and we hope full recognition will be given. Being of a curious nature, we trudged over to the field-house the other day to discover, if we could, what the players themselves thought about their new team and about the spirit that is in their playing. We cornered one of the squad that had played last year and, after inquiring about his wife and baby and the current weather conditions, asked him if he thought there was any great difference in the team spirit this year from a year ago. Without any hesitation he declared flatly that there has been a great change, and that the morale of the team was better than he had ever known it. We immediately wondered why, and he answered that he couldn't say for sure, but that he just knew it was there. We thanked him for his time and looked around for someone else to probe. Just then a husky linesman came by, and we hailed him from our corner with a self-conscious grin, and asked if he would mind answering a few questions. He, too, was a family man and with the same inquiries about his household we wormed our way into his confidence. Realizing that he was a sensitive man, we asked him if the team could feel whether or not the school was behind them during a game. That is, were they conscious of any moral support or lack of it. He answered that he didn't know about the others, but that he certainly did and felt that he played harder and better when there was strong school support. We prodded him on a little by asking if he thought the student body was enthusiastically behind the team. He replied that in comparison to last year, the team felt that there was much more cooperation and unity throughout the school. He then told us that he had to leave as the squad was going out on the field, so we wished him good luck and picked up our notes to carry back to the office. And there you have it, gentlemen, a strong team and a spirited student body, a hard combination to beat. . . . It was brought to our attention the other day that, outside of a few introductory remarks, there hasn't been much said about the new additions to our faculty. From our observation, it can be said candidly that the administration has proved itself rather remarkable for its selections. The first thing that forced itself into our thoughts was the much quoted phrase of Tennyson: "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," and, with a nostalgic last look backward, we turned curious and interested eyes on the men who must inevitably fill the chairs left empty by teachers long since fused and molded into the traditions and heritage of the school. We hesitate to attempt in this short space a biographical sketch of each new member, but we intend to include in succeeding issues some brief comment and notes of interest on each of Wofford's new teachers. It is enough to say now that we are eager to know and to give our attention to these men who guide and promote our thinking. . . . Before adding the final period to this space, we can't help saying a few words about **The Journal** and its significance to the students in general. Don't let the words "literary magazine" keep you from attempting some form of contribution if you have any desire for creative writing at all. Nothing pleases a man's vanity so much as seeing something of his own in print. It gives one a feeling of personal accomplishment and achievement. And man is always pleased with his own handiwork. . . . Once more the campus is changing its physical features, and along with widened roads and new buildings, the fire and paint of nature is ushering in another autumn and scattered leaves breathe a promise of another spring. . . . This may not be the final word —but it's as I see it.



THE COLOSSUS OF MAROUSSI—Henry Miller; The Colt Press, San Francisco, 1947

Henry Miller, an American who has lived a great part of his life in France, is best known to us as the author of "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn" He writes with a deep sensitivity and candor that has led many critics to condemn him as a man obsessed with immorality.

"The Collossus of Maroussi" was written after Miller spent some time in Greece and, like his other books, it had a limited printing on this side of the Atlantic. But because it contains some of the finest prose ever written in the English language, we have chosen to review it here. It is an example of what can be done with English words . . . how close a writer can come to creating the fourth and fifth dimensions in his art form; the type of writing of which Ernest Hemingway has said, "It is more difficult than poetry but it can be gotten."

Miller decides to go to Greece after listening to a friend tell of that country. The friend—a girl living in the same house with him in Paris—wove a sort of magic with words and when she began talking of Greece, Miller found himself ". . . wandering about in a strange land listening to a language I had never heard before."

The trip was begun shortly after the outbreak of World War Two. Aboard the ship, he makes friends with several people of varied nationalities: a Turk, some students from Lebanon, an Argentine of Italian extraction, and a Greek medical student. From the medical student, Miller finds that the Greeks are a passionate people. "Passion," he writes, ". . . was something I had long missed in France." And he finds other qualities that he has lost contact with, enough of them to make him look with relish and excitement toward this country he is about to visit for the first time.

Miller arrives in Athens and, after wondering why he ever decided to come to this arid, desolate, and terrifying country, he plunges into a series of companionships that open up for him an entirely new mode of thought and appreciation.

He travels about the country, from Athens to Kalamis, from Corfu to Herakleion, and, with the passage of each new day, a new meaning has begun to come into his life. He meets many types—not all Greeks—all of whom have found the same new detachment from their old world . . . the new meaning here in this ancient land.

While Miller's narration may be called, in the whole, a narration of his stay in Greece, it is more fitting to evaluate it from the standpoint of philosophies . . . not only Miller's, but the one's also of the people he comes in contact with.

The thing which makes this book distinctive is that it is written by an intellectual whose sensitivity is not confined to the effects on himself but, also, it embraces the effects of the surroundings on others. The author is constantly aware of the effects of these immediate surroundings on those who are with him—exposed to the same circumstances.

But along with this, the author gives a picture of a race of people who—because of the changes that have been brought about in their country through the new demands of history—have confused themselves in the eyes of the Western World. With the new interest that is manifested in these people through America's aid to them and through Russia's designs on them, it is fitting that we are able to read about them as they really are, learn about them from a man who is completely detached from them in heritage.

The book, however, does not have to be read purely because of a desire for the satisfaction of historical curiosity. It may be read for its wonderful prose. There are passages here that will satisfy the most discerning student of rhetoric.

—Peter Karegeannes

THE WAYWARD BUS—John Steinbeck; Viking, New York, 1947

Mr. Steinbeck takes a walk! . . . And evidently downhill this time. "The Wayward Bus" is far below his superbly moving "The Grapes of Wrath" and slightly above his last two books, "Cannery Row" and "The Moon is Down." A sermonizing book, "The Wayward Bus" is not devoid of entertainment for both the didactic and prurient of mind. God help us if American life is so devoid of meaning and as lonely as Steinbeck paints it.

The title almost completely gives away the plot —a very simple one. A group of people are stranded overnight at a filling-station-lunchroom combination in California. The owner of the place and the transients are studied as to their effects on each other. The next day the proprietor drives the transients over the mountains to the next bus stop, ditching the bus for a time.

Steinbeck uses his native Salinas County, California, as a background for his unusually dreary pilgrimage. For those who have read Steinbeck's other works, the mention of Salinas brings shouts of, "No, not again!" But for others it will not have so upleasant an effect.

Aside from setting and plot, the real appeal of the book lies in Steinbeck's display of characters. He has a rare Chaucerian talent for portraiture. The dismaying matter in this respect is that they are obsessed with Freudian problems which pop to the surface in the stress of the situation.

Juan Chicoy, Irish-Mexican-Californian, with the great American genius for handling machines and women with the same turn of mind, is proprietor of the station and bus driver on the side. His blond wife is the old "used dishrag" type, obese and jealous of her husband's attractiveness. She runs the lunchroom and has a phobia for killing flies. In the lunchroom the Chicoys employ a stupid country girl, who secretly worships Clark Gable, whose picture she keeps locked in her trunk. In the garage is a sex-conscious lad.

The transients are even more sordid and warped. The successful business man, Mr. Pritchard, with his now sterile wife and over-sexed daughter, is a social climbing Babbitt on vacation. Probably the most facetious of all the characters is Camille Oaks, the former strip-tease entertainer for stag parties, who complains that men always get the wrong idea just looking at her. She is a disillusioned girl in a sex-mad world.

The few characters are of the same general depraved nature.

Steinbeck has not created characters in the modern sense, but rather character types as in a Morality Play, which he transposes to a post-war California. In this attempt, Steinbeck is sermonizing and entertaining, but not convincing.

Once Steinbeck establishes character types, he does not change them. He infers that the stress of a situation brings out the true character of a person but does not change him. None of the characters rise above the situation except Juan Chicoy, who is probably Steinbeck's best character in the novel. The rest merely succumb to what fate has provided and continually go down. With this demoralization, Steinbeck cheerfully delves into the "bull" piece of fiction.

The petty conflicts are as caustic and frequent as can be expected from these people who suffer from sexual pruritus, sleeplessly intensified nerves, and a distressing situation. The climax arrives when Juan, disgusted with his jealous and drinking wife, and his life in general, purposely ditches the bus and leaves the pestering passengers stranded in a rain-soaked, desolate country. After he walks out, the passengers' animal instincts come to the surface, and there is a mad carnival of seduction, which is entirely superfluous for the expression of character. The seduction of Juan by Pritchard's daughter is enough for the plot and climax of the story. The animalism is unnecessary.

"The Wayward Bus" is Steinbeck's eagerly awaited post-war novel. Steinbeck through twenty years of writing developed a powerful and dramatic style that promised to be as distinctly American as Mark Twain's. It is still hoped that he will write something greater than "The Grapes of Wrath," his best novel to date.

Steinbeck is extremely cautious about talking of his own books, and there is no statement from him as to the book's intent. In "The Wayward Bus," he seems to be having a good time playing with his characters and consequently is amusing at times. Whether Steinbeck has produced a true microscopic picture of our culture is extremely doubtful. As a piece of post-war fiction, it is hardly significant. "The Wayward Bus" contributes nothing of value to American fiction.

It is to be hoped that Steinbeck will not continue to be so careless and become so prolific a writer that he will be lost to posterity, as Galsworthy and Conrad (although they did not deteriorate as Steinbeck has) are lost to this generation. It is hoped he will check his down-hill progress.

—Truett Hollis

Knowledge

My world was a circle with death at its heart,
My life spiraled in toward it's center.
Could I climb that stairway that kept us apart?
Would he allow beggars to enter?

He gazed from his window on life's frothy stream;
I stood in the street and looked up.
I sang of his greatness, his wealth, his esteem;
He tossed down a coin for my cup.

I built on the mite he had dropped from his throne,
I labored to match it with more;
At last I completed a house of my own,
With "Knowledge" inscribed on the door.

—Rab Braddy

THE WELL RUNS DRY

By Christopher Hamilton

University of Utah *Pen*

Editor's Note: "The Well Runs Dry" was printed in the Spring Issue of "The Pen," University of Utah literary magazine. Christopher Hamilton, is the pen-name of the author. Mr. Hamilton, who graduated this Spring and is now attending a photographic school in Salt Lake City, is 26 years old and majored in English. He has written numerous critical articles and short-stories. He served as Assistant Editor of "The Pen" during the Spring quarter. Mr. Hamilton served with the armed forces in Italy as a paratrooper, remaining with the 5th Army three years and serving with distinction in five campaigns.

"Vardis, cigarette?"

"No, not now. Ask me in about two and a half hours and I'll take it."

"I guess I won't have one either. It's funny how a guy goes for a cigarette every time there's something big ahead of him. He doesn't really want it, but there he goes into his pack, and he's got it lit and half smoked before he knows it." Strayer placed the cigarette halfway back into the pack. "Aw, nuts, I think I'll have one anyway. This waiting gets me down."

"Myself, I could wait around for a few more hours or days. Cripes, every time I think about getting out on that road and running for two hours and thirty minutes . . . But, I guess we asked for it when we got in the paratroops."

"Yeah, if you join the nuts you've got to act like them, I guess. But with all this running I'm going to be worn down to my knees by the time we make our jumps."

"I know what you mean."

They sat in the grass by the roadside. Around them were other men, about fifty or more, naked to the waist, and all lying or sitting in easy but expectant positions.

"Hey, Vardis, aren't you glad I talked you out of those extra drinks last night?"

"I am not. If I'd had a few more drinks, I might have relaxed a little during the night. As it was, I was tense as a hound hunting rabbits in his sleep. I ran farther last night in my blankets than we'll be running today."

"I know. I didn't sleep much myself, thinking about the run. But any time I start feeling sorry for myself, I just look over at Van Meter. Boy, have you ever seen a sorrier looking character? He came in last night about two o'clock, slopped to the gills as usual. Every time I look at him I feel like Paavo Nurmi in top form. Just look at that guy."

"Sure, sure, Strayer, I see him. But I don't want to see him. I hope he falls flat on his ugly face today."

"You really hate the guy, don't you, Vardis? I never could figure out why. I get a kick out of him myself. He's good for a lot of laughs. I'll never forget the way he looks coming off the tumbling platform, his legs spread out in four different directions, and pawing the air with his arms. He looks like a big pair of open sheep shears coming through the air. But even then the clumsy galoot manages to land like a big bird sitting just as dainty as you please on a barbed-wire fence."

Strayer looked over at Van Meter, who was sitting by himself, contemplating his big feet.

"What is it you don't like about him, Vardis?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know whether it's mutual hate or not. I don't know whether he really knows I'm alive. But his ugly face was the first thing I noticed when I came to Parachute School. I think I hated the guy from the first time I saw him. I don't know what it is. Maybe it's his eyes. They bulge out of his head like indecent, oily onions. God, it makes my eyes water just to think about them. Or it may be his ears. Have you ever noticed them? They look like a rabbit's with a light in back of them. You can see all the veins set in the pink. Or it may be his red hair, or his nose, or his voice, or his skinny neck. I don't know what it is, but there's something about Van Meter that sickens me. All the rest of the guys look like they belong here. But that ugly Dutchman has no right here. He's sort of like a ghoul hanging around healthy, normal people, trying to be one of them, but always looking as if he'd just been washed up from the grave."

"Geez, Vardis, after all, the guy's human."

"Is he? I don't know. If he is, he's only pallidly human. He seems sort of like a seminal afterthought, the result of a tired sperm's visit to a yawning egg, and neither of them could summon enough energy or interest to make a good job of it."

"Well, that beats me. You've really got it against the guy. I don't know what he did to you, but it must have been rough."

"I'm telling you, Strayer, he didn't do anything to me. I just hate him, that's all. Do I have to have a reason? Haven't you ever just hated a person?"

"Well, I don't know. I usually have a pretty good reason for liking or disliking a guy."

"I'm not talking about disliking. I'm talking about hate. That's something bigger than dislike. It's something just as big and important as love, something bigger maybe."

"Okay, hating then. Have it your way. But I'd still like to know the reasons for feeling that way about a guy."

"No, you wouldn't. You have to have reasons for liking or disliking a person, because those things are within reason; they're subject to it. But you don't need reasons for hating any more than you do for loving. They're both beyond reason."

"Well, just the same, I . . . Geez, Vardis, sometime you make me so mad I could slug you. You get like this and I can't even talk to you. You know I can't talk to you about reason, beyond reason and all that stuff. When you start throwing your damned education in my face, the only thing I want to do is hit something." Strayer stood up and looked around at the different men. "I wish they'd start this fool run. After lying awake all night and now listening to you, I've got a lot of bad energy to burn up and I think a few hours of running might do it." He laughed a little. "Wait a minute. Looking back on that last two-hour run we took, I guess I'll be relieved if two and a half hours don't burn out more than just my badness. I've got a wife home and I think she wants me back just about the way I left." Strayer stepped on his cigarette. "I'll see you later, Vardis. I'm going up toward my end of the formation and leave you here in back with your little chum Van Meter. You can talk over your troubles during the run; maybe convince him that he should go back and lie down in his grave like a good ghoul." Strayer walked a few feet, stopped, and slowly returned. "Forget what I said, Vardis, I always blow my top. You know me." He looked embarrassed. "Hey, you know, if we make this one today all we've got to do is fall out of an airplane a few more times to get our wings. That sounds easy. I'd rather bust my way into the ground than run myself into it. So bear down and keep your legs moving."

"Don't worry about me, Strayer. You're the one I'm worried about. You're no young pup like me, you know. But I don't care how you get there, you just be there when I finish. See you then."

Upon order, the groups of talking, lounging men quickly broke and moved into their running formation, twenty-five men deep and two abreast. Vardis held one of the last positions, and alphabetically fated to run alongside him was Van Meter.

Vardis never found the first fifteen minutes of running easy. There was always the struggle against inertia, the slow translation, in every muscle, of repose into action. Not the explosive action of a second, but action stretching interminably ahead to a point where the imagination faltered and returned upon itself, leaving the body alone in the middle of nowhere, confronting stellar distances far beyond its reach. One hour, two hours, two and a half hours of running. How far beyond time did nine thousand running seconds carry a man? But, no, in that direction lies failure or madness. Vardis knew that the body in those first fifteen minutes was no bold adventurer reaching nine thousand seconds and fourteen miles beyond itself. It ventured ahead cautiously, heavily, one step at a time, one second at a time.

But then the heaviness drops. The imagination ventures beyond the far turn of the road, and the body throbs to join it, trembling with the effort to hold itself in check. At such times Vardis felt all the exhilaration of his own good health, the crisp air and the breaking spring around him. He was conscious of the whole body of men running in perfect rhythm, their hundred legs moving with the unison of a centipede's. It felt so good to be a part of that one great, blind body that he would at such times look over at Van Meter with a sudden close sympathy. After all, Van was for the time a part of all this, a brother cell in this pulsing organism that moved so rhythmically down the road. It was good to be alive and lost in this breathing mass of purposeless motion.

But as it had been on other runs, this feeling of union with the group passed when they were half way through the second hour. Vardis was no longer just an indistinguishable part of this moving body. He gathered himself in tightly and became one man fighting against all the rest to stay in the race. He found his strength to go on coming from the weakness of those around him. A heavy, gasping breath from another man, and he felt better. He was better. He suddenly became better than this man who had shown his weakness. He had advanced into a new position of superiority in the group and with the advancement came new strength. When his muscles were exhausted, he reached into a deeper well to keep erect and moving. He reached into the pride he had in himself as a man, and kept running because he was too proud to quit. This individual pride had always been his deepest source of power; it kept him in the race, any race, with men. There was always before him the indignity of quitting a race he had started. The ignominy was unthinkable. It was impossible to quit.

In the last fifteen minutes of the race, most of the runners had reached the limit of their strengths. Men dropped out by the side of the road, but even this roused nothing in the numbed momentum of the survivors. Vardis felt no new surge of strength when he looked over at Van Meter's twisted face. In his numbness, his pride was no longer bold and clear. It seemed to move down a dark corridor,

getting smaller and smaller as he fell towards unconsciousness. He dimly felt that it was no longer ignominious to fall. Where pride was gone, disgrace was impossible. He only wanted to return whence he had come, to fall heavily into darkness, to stop moving, and lie quietly, unbreathing, unbothered, unmoving.

Then through the black numbness pressing through to him, he heard a terrible gasping. He looked blankly over at Van Meter. The Dutchman, in the delirium of his exhaustion, was mechanically chanting: "Make it, make it, make it!" His voice and his agonized face seemed less human than even Vardis had thought. There was something dark and primeval in his struggles. He was the first emergence of life, hanging on to it blindly, his gaping mouth groping for nourishment and strength to keep from falling back into the dark water. An ugly child of darkness, yet hanging grimly onto what light was given him. Then through the darkness of his own exhaustion, Vardis glimpsed the shred of light Van Meter clung to so fiercely. He glimpsed what it meant for the big, ugly clown to make the paratroops. If he fell out now, he would be forever the clown lying by the side of the road. If he finished, he would have proved to himself his own worth, and the world would judge him in the measure of his own self-esteem.

Suddenly it was all clear. The narrow corridor down which Vardis had moved toward darkness, swelled as it had closed. He let go the slippery, desperate hold he had on himself as he was falling. There was no question now of how to hold onto his last shred of consciousness. There was no struggling with a choice of what to do. There was only this one thing in the world to be done. He reached out one of his arms under Van Meter's, and, though he seemed too far gone to know what it was, Van relaxed against the support. As Vardis felt the weight of the half-conscious body, he broke through the well of his own strength into a new depth. It was not just a recovery of the strength he had started with. It was a giant new strength, something never felt before. The bottom of the well burst beneath the weight of the man on his arm, and from far beneath, growing louder and stronger as it rose, there came the beat and flowing of a great sea. The man seemed as weightless on his arm as a cork lifted on an ocean swell. He himself seemed just as weightless. The intensity, the close binding will that held him together, was gone. There was no longer substance, leaden feet to be painfully lifted, but only a light something borne along on the crest of the flowing that rose from beneath him. He looked up to see the finish line, and it was near. So near that he knew the run was over, that he had made it and those nine thousand seconds were all behind him. As he dropped his arm from under Van Meter's, the Dutchman fell. Then as Vardis dropped down to rest, there was the feel of strong tides being drawn back to their source. The flowing was fainter and farther. Then it was gone, and Vardis was alone, lying there with his eyes closed and his head spinning, idiotically happy to be doing nothing but breathing, breathing as if each breath were a sufficient end in itself and there was nothing beyond it.

The exhausted well filled slowly, coming back cool and fresh, dark, narrow, and separate. As it rose to the top, Vardis felt something beneath his naked arm. He had thrown it over Van Meter's back in his exhaustion. Now he felt it resting there on the blemished skin. Van Meter's eyes were open, staring at him, more bloodshot and bulging than ever. Vardis drew his arm back quickly. As it dragged across the pocked back, he shuddered. There was now the smell of the man—alcohol, garlic, and oily perspiration.

Vardis had a sickening remembrance of his arm being under the dirty, freckled arm of the man lying on the ground. He moved away quickly, looking for Strayer. He walked toward the far end of the group. His legs, accustomed to the running rhythm, choppily obeyed his will to walk, and the struggle almost threw him off balance. He laughed at his own awkwardness. Then as he saw all of the faces of the men who had survived this last obstacle before their wings, he suddenly realized that he was one of them.

"Hey, Strayer, you made it, I see. I don't know how you did it, but I'm sure glad. That wasn't you I saw riding along on that old mule down the road a-ways, was it?"

The men all laughed. There was a strong feeling of union among them.

"You want that cigarette now, Vardis?"

"Sure, I'll take it."

"Say, how did you and your Dutch friend get along?"

"Shut up, Strayer. Some things aren't funny."

"Okay, don't get sore. I just saw him lying down there. Guess he's pretty tired. He's about as old as I am."

"Tired? He ought to be. Some day I'll tell you something about that disgusting pig."

Reform

Break out, my soul, know freedom from your chains,
Why let such torture now hold you from your gains?
Cleanse the mind that owns you.
Rule out thoughts that bind you.
Decree that you shall ever be a creature of your own
And live henceforth in freedom, far from the bonds you've known.

—David Holler

FIGURES IN THE SUN

By Allen Owens Wood

Allen Owens Wood, a member of the graduating class of 1940, was editor-in-chief of The Journal during that year. When the Philippines fell, 1942, he was captured by the Japanese and held prisoner until his death in 1945, near the end of the war. This sketch, reprinted from the March '39 Journal, is considered one of the finest to have appeared in the magazine in its sixty years of publication.

The picks rise and fall with steady rhythm in the August sun, and the shovels scratch painfully in the brick-like clods. The empty wheelbarrows rumble up, are slowly filled, and then move away with a muffled sound, the red dust rising from the path of the single wheel and the two bare feet. Here and there a water boy pauses with his galvanized iron bucket and fills pound-size pork and bean cans with warm well water. The foreman lifts a bass voice in hearty laughter from the shade of a poplar as he swaps risque jokes with the time-keeper. The tool-checker limps farther back in the shade to escape the heat of the mid-afternoon sun. Over on the highway a car whizzes by, and everyone stops to watch it; then all returns to its rhythmic motion.

The WPA is in action. Relief at its lowest, down on a level with the man who works 70 hours per month for 26c per hour, is seen here in the August sun, as 34 men work for what they call a living as handed out by what they know as "the gov'ment." Each man is only a number on the pay roll and case history record, but here, as he sweats eight hours in the sun he is a human. Behind each man there lies a different story.

Thirty-four men, two foremen, and a timekeeper —such makes up the crew under consideration, and there are many like it throughout the South.

Of the thirty-four, six are Negroes, the rest whites. In age they range from 18 to 50, the average being 31. Seventy percent of them are or have been married. The longest any one of them has been married is 31 years, while a few have not been married over two years. The average age for marriage has been 21, some having been married at the age of 17, while others waited until their late thirties and early forties. The largest number of children for any one of them is 11, while only three unions are yet unblessed by offspring. The average number of children per family is 3⅓. The largest number of dependents for any one man is 8, while 2 of them are burdened only with their own upkeep. On an average, each worker has 2.7 dependents.

There is little variety in educational qualifications. All of them can sign their names and read. Two of them had only two years in grammar school, while the best educated member of the crew was a Negro deaf mute who had completed high school training at a state supported institution. For the average, the fifth grade was the extent of their formal training.

They now make $9.20 per 5-day week, but this is not the wage standard to which they have been used. From $10 to $65 per week is the variation in wages that we find among the 34 men. Skilled or unskilled, in all cases they have at one time or another drawn higher pay than they are now making. The average top wage for the group before they lost their jobs was $22.26.

In personal customs and habits, we find interesting figures: 97.1%, or all but one, use tobacco in some form, cigarettes being the most popular; 53% of the men drink, following this habit or urge with varying degrees of intemperance. The reader will recognize the possible inaccuracy of the following figures: 58.8% admit having had at some time in their lives illicit sex experience; 44.1% belong to some church, but only 14.7% boast of a regular attendance at church service; 24.1% attend church with irregularity ranging from once per month to once per year, while the remaining 38.8 profess never to darken the door. An even 50% exercised their right of the ballot in the last primary, though the percentage would run slightly higher if we exempt the few from calculation who were unqualified because of legal infancy.

Again the reader will recognize the possibility of inaccuracy in the information on which the following figures are based: of the 34 men, 32.3% have had admitted criminal experience. Such experience has included robbery, assault and battery, petty thievery, highway robbery, housebreaking, and—the most common—disorderly conduct. The average time served for these crimes has been 1 year and 3 months. This calculation does not include numerous 10-day sentences for minor offenses, nor is information available on the amount of fines that have been assessed and paid.

The above facts and figures are given with no effort to draw conclusions. They stand as a result of information gathered from the men themselves—as they toiled in the August sun.

Thirty-four men working in the sun, each with one end in view—their grocery bill; each with one hope—the WPA. Yet no two are alike, no two have the same background. No two are on WPA for the same cause. Though each is a victim of the same society, not one has the same attitude toward it as the man who picks the clay by his feet.

ABC, dubbed "Big Britches" from the unique cut of his pants, leaned on his shovel handle and

mopped the sweat from his dusty brow. ABC is 24, has a hunched back, has been married two years, and has one child. He cut short his education in the fourth grade to begin work as a common laborer, and such he has been till today. He is a good man —good and also ignorant. He lost a quarter bet one day on contending that New York was closer to Spartanburg than Washington. But his most serious crime has been stealing watermelons, for which offense he served his only jail sentence—30 days in preference to $50. His highest weekly wages were $10. "You know," he said as he stuffed his dirty sweat-rag back into his tattered pocket, "there's nothing I'd rather do than use a shovel."

* * * * *

DEF is one of the few men that I have seen that has absolutely no chest. As he stood with one foot resting on the mattock he was indifferently using, he looked like a curled oak leaf after frost. DEF once worked in the spinning rooms of various mills, making in good times as high as $21.50 per week. During the depression, he took to the freight rods, robbed a grocery store, and spent one year in prison. But now he is married and has one child. Free and colorful expression is his, and he displays it liberally in his discussion of the mistakes of the administration and the qualities of primary candidates. He doesn't vote.

* * * * *

GHI was originally a carpenter, making as high as $45 a week, but his skill was not high enough to compete with his fellows, so he dropped to labor of any sort—to exist. He has a wife and a step-daughter, and the greatest shame of his life is that his wages ($9.20 per week) won't permit him to send his daughter to school and allow his wife to live with him. He has the promise of a labor foreman's job on a construction project—when that opens up. GHI keeps those near him laughing with his stock of jingles. Each Thursday he gets off in the afternoon to go to town and have his side treated for appendicitis. GHI still has hope, for each time the district foreman comes out, GHI works his way toward him to plead for a "good word."

* * * * *

JKL is a preacher. He is 37 years old, has been married 15 years, and has two children. JKL's formal education was completed in the fifth grade of the country grammar school, but he continued study under his father, who was a country physician. In this way, he read a taste of Latin and Greek—"enough to look up anything and find out what it means," as well as some church history and much Bible. His study was cut short by failing health (a kidney ailment), but nevertheless he "entered the ministry." At present his congregation consists of some 25 or 30 faithfuls who meet twice a week for devotionals, sermons, and prayers. JKL's wife keeps a few boarders and thereby adds a bit to the family income. JKL uses snuff profusely on the job, as he says that no one wants to "bum" snuff as they would chewing tobacco. He treats himself to a chew of Brown's Mule on Sundays and holidays.

* * * * *

MNO, black, bass, and talkative: "Guvment Man," he proudly called himself. "Guvment Man" was one of the best pick hands on the job, though he wasn't too fond of the pastime. His speech is characterized by stock expressions, mostly relating to the job. "Seven-and-four, two-and-four, Guvment Man," he chants when the timekeeper comes around to check the crew in. "Eight" is his usual reference to the work day. "Gotta make eight," he says, "then I'll have eighteen-twenty on the book." ($18.20 per 2-week period is his pay.) MNO spends much of his time "makin'" time. And he can "make" time the best on a shovel. This is his method: he lifts a few clods into the wheelbarrow, then rests his shovel on the ground. He spits, adjusts the brim of his hat, and glances at the boss. If the boss happens to be looking the other way, MNO "teks it easy." He may make some remark about the "smoke in thet chimney yonder is still going the same way," or "No clouds around. Don't think we'll have rain today," all the while his eyes twinkling at his own enjoyment in the art of killing time. Throughout the July and August sunlight, MNO remained hopeful of getting a two-weeks pay period ahead in order that he might have railroad fare to New York, where he has two children living. "Hope to make it before cold weather, so's I won't need a overcoat." And he goes into considerable detail to tell just how a Negro should be dressed when he goes to New York in order to attract the most attention from the "Big Apples," or Negro women. "Guvment Man" once worked for a railroad, making as high as $45 per week. But now he just makes "eighteen-twenty," and five mouths depend on that for food, clothing, and happiness.

* * * * *

PQR has been back from the Air Corps only a few months. Three years service he had there, most of the time being on duty in Panama. From his habit of constantly referring to his stay there, the crew has nicknamed him "Panama." Now he is working on WPA in daytime and admittedly selling "likker" at night. He drives a '34 Chrysler that is especially equipped for the transportation of "white likker." PQR has been married a little over six months, and his wife, coming from a respectable family, hasn't yet accustomed herself to his ways.

(Turn to page 39)

CRESCENDO

(From page 4)

being seen, without being stopped. But how? How? The only exit from this tiny second story room was, I knew, through the single door. Yet, knowing nothing else to do, I stumbled to a wall and began to follow it with my hands. I passed two corners with no break in the smooth stucco finish.

My hands nervously inched along, then touched something cold and slick—Fool!—my thoughts screamed. The room has a window. But how could I—if only—a fire escape!!

Feverishly, I worked at the latch. At last unbeaten, the window refused to budge. I summoned more strength, and pushed until my body was soaked in perspiration and my jaws ached from clenching. Then it opened with a jerk. With my left hand I gripped the sill and leaned out into the night as far as I dared. Rapidly, yet methodically, I began to run my hand over the coarse brick outer wall. It had to be there! Another second and my fingers closed around a cold, round rod. It was! I had found it!

I climbed onto the ledge. No time for caution. Hurry! Hurry! Then I was falling. Falling through space filled with music. The entire world was a simple theme, amplified and varied. Each note was smashing itself against my body, then echoing and reechoing into nothingness.

I lay huddled in the alley, even deprived of the sweetness, the emptiness of unconsciousness. My being was synonymous with pain. Inside, the orchestra was beginning the overture to the concerto. Clearly and sweetly the flute stated the haunting theme. It was repeated by the oboes, then the trumpets, then the violins—finally every instrument, every drum, every cymbal combined to sear the notes again and again into my soul.

Could I but have died.

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PAGE FROM A COUNTRY DEACON'S LIFE

(From page 6)

holes in the screen and they got a coupla cats. Stay in the parlor where Jim's body is and I'll see you in the morning."

The men all moved into the house, being careful to close the wooden door behind them. After a while one of the men's wives brought some coffee and pound cake to them. The cups had no handles on them but it seemed to make little difference to the men. One of the younger men, as if spurred on by the hot coffee, spoke his thoughts. "The deacon left too soon but I reckon as to how he was worried about his chilluns. The youngest ain't but about twenty-five."

"You shut up, Son. Lots of folks talks too dang much and ain't no use in you being one of 'em," snapped his father.

The atmosphere in the room kept the conversation to a much quieter and to more of a spiritual level than it had been in the yard. The fire on the hearth was burning brightly. Red hot embers popped out every little bit. Shadowy fingers played around over the unpainted walls when the drops of pine sap turned into quick burning torches. A silvery sign was hanging over the mantle, "God Bless Our Home." Directly over the front door, there was a horse-shoe and beside the same door, there was an old Victrola well beyond repair. There were a few straw bottom kitchen chairs scattered around for the visitors. Jim's body was lying at rest on a daybed in the back corner of the room. A lamp was burning on a table by the bed. When the draft from around the window made the light flicker, you noticed the worn Bible beside the lamp.

Friday afternoon was bright and sunny but a chilling wind was blowing. The women were all in the church a little ahead of time while the men huddled in groups around the big trees near the church. Buggies and wagons were still pulling up. Some of the families were coming out of respect for the dead, some for Maud's sake, and some for curiosity about how the family would act. Children were having a grand time. They were racing around the yard hollering and playing. When Mr. Higgins started into the church, all playing ceased and a general movement rolled toward the church door as if by a prearranged signal. The yard was soon empty and the little white church sitting on its high stone pillars was filled. The preacher stood up and asked the congregation to join in singing "The Old Rugged Cross" after which Brother Higgins would say a prayer. During the song, people could be seen cranning their necks to see the cold gray casket at rest in front of the pulpit. The Deacon's voice, strong and loud in his prayer, expressed his hopes that dear Brother Purdy's soul was now in Heaven; but the tone of his voice made it sound a little doubtful. The service was now ready to settle down in earnest since the Foundation of the church had spoken. The minister in his humble and loving way tried to bring hope and comfort to the stricken family. For a last song, he announced that dear Sister Jordan would now sing one which Jim would have liked, "The Lily of the Valley." Sister Jordan's father had given the organ to the church and it was customary for her to sing at all weddings and funerals. Everybody suffered together.

When the service was over, the expectant crowd followed the family to the Purdy lot. It was out past the neat Higgins lot, which was cared for by the church janitor. After a respectable time Mr. Higgins kindly offered Mrs. Purdy and some of the children a ride home, which was gratefully accepted.

Once they were well under way, Mr. Higgins spoke in his most benevolent manner, "Mrs. Purdy, I was speaking to Bob about trying to help you out. I offered to work that lower five acres of yours down next to mine."

She put her arms about her two youngest children. "Poor Jim," she said, "poor Jim. He was all I had."

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BRITAIN TODAY

(From page 7)

but in a lack of enthusiasm and interest on the part of the population in general.

The recent coal mine strike, which extended to the majority of British mines, has severely reduced fuel supplies at a time when coal is desperately needed for reserves during the coming winter. At this critical period, The National Coal Board reduced the number of working days to five, subsequently decreasing the total output until it is possible that production will be even less than that of last year, unless efforts are made by both The National Coal Board and the miners themselves to improve the rate of production. By taxation, the government provides little incentive for the miner to work additional hours and so increase the supplies of coal.

Due to the failure of the government to state any definite plan or campaign to improve social conditions, a feeling of apathy and general disinterest is particularly rife in the industrial areas of Britain at the moment. The following extract of a speech by Prime Minister Clement Atlee to The Federation of British industries on August 28, 1947, is typical of statements made by leading cabinet officials:

"There is one way out of our immediate dilemma—but only one. It is by restoring our credit with the rest of the world. If credit were only a matter of gold and exchange, such a task would in the short term be impossible. But credit it also—and even more—a matter of prestige and confidence."

The Times editorial of July 28, 1947, stated:

"It is a strange battle in which the generals constantly exhort their soldiers to fight harder, but do not give them orders when and how to fight—the government has not been wholly inactive, but on the whole, failed to give leadership in areas of its own competence."

It is obvious that such a tendency must have a profound effect on manufacture. British production is considerably lower than the 1939 level, which naturally has had a considerable influence on the quantity of exports.

An additional reason for the low morale of the people is the disappointing failure of the government's housing project. During the war, countless numbers of houses were destroyed by German bombing raids, and with thousands of young married couples desiring homes, there is an acute need for rapid construction of permanent houses. In order to temporarily ease the position, many prefabricated dwellings have been erected, but unless greater effort is made by the government's leaders and sufficient encouragement given to private enterprise, the housing situation will increase the lack of support for the government.

Although Britain rests on an economic precipice, there are still a number of factors which indicate that, given the necessary leadership and inspiration by her governing body, she will surmount the present obstacles and rise to her former position in world affairs. The Austerity Plan, at the best, can only tide Britain over the coming winter. Consequently, it will be necessary for her to receive further financial assistance from the United States under the Marshall Plan at the earliest opportunity. Another ray of encouragement is the ready cooperation of the Commonwealth to assist Britain in her immediate plight. A further consoling feature is the excellence of the harvest gathered in Britain this year, which will naturally lessen the amount of imports of grain. Although Britain temporarily may reduce her political stake in the world by a program of reduction in the number of troops stationed overseas, she, undoubtedly, will benefit economically by these actions.

Britain in the past has faced equally serious positions and overcome them. Provided the people are given the desired incentive to improve the standard of living, the courage and endurance displayed by the British in the war will again prove to be the deciding factors in the restoration of Britain to her former economic position.

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TOUGH

(From page 12)

enough to make me feel good in thinking that Harry hadn't been flung off of it, down into the black space below that ended in a floor of gray mist.

"Got a flashlight?" I asked Guy.

He went to his car and brought one. I told him I was going to try and get down there and to keep an eye out for the ambulance.

"Catherine's going to realize what's happened as soon as she hears the ambulance coming," I said. "Maybe she has already. For Christ's sake, Guy; keep her away from here."

"I'll try my damnedest, Steve."

I went over the rail, finding toe and hand holds some of the way down. I fell a few feet occasionally. I was excited and couldn't get any kind of system in the descent. The flashlight was in my hip pocket and something snatched it out; I heard it clatter on the car below.

When I'd gotten down close to the car, I let myself go and fell hard on the roof. I was stunned for a minute but slid down on the wet ground without any sense of serious hurt.

I looked for the flashlight but couldn't find it. I gave it up and looked for Harry.

He wasn't in the car; I froze inside, thinking about the drop over the ledge. I went around to the other side of the car and found him on the ground near the rear wheels. One leg was twisted in such a way that I knew that—if nothing else—at least the leg was broken. I felt slowly over the body and then his head; my hand stopped at the back of it on a mess of wet hair and coagulated blood. Suddenly, I realized that I hadn't done the logical thing; I hadn't listened to his beart-beat. When I did, I realized that he was dead.

"How's it going?" Guy yelled down to me.

I didn't answer the first time. He yelled again.

There were a number of cars around the ambulance as they lifted Harry into it. The lights played on the wet road and the people who were watching floated their conversation in mumbles on the thick mist. Three highway patrolmen were questioning Guy; they had just listened to me.

"Oh, my darling," Catherine said against my shoulder. "Oh, my darling, darling. My poor darling's dead."

"No," I said. "Of course not, Cathy."

"He's fine, baby," Nan said into her ear. She was whispering into the ear but looking at me. "Don't worry . . . he's fine."

"He's dead," she moaned. "My poor darling's dead."

"Don't cry," I said. "Don't cry."

She stopped suddenly and looked up at me.

"He's tough," she said. "He'll live. He's tougher than me or you. He'll fight."

"Sure," I said. "Of course, he will."

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NOW'S THE TIME

(From page 15)

1. I would devote more time to study and I would not be afraid of intellectual work. The fact that a student enrolls in college should indicate that there is a desire to learn all possible during the four years in college. No student of reasonable intelligence can expect to work toward a college degree without spending a great deal of time in preparation for the degree.

2. I would arrange a proper balance of time for recreation and study in order that my study would not injure my health.

3. I would be co-operative. I would never miss an opportunity to show others that they could depend on me.

4. I would not fail to engage in outside activities. This would include the attendance upon artist courses, taking part in religious work, and membership in the campus organizations in which I was most interested. By no means would I take part in too many activities.

5. I would take time to cultivate worth-while friendships. I would choose my friends wisely; but at the same time I would try to know intimately a number of people.

6. I would budget both my time and my money. The training in taking care of money is unquestionably of great benefit; and the keeping of an expense account is invaluable.

7. I would consider my teachers as human beings. They are friends, not taskmasters; and I would try to be the kind of student any teacher would like to have.

8. I would write home often. This is justly due, and no student should neglect writing home.

9. I would be myself. I would strive daily to become a better self. I would imitate no one, but choose those qualities from professors worth emulating.

10. I would not worry about what I was going to do when I finished college. It is a fine thing to have ambition, but I would not have my mind so much on the future as to crowd out the jobs of the present. If I could enter again as a freshman I would enjoy each day of college as it came, do my very best in all things, and have the firm conviction that something would come to me when I had graduated."

This is sound advice and every one of us should read and reread it.

Dr. Snyder has told us that one of the great factors of success is the desire to become something or somebody. Determination is a great driving force. Use it. If you don't have this desire to succeed, then you may just as well pack and go back home now.

AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER WHY

(From page 17)

and maintain a self-conscious dignity in their presence. There is a weakness here, and education has failed if it falls short of instilling enthusiasm and curiosity in the minds of its followers. And again, the individual must have in himself the desire for finding the answers; the innate love of truth that motivates him beyond any dull acceptance of facts. Our search does not begin or end in just a recognition of truth, but is well under way when we realize the possibilities and the results of an end built on discovered truths.

In our next principle, man's relationship to man, or in the improvement of mankind, it is hard to find any overall evidences that men seek here for an answer to our question. The late war, the present postwar confusion, and society in general add up to a rather sorry spectacle. Rather than sympathy and patient tolerance, men seem to be scrambling madly and feverishly to worship at the twin altars of the gods Power and Money. The total effect is a pitiful example of man's chief end. If only our perspective could be changed, what a sigh of hope would escape from humanity instead of the hopeless sigh of frustration that is silent before the mad onrush of selfishness. Man's inhumanity to man—but through it all there is an undercurrent of hope; there is the belief in man that, if we could discover and turn to, would be the source of our journey in the search for man's purpose. Finally, there is the question of morality, the need for a positive moral creed. Is it, too, losing its appeal to the world? We look about us, and we hear that honesty is an out-moded virtue; that we have long since grown away from respect and obedience. There is a loosening of principles, and the shallow reason is the speed and tension of a modern world. To some extent it would seem that man has turned away from this path looking for his answer, but, as we said above, the guide for our conduct, and conduct is important in our quest for the happy life, is in the simple and naive passion for right and the instinctive love of honesty and goodness.

We have just scratched the surface of four possible paths in finding the best answer, or answers, to our question. In summing up, we might conclude that there is in each answer: the church, the search for truth, man's relationship to man, and the moral obligation, a fusing or overlapping quality that necessitates the inclusion of all four principles into our search for man's chief end. For how can man find happiness and purpose if he feels no devotion or spiritual affinity to a Greater Being; where can he find beauty and contentment if he despises truth; what is his excuse for existence if he feels no sympathy or love for man; and who can he turn to for companionship and respect if he has no clear moral purpose. Man must consider all of these problems. He cannot be master of one and not have complete recognition of the other three. He must discover early that the search for man's chief end will surround and take in all these factors, and, above all, he must strike out and take a positive stride in the direction of all these ends or become lost in the maze of indecision and uncertainty. What is man's chief end? Man's chief end is "to glorify God," love truth, seek for knowledge of men and despise immorality.

FOREMOST DAIRIES

ICE CREAM

and

MILK

FIGURES IN THE SUN

(From page 33)

Thus he works on WPA in daylight and sells his goods by night. He drinks only on pay-days, and it is his habit to get off at noon two or three days in a row about the time the checks are expected. When it does come he "pitches a big un."

* * * * *

VWX, known only as "Dummy" because of his inability to hear or speak, had the highest education on the crew. He finished the high school department of Cedar Spring Institute. He is every inch Gullah—tall, very slender, and very black. But "Dummy" could throw a pick all day long or trot between the handles of a wheelbarrow without a sign of complaint. The only trouble in which he was ever involved on the job was a struggle between him and a white boy for the possession of a wheelbarrow that was known to roll smoothly.

* * * * *

YZX belongs in a class by himself. Neither ambition nor determination had suffered by his sojourn on WPA. "Painter," as he was called, was a highly skilled decorator, specializing in fancy indoor jobs. Many times his regular weekly wages were $65, and it had all gone in a wild race after a variety of skirts; but now "Painter" has a wife and two children. He was entitled to a rating as skilled labor, and as such he would have drawn considerably more than the 26 cents per hour that he made on WPA, but he refused to go through the necessary red-tape to get it. YZX

(Turn to page 41)

COLLEGE LETTERS

(From page 18)

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Piddle
902 Sharkskin Lane
Murky Fen, Georgia

Dearest Mom and Pop,

Sad news on the Glee Club deal. I didn't make it. The man told me to try again next Fall. I probably shall. I'm doing very well in my classes. The profs. say I have a splendid mind.

I wrote Mr. Clutch about the job as you asked me to, Mom. I also wrote that letter to Mr. Stuffy. I haven't written Aunt Rosie about her coming here for a week-end yet, but I shall as soon as I get a chance. Wofford has changed a lot since Uncle Joe went here though, and she may not recognize many of the things Unk used to mention. And don't worry, I'll thank her for the socks she gave me before I left.

I've taken your advice and am getting plenty of sleep. I'm also being careful in choosing the fellows and girls I associate with. Yes, Mom, I have enough handkerchiefs, and the three blankets I have here will be quite sufficient. And PLEASE, Mom, don't worry about my being courteous to the profs. and fellows and about my table manners.

I have had to buy quite a few books, and I haven't much money left. I would appreciate it if you could possibly send me about twenty-five dollars more, and then I possibly won't have to ask for any more this semester. Take care of yourselves and don't worry about me.

My love, Mortie

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A STUDENT LOOKS AT THE U.N.

(From page 20)

The Argentina representatives have sponsored a move to have the veto power removed. But that is highly unlikely. None of the Big Five is willing to give up that special power "until the world is a much safer and happier place to live in." And, just as Mr. Gervasi points out in his article, since the proposal to remove the veto power would have to be passed upon by the Security Council, there is little chance of that proposal ever passing the watchful eyes of the Russian delegates.

A more practical reform movement concerning the veto power was proposed by Secretary of State George Marshall in an address he made before the opening session of the present General Assembly. Marshall strongly condemned the overuse of the veto by Russia, and devoted two points of the four-point reform program he outlined to the settlement of the veto question. Saying that the U. S. would agree to the removal of the veto power in all cases concerning "the peaceful settlement of disputes" and on administrative matters such as the admission of new members, he urged that the veto power "be restricted to the actions in which actual penalties, political or economic, against some offending nation, were being considered by the Security Council."

In the second of his two points, Marshall proposed that the Assembly should elect a permanent committee, having delegates from each of the 55 member nations to serve as "an alternate court of appeals to the Security Council." This committee would not be bound to inaction by the veto power. Instead, it could pass upon a measure by a two-thirds vote. Although this committee could only talk, not having any power to act, it would serve as a definite stimulus toward directing public opinion toward an offending nation.

One of the most important problems facing mankind today is that of control of atomic energy. As of yet the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission, split by the contrasting plans of Russia and the U. S., has been able to agree on nothing. Again the same arguments about the veto power arise, and the same struggle between Capitalism and Communism wages.

This writer doesn't know how the question of atomic control is going to be solved. He just realizes from what he has read and heard, that until international control of atomic energy is set up, disarmament, and thus peace, is impossible. All of the nations of the world will continue to prepare for war until they can be fully assured that "the world won't explode in a mushroom-shaped blast." And until that assurance can be gained, the United Nations has a long, long road to travel.

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THERE'S STILL A LIGHT

(From page 25)

and not bent on expounding some particular theological belief. However, unless we read "The Bible" itself, we miss that beauty of expression and poetic symbolism with which its pages are filled; to say nothing of the great spiritual inspiration which one gains from a study of its books. Parts of the book of "Genesis" were penned more than fifteen hundred years before the first English epic, "Beowulf," was written down and the stories of the beginnings are still unsurpassed for their beauty of expression and the manifestation of a spiritual awareness on the part of the Hebrew people. The story of Joseph has long been recognized as one of the greatest short stories of all times. But "The Bible" displays a multiplicity of literary types ranging from the masterful poetry of the "Psalter," the short, pithy sayings of "Proverbs" and the deep philosophy in the book of "Job" to those literary masterpieces of the "New Testament."

It is true that there have been many changes since the days of Jesus of Nazareth and Francis Bacon; that this is a new era; a scientific, mechanistic era. But the old truths in which our great-grandparents found inspiration and guidance have not changed. Why? Because in spite of the great progress which man has made in the realm of science, basically individuals have changed very little. We have the same emotions of love, fear and hate. Macbeth might have been written today without greatly changing the plot. The main reason that great books live for generation after generation lies in the fact that their characters remain alive.

We would like to agree with Emerson when he wrote in "The American Scholar," "Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire."

SUPPORT
BLOCK "W"
IT SUPPORTS YOU

FIGURES IN THE SUN

(From page 39)

sent his wife to his home for a month's stay in order to cut expenses and allow him to make a thorough search for work. The scheme worked, and at the end of the month he was telling the foreman that he could strike his name from the book. All the crew hated to see "Painter" leave, as he was always cheerful, always reasonably sane in his actions, and possessed an infinite variety of stories, most of them shady.

* * * * *

And there are others, many more. But to know them you must see them day after day as they sweat in a summer's sun to make eighteen-twenty for the two weeks. You must see them as they return from their sprees on which they spent most of their past pay check. You must be there and see two of them fight over who shall use a shovel and who shall roll a wheelbarrow. You must hear them argue the relative merits of the wheelbarrow and the pick through the entire dinner hour. You must be there and see them work the eight hours in silence, while at home they have a wife who is laboring in childbirth, or an only child is lying stricken with diphtheria. You must hear the gradual, day-by-day unfolding of the story of the lives they have led, hear why they are where they are now, hear their views on government and society, hear the appalling ignorance they suffer on some of the most common bits of information, hear them bet their entire pay check on a candidate with whom they have shaken hands and call their "friend." You should see that a man has three biscuits and two tomatoes for his dinner when he leans on his shovel and says, "There's nothing I'd rather do than use a shovel," before you pass judgment on the man, the government, or the society that is responsible for the condition he is in.

Yes, the August sun sheds a penetrating light into the lives of men as they work behind a sign "WPA Project No. So-and-So." Each has a different story to tell, each is what he is because of a variety of possible reasons. To the rhythm of a pick or the rumble of a wheelbarrow, a man's very soul may lay bare in the August sun.

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DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

* * *

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

* * *

You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. $1 each for those we buy.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

$100.00

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!

HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.

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" "

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante $5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. $10 for just the idea . . . $15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

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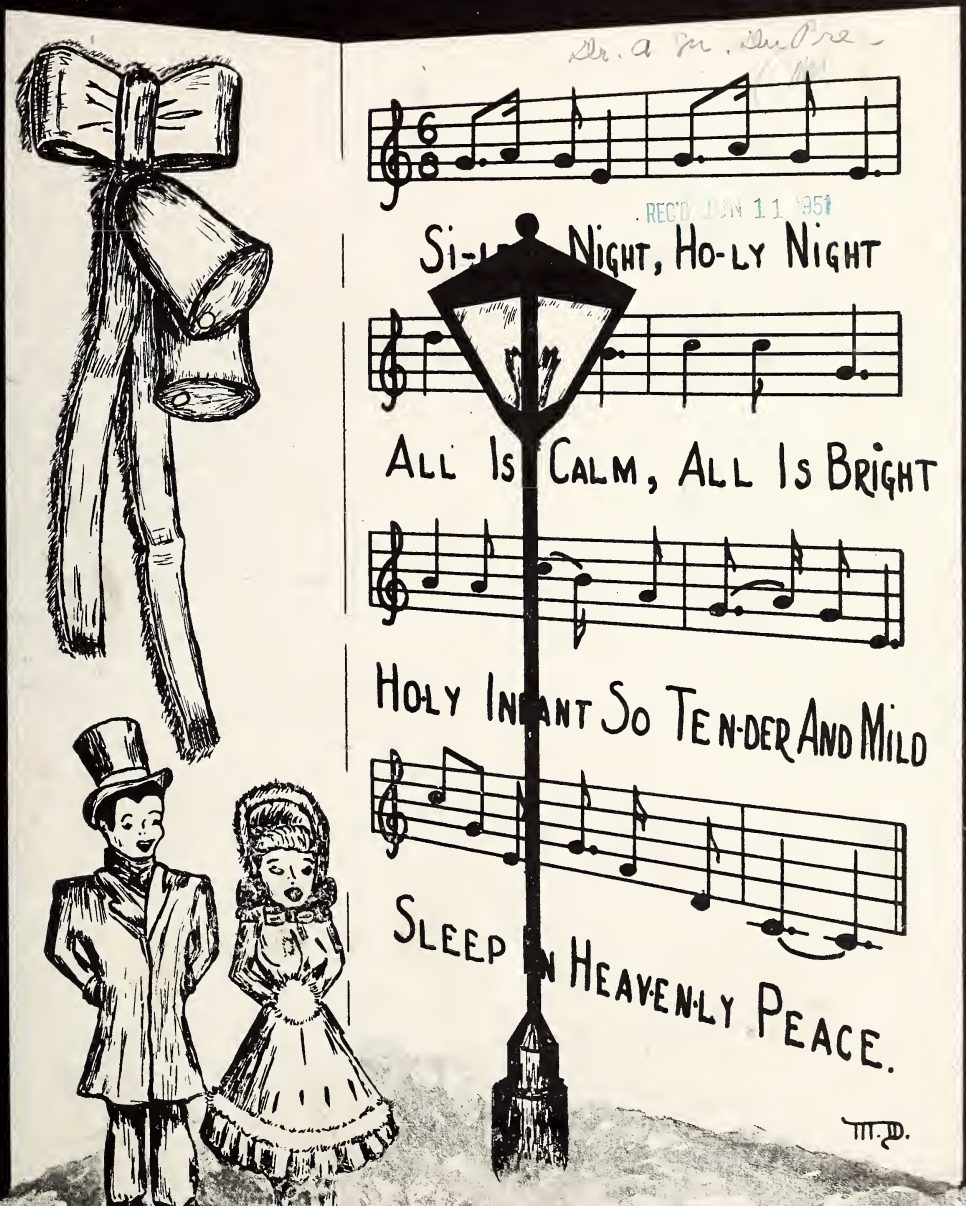
The Journal

DEC. 1947



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Literary Magazine of Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

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Monthly Memos

This year's second issue of THE JOURNAL appears contemporary with a new spirit on the campus. Everyone is thinking about, and waiting for, the holiday season to begin. In a very few days classes and study will be abruptly pigeon-holed in preference to an even more universal movement—Christmas. Yes, indeed, it won't be long until jolly old Santa Claus will make his 1947th visit to this land of ours.

No wonder we're so completely filled with expectation. We shall all be waiting Christmas morning for red-faced old St. Nick to come down the chimney, take his overflowing bag from his ample shoulder, smile at the toeless stockings we so readily put out, and proceed to fill them with G. I. checks, finished term papers, book reports, tolerance, respect for unbiased thought and speech, peace, and happiness in abundance.

This month's unique cover was drawn by our art editor, Michael Droter. It can almost be called unusual when compared with past Christmas covers of THE JOURNAL. Perhaps this very unusualness is the secret of its appeal.

The splendid picture in this issue again represents the camera skill of Dr. A. W. Biber. Raising their voices in praise of the new-born King are Robin Robbins of Richmond, Virginia, Kathryn McNair of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Tina Walker of Columbia, Mississippi, and Dot Ayers of Huntington, West Virginia—all students at Converse College.

As our lead article this month, we have chosen Robert Craig's discussion of the European D.P. problem. While a member of the Army in the American Occupation Zone in Germany, Mr. Craig served as a liaison officer between the Army and U.N.R.R.A.

Again this issue, we are featuring the "By Exchange" notes of L. Poindexter Watts and the "As I See It" commentary of John W. Stevenson. The latest exchange magazines are, as usual, on display for your reading enjoyment on a separate table in the library. Due to the growth of our exchange, there are many more magazines this month.

Our reprint story came from the University of Virginia. We have chosen a cleverly written short-story by V. J. Coberly. "The Wayward Wastrel," a tale without a moral, was originally published in this year's October issue of THE VIRGINIA SPECTATOR. Don't fail to read it through—the ending is terrific.

We were very pleased with the number of contributions handed us for use in this issue. The work being given us is excellent. We really enjoy having the opportunity to pass these stories, poems, and articles on to you fellow-students here. It is our pleasure to publish your writings. Don't forget to let us have them.

The enthusiastic manner in which you received our first issue was most appreciated. Needless to say we're very happy that you liked the new JOURNAL. The magazine is published for your reading pleasure. We realize that it is also an instrument to develop writing talent on the campus and to make public the best literary work to come from the student body. However, we still feel that the primary aim of THE JOURNAL is to bring you what you want to read and what you will enjoy reading. We want you to like your magazine and look forward to its distribution. Constructive criticism is always welcome. Let's put our magazine on the map of the South's leading college literary publications.

The cuts appearing in this issue were made by Mr. J. S. Charles of The Herald and Journal.

On behalf of the Editorial and Business Staffs of THE JOURNAL, I would like this opportunity to wish each and every member of the student body and the faculty a most joyous holiday season—MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

—THE EDITOR

D. P.'S—POLITICAL ORPHANS IN GERMANY

By Robert Craig

Stuttgarter Bahnhof—an early morning in December; dull grey skies stifled the atmosphere around tall grey stone and steel skeletons which once were walls of a busy German rail station. Bitter snow-laden winds raced up the deserted steps, through razed doorways, gnawed at piles of rubble, then, unhindered by the rear walls of the structure, which had long since crumbled, swept along tops of a long line of weatherbeaten box-cars which were resting on a rail siding.

On the side of each of these cars was a freshly painted stencil, "Allied Forces," covering a faded Nazi eagle and swastika.

German laborers were busily installing Army space heaters and patching and cleaning each car. At intervals, one of them would pause long enough to beat his numbed fingers against his trouser legs in an attempt to warm his hands.

An American Army officer stood by his jeep surveying the efforts of the workers, while several German school children shivered patiently, awaiting that moment when the American would toss away his almost consumed cigarette.

The silent, painful activity on this somber stage was abruptly broken by the roar of fifty trucks—a roar mingled with shouts and songs of human cargo. An olive-drab convoy came to a standstill beside the box cars.

Laughing faces bubbled out of every possible exit of the trucks and swarmed over the platform. Energetic youngsters set themselves to the task of decorating dull box cars with evergreen branches; a symbol of life and hope. At the moment, there was no place in Germany where more vigor and love of life could be found than this small area encompassed by evidences of a total war. They were going home! None of the hardships they had endured for six years nor the trials that were yet to come could dull their spirits; for they were going home!

In a few moments they were packed away, twenty persons with baggage per car. The officer's stern face blended into a puzzled smile as one piecemeal-dressed character carefully stored a broken baby-carriage in a box car; another fondled a rusty iron pot, seemingly damaged beyond repair; and another lugged an armful of scrap metal up to his assigned car.

A uniformed railroad official appeared on the scene; the American parleyed with him in a mixture of broken-German and American profanity about the whereabouts of the engine. The German hurried off and shortly an engine backed down the track, coupled with the cars, groaned, and moved slowly forward. One by one open doors, crowded with smiles, flashed past the officer; an inmate shouted, "America," in an effort to show his gratitude; an old grandmother threw a kiss; a smutty faced baby stared at him blankly.

Since war ended in Europe two and a half million persons have been returned from the American Zone of Germany to their homelands in a manner such as described above. Accommodations aboard a "forty-and-eight pullman" are poles apart from luxury, but journey's end justifies inconveniences en route.

These people are Displaced Persons referred to fondly, or otherwise, by American Army personnel in Europe as "D. P.'s." So eager have these refugees been to get home that it appears only a matter of time before D. P.'s will fade into history. Yet today in the American Zone alone there are over five hundred thousand remaining. Three hundred and seventy thousand are entirely dependent upon the International Relief Organization for their livelihood.

There is no longer a place that these people may call home, not because of battles and bombings, but because of the political and social changes which have taken place since the beginning of the war.

For the most part, Displaced Persons still remaining in Germany may be divided into three main factions according to nationality: Baltics (citizens of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia), Poles, and Jews. There are many other nationalities represented in Displaced Person camps; but they comprise a very small minority. Even a superficial discussion of each of these groups would not be feasible in this brief writing.

In the years 1940-45 the Baltic states lost their cherished independence, and became pawns first of Russia, then Germany, and then again Russia. It was during the Nazi period of supremacy in 1941 that the greater part of the Baltics came to Ger-

many. Nazis needed labor to supplement dwindling German manpower. Baltics were given no alternative other than persecution or death; so unwillingly, as their names appeared on "voluntary" labor lists in local newspapers, they packed what few possessions they were allowed to carry and left for Germany.

When the war was over, from a purely Baltic point of view, their country had fallen from the frying pan into the fire, for now, Russians were occupying the Baltic states; and they had come to stay. Apparently this bit of Russian stratagem has been ignored by the United States; and, although our State Department has not yet committed itself, most people here who have an opinion at all seem to accept the fact that the Baltics are no longer independent states but integral parts of Russia.

Baltic citizens who remained at home during the war and who are at this moment still at home behind the Iron Curtain, for obvious reasons, have made no comment on their involuntary incorporation into the Soviet Union. But those who are refugees in the American Zone of Germany, where the four freedoms are in force, violently object to this union. They are afraid of communism. They don't want Stalin's "ideal government" any more than you or I, and they will not return to Russian occupied territory.

Still another reason why only two thousand out of one hundred thousand Baltics in the American Zone have gone home: they are afraid of Russian persecution if they do return. Although no conclusive evidence has been transported through the Iron Curtain, every Baltic is convinced that because he worked for Germany, although it was forced labor, the Russian point of view will be that he collaborated with the Germans. Today a suspected collaborator in the eyes and in the hands of Russian authorities is no happy person.

An American liaison officer was studying Russian in order to make himself more useful in his dealings with Russian liaison officers. One night he attended a party where a majority of the female element was composed of Lithuanians. In a conversation with one of them he idly scribbled her name in Russian characters on a scrap of paper. The characters caught her eye. She screamed out a phrase in her native tongue: more screams followed; and in a flash there were no Lithuanians in sight. They mistook this well meaning officer for a Russian Spy.

A Russian liaison officer walked into an American military headquarters. He approached a typist and asked her a question. She passed out at his feet; she was a Latvian Displaced Person.

These preceding two paragraphs show the reader that Baltics possess an active fear of Russians. This fear is so much more intense than that fear which some of us possess. They have been under Russian rule—they know!

Poles are the nationality group which have been so eager to return home. Over three hundred thousand have gone back to Poland from the American Zone. One hundred and fifty thousand will not go. A great number of these are political refugees. Classified politically as "London Poles," they are in opposition to the "Warsaw Poles" who are at present in control of Poland.

Those who are not affected by the domination of "Warsaw Poles" are terrified by Russian influence in Poland which has made that country into a Russian puppet state. Poles like Baltics, fear and despise the thought of Russian rule.

Jewish Displaced Persons are, in effect, men without a country. They have come from several countries, a great part of them from Germany. Persecution has been their lot since war began. It is ridiculous for us to assume that they can resume life as they knew it before; that they can return to their homes and live peaceably beside those people who had them beaten, starved and killed for six years. Six million Jews killed by the Nazis—can these one hundred and fifty thousand survivors forget Buchenwald and Dachau? Or for that matter, can the Germans dismiss at will the hatred for Jews built up in them by Hitler? They cannot. There can be no homes for Jews in Germany.

Hatred toward Germans is not confined to Jews alone. Every European nation despises Germany. This hatred may be illustrated by the remark of a Dutch UNRRA official who viewed the ruins of a destroyed German city and exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!"

Displaced Persons cannot love the nation that brought so much misery to them. They cannot settle permanently in Germany.

Americans who were separated from actual horrors of battlefields and bombings, occupation by Nazi troops, and the loss of independence behind the Iron Curtain, find it difficult to realize the intensity of European hatred for Germany and fear of Russia. I thank the Lord that we were spared these experiences; yet because we lack these experiences, we must not underrate their importance in determining the final disposition of Displaced Persons.

For two and one-half years a solution as to proper disposition of Displaced Persons has been sought. In the meanwhile, these refugees have

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JINGLES' BELLS

By Rab Braddy

"By jingos, you do make a pretty good Santa Claus, at that," he said, and rubbed his large smooth belly comfortably. He pinched roses into his cheeks and stared at his bright red reflection in the dresser mirror. The sight of that round, puffy face behind all those whiskers gave him plenty of incentive to practice the deep gutteral laugh that he thought befitting a Santa Claus. He, Jingles, a Santa Claus! That alone was enough to bring all the laughs he wanted.

"If the boys at the pool room could see me now!" He pressed his hands against his rolly polly middle, threw his head back and shook with merriment. He pulled the long, red, pointed cap firmly down around his ears, and, with one last satisfied glimpse into the mirror he flicked the light and slipped through the door. A short pause at the head of the stairs and he bounded his way to the street below. And the bells on his cap jingled merrily.

Jingles was the type that people didn't mind losing money to. He was a pool shark by profession, and the boys at the pool room had rather have Jingles make that nine ball than to make it themselves—almost. He was just that kind of a guy.

By the time he reached the place where the Charity Bazaar was to be held, a stream of skinny, dirty-faced little kids were swarming around his feet—jumping in an effort to grab his whiskers, and raising a melee of confused shouts, the main theme of which seemed to be "Whatcha gonna gimmee, Santa Claus?"

"This DeWitt dame sure has her rocks, o. k.," thought Jingles as he climbed into the elevator and pushed the button that would take him up to the fifth floor penthouse. Alone in the elevator, he tossed his head from side to side and chuckled. He mustered his best smile and spirits, and gave forth with one good Santa Claus laugh.

"Oho!" he shouted as he opened the door of the elevator and stepped out into the midst of society's annual good deed. The only thing he could think to say, that he felt appropriate, was "Merry Christmas," so he pounced on that well-known phrase and clung to it in a way not unlike the single phrase of a broken record. Of course, his entrance was greeted with quite a stir of excitement, because this was Christmas, and he was Santa Claus, and at Christmas Santa Claus was the leading character. He made his way slowly across the large open room—chuckling bravely, waving one white-gloved hand into the air, and keeping the other constantly occupied with hand-shaking, back slapping, and an occasional pat on the head. As soon as the commotion created by his arrival had diminished to a constant hum, he was ushered by one Mrs. DeWitt into the next room, which he casually observed to be just as dad-gummed swanky as the one he had just left. "The presents are in this bag," she told him in a voice that was hushed and secretive as if the little orphans might have been hiding in every corner. "Now please be a good Santa Claus," and her eyes sparkled, and anxiety could be read in every word. "This party means as much to us as it does to those little kids, because, as you know, we aren't exactly in the habit of playing "Good Samaritan." He smiled, supported his belly with the palms of his hands, and gave forth with a sample of his merriest, jolliest Santa Claus laugh.

She was pleased, and he knew it, and he smiled to himself, squinted his eyes, and whispered, "Jingles, you old fox, this is a cinch."

Over his shoulder went the bag of gifts. Onto his face came an expression that he thought appropriate for a Santa Claus who was about to distribute gifts, good cheer, and "Christmas Spirit." And the bells on his cap jingled merrily.

"Young friends, Merry Christmas. All the way from Toyland I've come to bring you some presents I have managed to make since last Christmas. And with these presents I want to bring you also Mrs. Santa Claus' love, and lots of Christmas spirit. But first I want to know if you all have been good little boys and girls since I saw you last."

A roar of affirmation arose from the circle of shiny little faces that pressed close about his knees. "They **are** cute little devils," he thought, and unconsciously reached forward to pinch one of the little girls on the cheek.

"Of course, you have," he shouted. "I knew there was no use to bring any bundles of switches to this party. Let's not waste any more time because I know you are all anxious to see what I **did** bring." With that he began to pull the extravagantly wrapped gifts from the bag, one by one, and to call the name on the label in his loudest, merriest voice. "To Martha, from Santa Claus. And here's one for Johnny." Each name invited another of the little waifs forward to reach out a trembling hand and take the extended gift, then to turn and fly back to her circle of little friends. Jingles smiled when he looked into the eyes of the little rascals and saw reflected there a fleck of

fear, a world of excitement, and an abundance of happiness.

When the giving out of presents was completed, Mrs. DeWitt waded through the discarded tissue paper and ribbons that were piled knee-deep on the floor. Raising her hand for silence, she declared in her most persuasive voice—"And now I think it is time to sing some Christmas Carols. Do you children like to sing?" The happy shouts that followed left no doubt that her suggestion was whole-heartedly accepted. And as one, the little girls in their best cotton dresses, the boys in their newest knickers and starched shirts, the men with their tux's, stiff shirts and bow ties, the women with their low-cut evening gowns, perfect hair-do's and jewelry, followed Mrs. DeWitt to the piano. For the moment, Jingles was forgotten. He lagged behind. And the bells on his cap jingled merrily.

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen," the voices rose strong and clear, and surprisingly well-pitched. Two of the gentlemen had their heads together concentrating in producing a squeaky off-tenor. Everybody had his arm around everybody else. Bodies were swaying, feet were tapping, and everybody was singing at the top of their voices.

Jingles moved in behind the lady in the black dress. His face now resembled nothing of the typical Santa Claus. His whiskers were still billowy on his chin, and the big, red, fur-lined coat was still tucked under his chin. But his mouth was set in a firm, straight line, and his eyes were cold and hard. His slender fingers—surprisingly slender fingers for a fat man—moved once and his job was completed. He took a strand, and left a strand. "No use being a pig about the thing," he thought and smiled a twisted, cynical smile. "Take one—leave one; halve the probability of its being missed, and double my opportunity of getting away."

One quick jerk, and his whiskers hung loosely from the right side of his face. Now he had his excuse to leave the room. No use making it obvious that he was leaving by telling anybody where he was going—even that he was going. Casually, unobserved he strolled into the next room. The diamond necklace hung heavily in its wide, red pocket. His hand moved to the pen knife in his pocket. His cap came off—he singled out the six tiny bells from which he had removed the little steel pellets that gave them their jingle. The diamonds came out of their setting readily before skilful twists and probes of his sharp pen knife. One quick twist of his wrist was enough to part an opening in the round, tiny, shiny shells. A little gem tucked away in each, and he pressed the openings of the little spheres back together. Again he pulled his cap firmly around his ears, tilted his head back, refastened his beard and attempted to re-establish his mood and his Santa Claus smile. "That's the way you work, Jingles," he mused. "Always careful. Always looking to the future. Suppose the old girl does miss the rope of rocks. Who would ever think to look for them in a bunch of jingle bells!!" He stepped to the window, threw the settings out into the night, turned and strolled once again into the midst of the merry-makers. And the bells on his cap jingled merrily.

The room was filled with the eager voices straining at "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly." Jingles decided that this must be what they meant when they talked about Christmas spirit. He surprised himself by adding a hearty "da de da de da" of his own.

"That DeWitt dame has got a way of putting things over, o. k.," Jingles thought. I wish to hell she'd put over everything she wants to put, and let me get away from this place. Not that I'm nervous, or anything."

She led the group to the large silvery Christmas tree that stood in one corner of the room. All the lights were turned out save the ones on the tree. And everybody had joined hands and were singing "Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm, all is bright." And then it was over, and everybody was wishing everybody else a Merry Christmas. Mrs. DeWitt had gathered the children in one corner and was telling them that Santa Claus was to take them back to the orphanage in a real, honest-to-goodness sleigh. Jingles hadn't heard about this, but he was sure that he would have been willing to ride a broomstick in order to get away, and to get away safely.

She ushured them—Santa Claus and all the children—into the elevator. Jingles lifted one of the little girls into his arms and laughed and joked with them as the elevator slid silently down towards the lobby. Outside in the alley they found a shiny red sleigh hitched to two healthy horses. All the shouting Jingles had ever heard, those kids topped as they climbed aboard the sleigh. Jingles was surprised to realize that he felt like shouting too. He took his place behind the reins, and the children clambered happily onto the seats. The little girl he carried in his arms on the elevator ride won by her quickness and determination the coveted honor of riding in his lap.

Mrs. DeWitt—queen of the social world—had tears in her eyes. She managed to say "A Merry Christmas, and God bless you all."

Jingles flicked the reins and the horses moved forward with a jerk. The bells on the sleigh and

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NEW DAYS—NEW WAYS

By Ralph A. Cannon

Man takes great delight in dichotomy. He likes to save himself the trouble of bothering with individual cases by assigning the case under observation to a category. Thus a man becomes a radical or a conservative; a progressive or a sentimentalist; a saint or a sinner; a Jew or a Gentile. Any variation from the accustomed style of thought and mode of action is immediately labeled by some current designation. In the days before and during the war the term "Nazi" was uncritically bestowed upon all who sought to look honestly into American ways. Now any progressive is in danger of being called a "Red." In the realm of ideas and ideals, such efforts to dichotomize, or classify in terms of two distinct divisions, is possible. Thus there is, philosophically speaking, a Right and a Wrong. But such bifurcation cannot be extended to man and to human ideals and actions. Man refuses to fall neatly into any simple system of classification.

The preceding arguments set the stage for a close examination of a current issue which has stimulated a somewhat embittered controversy throughout the world among the religious-minded: Modernism versus Fundamentalism.

This controversy seems to have reached the brink of dissention in the ranks of an "erudite pre-professional group" on Wofford's campus, which, taking my cue from Sam Scandal, I shall allow to remain nameless; the nature of the issue, coupled with campus gossip, makes specific name-calling in this instance unnecessary.

I realize that the majority of my readers perhaps have no vital interest in the subject. I feel, nevertheless, that all will be pleased to know that the clergy is on the job at least enough to be concerned about how they are going to "save" their erring flock.

Let me say also in deep humility that I am much less capable of pointing the way to truth in this matter than some of my colleagues of the previously mentioned "erudite" group. This organization is blessed to have among its number several young men who are ready to set the world right on this thing called religion, and who are attending classes at Wofford in order to protect the poor, gullible, students from the nefarious faculty. There appear to be in our midst spies sent by a pedagogical Moses to ascertain the possibilities of saving this Promised Land from the clutches of the evil giants and of establishing a kingdom of "cloistered virtue" and unenlightened naivete. But the reader will have to be content with the opinions of a ministerial student who is more student than minister.

Examine with me, then, some of the aspects of this disagreement. Shall a Christian be a Fundamentalist or a Modernist?

In the first place, I doubt that there exists either a Fundamentalist or a Modernist, or to be more accurate, a Modern Liberal. Against what many would have us believe, there can be no strict line of demarcation. By no sense of the word is the religion of the Fundamentalist any more fundamental than that of the Liberal, nor that of the Liberal any more modern than that of the Fundamentalist, when considered from the view-point of the ageless Truth. Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 1935 Edition, defines Fundamentalism as "a recent movement in Episcopalian and certain Protestant churches, reemphasizing a number of historical beliefs, as the virgin birth and diety of Christ, and the infallibility of the Bible, which are maintained by adherents of the movement to be fundamental." Modernism is defined as "a movement in Episcopalian and Protestant churches, emphasizing the spiritual and ethical side of Christianity, and tending to disregard dogmas and creeds." The chief point of quarrel seems to concern the nature of the Bible. One view holds that the Bible is the directly inspired Word of God, and that it represents from beginning to end an infallible source of historical fact and moral statutes written to be used as a law book to govern man's actions. Any attempt to submit the sacred Word of God to literary or scientific criticism is a distinct act of sin and dooms one to eternal Hell.

Another view attempts to take from the Book all elements of Divine inspiration and calls it simply "the greatest collection of literature ever assembled." It becomes just another book, albiet of superior quality. A third view, and the view which in its chief details is adhered to by most religious teachers, is that which holds that the Bible is the product of inspired men, but not of stenographers taking the dictation of God. It is the record of a people's growing idea of God and of their developing systems of ethics and ideas. The Bible cannot be taken as uniformly authoritative throughout, but each portion must be weighed in the light of the highest revelation, Jesus Christ. To comprehend it truly, we must look at it in its historical

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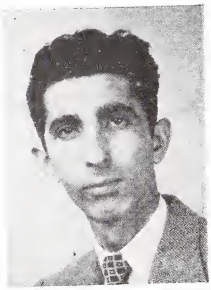
THE WHITE SEASON

By Peter Karegeannes

During the war, Fate was given a lot of free play. One of the things it did was to put me in the same tent with Bill Adams.



Bill had graduated from Harvard in 1939. While in school, he had made a good name for himself in football, as well as in scholarship. He had shown a lot of promise during his first two years of becoming a fine left end and, if his father hadn't put an end to his gridiron aspirations, would have eventually become nationally recognized.

His father controlled several of the nation's biggest newspapers and this, plus the fact that Bill was a Harvard man, exposed his son to a lot of good-natured kidding during the war.

I joined the outfit in Burma during the early part of 1944 and was assigned to the same tent as Bill. Due mostly to the fact that we had many of the same likes and dislikes, we became close friends and remained that way for the rest of the war.

After we had been discharged, we carried on a sporadic correspondence which eventually petered out to a letter every month or so.

One day, I was reading Time and saw that Bill was in Millford, N. Y. as the new publisher of the town's only newspaper. A few days later, I got a letter from him in which he told me that his father had bought the paper for him. The idea was that he would pick up the training that would make it possible for him to eventually take over one of his father's larger papers.

The fact that he had gone to work for his father came as a surprise. Overseas, Bill had talked to me at great length that it was the last thing he wanted to do. But, to me, this was just another case of the man who hates the smell of tobacco but, nevertheless, smokes a pipe in the belief that it will give him new character.

There was a postscript to this letter in which Bill asked me to come North as best man in his wedding—a wedding of which, to judge by the vagueness of the postscript, he probably thought I was already aware.

At that time, I was working for United Press in Charlotte and, after I had read the letter, I went to my chief and asked for a leave of absence. I did this despite the fact that there had been a lot of complaint lately about the way I was doing my work. I was—not to my great surprise—refused the leave and, consequently, I quit the job.

When I arrived in Millford, I was met at the station by Bill and his fiance, a girl named Frances Hunter. It was a summer day and people were dressed in cool clothes. Bill was wearing an expensive white linen suit which made me halt in walking, painfully conscious of my own single-breasted wool suit.

We shook hands warmly, my sense of embarrassment vanishing in the heartiness of his greeting. As he turned me slightly for my introduction to his girl, I caught the flick of her eyes as they traveled almost imperceptibly from my shoes to the top of my hat.

The appraising look left her face and she smiled at me with a new expression, a warm concentration on her boy-friend's pal . . . no care in the world, no other problem to require her charming attention.

"I've heard so much about you, Jeff," she said.

"And I've heard a lot about you, Frances," I lied.

"That's very clever dialogue," Bill said. "Let's take him home, Frances. I guess you're all in, hey, boy?"

"It was a long trip," I said. "I sat up with the neighbor's baby."

"Ha ha ha," Bill said. He slapped me on the back and, for a while, it was like old times.

Frances Hunter looked like the type of girl I had been reading about all my life; in the "smart" type of novel. She was wooden and I didn't know whether to attribute this to her expensive dress or to the fact that she seemed perpetually interested in some distant star. She was self-conscious and, I felt confident, jealous of Bill.

I shall not deny that she was a beautiful woman. She was the most beautiful I had seen since my high school days, when I had been in love with a drum majorette. My idea of beauty in those days was based on a different set of values; Frances Hunter encompassed very ably my present idea of beauty.

Later that day, I learned more about Frances from Bill. He and I were left together when, during the evening, Frances departed for Boston. Some of her friends were giving a party in her

honor and she was to be gone two days. When the train had chugged away in the direction of Boston, we got into Bill's car and drove to his apartment.

The apartment was one of those cooperative affairs, located on Cypress Road which, apparently, was the town's exclusive residential district. The house was named—for some reason unknown to me—"The Somerset House."

I had already been to the apartment that afternoon, at which time Bill had assigned me one half of his double bed.

Now, as we re-entered the flat, Bill asked, "What do you think of Frances?"

"She's very nice," I said.

"Yes," he said, "Isn't she?"

I shaved while Bill took a shower and, later, I asked him if Frances' home was in Boston.

"Yeah," he said. "Her father is Lawrence Jordan, of Jordan and Price, the publishers."

"Oh-h-h. Well, well."

"Impressed, huh?"

"Sure," I said.

We sat down and talked for an hour or so, mostly about what had gone on overseas, what had happened to whom since then, and so forth in that vein. Later, the subject got around to the wedding and I learned that Bill had known Frances for several years before the war.

She had gone to Europe once with her mother and, following their return to the States, her mother had gotten a divorce. Frances, who went to her father by some sort of an agreement, was then put into a finishing school and learned to speak French.

Her father had another home, on Long Island, and Frances spent most of her time there. She had become prominent as an owner of several horses which had managed to win some important prizes in horse shows on the Island. She spent a great deal of time and money on this sort of thing. It was a subject of which I knew little and cared as much.

It was during this same conversation that Bill offered me a job on his paper. My first impulse was to turn it down; he seemed to want to take all the blame for my being out of work. When I'd made it clear that I had quit my job out of preference, he told me that he needed another man anyhow and I could have the job if I wanted it.

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked.

"Anything you want. Just pick the job and it's yours."

I do not believe that Bill's generosity—a quality I've always remembered in him—stems from the fact that he's always had more than plenty. There was a basic goodness about him—an unpretentious thing that came from inside the man himself. I told him that excessive generosity never made a successful man, but he only laughed at me.

Frances came back from Boston on a Wednesday. She came to the apartment and knocked furiously on the door. I opened it and she glanced past me into the room. I asked if something was wrong and she said, "No, there's nothing wrong. Where's Bill?"

"I imagine at the newspaper."

She insisted that I try and find him and I phoned the paper, but he hadn't showed up that morning. "This is Johnson," the voice said. "Something wrong?"

"I don't know. If he comes in, have him call his apartment."

Frances had been sitting in a couch in the front room while I'd made the call. When I went into the room, she looked up expectantly.

"Have you found him?"

"No," I said. "You sure there's nothing I can help you with, Frances?"

"Never mind. When he comes in, tell him I'm over at the Nelsons."

"The Nelsons," I repeated.

She went out of the apartment, leaving the heavy smell of her perfume behind her.

Frances and Bill never got married. I'm not sure why or when they had decided to call it off. I am sure, though, that their decision was influenced by something that had happened to Frances during her stay in Boston. Bill did not tell me about it until several days after her visit to the apartment.

Bill came home after midnight, opening the door quietly and walking soundlessly so as to not awaken me. I was lying on my side of the bed waiting for him. He came into the room and began to undress.

"The gendarmes have been looking for you," I said. "Frances was here."

"I saw her," he said.

"She seemed worried about something."

"Did she?"

I saw that the affair was none of my business. Two days later, while we were having dinner in a restaurant, he told me that the wedding had been called off. I was naturally surprised but didn't press him for the details. He seemed gratified that I didn't.

Nothing else was said about it the rest of the summer. I didn't see Frances again, although—

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SPOTLIGHTING THE BRITISH FAMILY

By Douglas Hooker

Editor's Note: Douglas Hooker, 22 year old member of the Freshman Class, was born in the United States but lived in England from 1930 until June of this year. He served in the Royal Navy for three and a half years and was over two years at sea aboard H.M. Destroyer "Virago." Mr. Hooker's intimate knowledge of the British is well expressed in the article below.

To appreciate fully the conditions under which the British people are living, it must be realized that even at the present time family life has not been restored to its former pre-war level of unity. Evacuation, occasioned by the destruction of office buildings in London and other business centers, is still in force. Owing to shortage of materials, the erection of new buildings to replace those destroyed has been impossible. Consequently, a great number of workers must either travel long distances each day or remain near their place of employment during the week, returning home for the week-end. The Government's recent decree ordering, if necessary, the compulsory drafting of labor to essential work will further increase the separations, and together with the continuation of a period of eighteen months conscription in the Armed Forces, for all physically fit men between the ages of 18 and 26, will add to the delay of the re-union of family life.

The Robertson family has been created in an endeavor to give a picture of life in a British home at the present time. The family resides in a seven room semi-detached brick house which is typical of the London style of suburban houses. In common with most buildings it is sadly in need of repainting and redecorating, but again the shortage of materials makes this practically impossible. Mr. James Robertson, the father, is employed by the Admiralty in Whitehall in an executive capacity which entails almost as much strain and responsibility as the position he held during the war. The effect of this can be seen in his rapidly graying hair which belies his actual age of 48 years. John, the elder son, was conscripted by the Royal Navy at eighteen and is now serving on a destroyer based in the Eastern Mediterranean. David, the youngest member of the family, is still attending the local grammar school. Next May he will undergo that most dreaded ordeal, the matriculation examination for the London University, which the majority of children between the ages of 16 and 17 have to face. Mrs. Robertson is also showing the effect of the long, monotonous and anxious war years, of the constant difficulty of preparing meals and running the home smoothly. In addition, John's presence in the Palestine area at a time when bomb outrages daily fill the newspapers is a source of continual worry.

* * *

As Mr. Robertson glanced through the wafer-like pages of the daily newspaper, the head-lines only helped to increase his feeling of despair of Britian returning to her post-war prosperity. This was hastened by the Moscow announcement of Russian intentions to wreck the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine and any other form of assistance to Britian which Russia described as United States "Imperialism" in Europe.

Breakfast was a frugal meal of dried eggs, toast, margerine, marmalade and tea, a meal which the Robertson family had seen only too many occasions before and at which John nobly refrained from passing the remark of "Dried eggs again." He had recently assisted his mother in shopping and had become fully aware of a disheartening failure to obtain some variety in food.

The sun was shining brightly and gave every promise of a dry clear day. As he left home, Mr. Robertson was pleasantly reminded of the glorious summer Britian had enjoyed, of the resultant successful harvest and of the number of car rides to the country which now, owing to the Government's decision to abolish the gasoline rationing, were only delightful memories. Whilst waiting in line for a bus, his thoughts dwelt on less attractive topics. He wondered whether coal production would improve to meet the increased demand, whether his order for more coal would be delivered before the present limited stock was exhausted or whether the family would again have to rely on a small gas fire to provide heat for several critical weeks during the coming winter. Descending the steps to the platform of the Underground station, he observed a waiting train and running quickly just managed to enter the nearest compartment before the automatic doors closed behind him. So, amid the inevitable groaning, shuddering and vibrating that accompanies every London Underground train, and which fills visitors with mingled feelings of awe, terror and amusement, but of which the average Londoner is completely oblivious, Mr. Robertson was speeded towards his office in the center of the city.

Mrs. Robertson apprehensively watched David walk out of the house. She realized the newest

pair of gray flannels was already a little short and with David's clothing coupons for the current ration period nearly expended, the only solution seemed to be for Mrs. Robertson to again use some of her personal coupons in the purchase of clothing for David.

During his ride to school David critically examined the sky and prayed that the present dry spell of weather would continue. If it rained the evening soccer game would be cancelled and now that he was on the verge of the school team, it was essential that he should get as much practice as possible. From football David's mind turned to the more immediate and pressing problem of German. He decided that the evening's decision to chance his luck had been a little hasty and now he could only hope that he would not be asked to translate. School commenced at 9 a. m., the first twenty minutes being taken by registration of classes and the assembling of the entire school for a short religious service. The remainder of the morning was completed by four forty-five minute classes with a ten minute interval between the second and third periods. In order to help save the family rations, David lunched at the school canteen where, with several hundred other boys, he was served a plain but very satisfying meal for the approximate equivalent value of twenty-five cents. Afternoon classes commenced at 2 o'clock and ended at 4:30 p. m., although one afternoon during the week was allocated to compulsory games and athletics. Each day David would be assigned between two and three hours homework, most of which would be required the following day. In his fifth year at the grammar school, David's syllabus had extended to the following subjects: English Grammar, English Literature, Religion, three fields in Mathematics, English and European History, German, French, Physics and Chemistry.

Soon after David's departure, the telephone rang and Mrs. Robertson was greeted by a clerk in the butcher's shop. It appeared that a small quota of rabbits had been received, and if she desired one, it would be advisable to call at the store at the earliest opportunity. Mrs. Robertson was delighted with the news, for to obtain a rabbit, in addition to the weekly ration, was quite a luxury. Again she realized the advantage of dealing with the one store throughout the war years, of becoming a "regular customer" and so securing these little extra benefits. The appearances of rabbits were too infrequent to be missed, so she left home soon after receiving the telephone message. While in the shop, Mrs Robertson presented the meat ration coupons for the family and the butcher recorded an order of either a small leg of lamb or half a shoulder of beef, which would be collected by David the following Saturday. This joint, together with a small can of corned beef, would be the entire meat's ration for the family, and Mrs. Robertson, as is the usual custom of British housewives, had chosen to save it for the Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Robertson continued her shopping and collected the weekly rations from the grocery store. These allowances were painfully small; a number of tiny bundles which reminded her of days when as a small girl she had played with little amounts of butter, lard, margerine, etc. Mrs. Robertson smiled grimly as she lifted the even further decreased bacon ration from the counter. All the experience gained during the war years in economical house-keeping could not make the meager weekly allowance of one ounce per person last for more than one meal. Once a week a bakery would sell a number of substitute cream cakes, which helped to give some variety to the usual diet and were consequently in great demand. Already a line was forming and after examining its length with a professional eye, Mrs Robertson decided that David's appreciation of the confectionery would be sufficient reward for the additional time spent in the queue. Afterwards she visited the greengrocer's store. Fruit and vegetables were fairly plentiful at this time of the year, although certain articles were specially exorbitant but this was better than a complete absence or shortage of these commodities.

Mrs. Robertson and David had finished tea before Mr. Robertson returned home around seven o'clock. David had recommenced his homework, so the Robertsons were left alone to discuss the incidents of the day. The majority of evenings they spent at home, reading the numerous books which Mrs. Robertson borrowed from the public library, playing whist, rummy and other card games and listening to the radio. The B. B. C. offers a choice of three programs. The Home Service has a general repertoire of news and current affairs items, plays and musical performances, while the Light program, originally devised for the special entertainment of the Armed Forces, is as the name suggests mainly of an escapist nature. The Third program, which only commences at 6 p. m., provides a complete contrast with its entirely classical composition. Thus the Britisher has a wide selection. The programs are varied but carefully prepared so that the serene atmosphere of religious or classical music is not destroyed by the shrill tones of the latest dance tune. Occasionally the Robertsons attend the local theatres and cinemas or visit neighboring relatives and friends, but on the whole they

prefer to remain quietly at home.

Just before nine o'clock Mr. Robertson turned on the radio. The clear staccato pips of the Greenwich time signal sounded through the room, closely followed by the familiar voice and words of the announcer. "This is the B. B. C. Home Service. Here is the nine o'clock news." There followed a resume of important events and then a more detailed account of the days news.

With this characteristically British scene we shall leave the Robertson family. Perhaps the following verse written by the British author, A. P. Herbert, expresses most ably a feeling which is rapidly spreading throughout the country.

"Decade of darkness, poverty, and pain,
The Hungry Forties harass us again.
Bear up. The Forties always were a pest,
And why should these be better than the rest?
The 1640s—not a restful age,
With civil strife and regicidal rage.
The 1740s—grim with gin and gun,
When wise men said that England's day was done:
But William Pitt was waiting at the door:
And England's day turned brighter than before.
The 1840s all the schoolboys know:
But then how strong a tide began to flow!
Roll on, fair fifties! It is nice to know
There are but few black forties still to go.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Editor's note: The following is the famous editorial written for the New York Sun by Francis P. Church, September 21, 1897. In our age of skepticism the thought expressed may perhaps refresh us.

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun, it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

"Virginia O'Hanlon,
"115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

FAITH — HOPE — LOVE

Faith, hope, love, love above all the rest
Faith I have in what others say
When they say that love is best
And I hope my love will stay

—David E. Holler

THE WAYWARD WASTREL

By V. J. Coberly

The Virginia *Spectator*

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Wayward Wastrel," a tale without a moral, was first printed in the October, 1947 issue of THE VIRGINIA SPECTATOR, literary magazine of the University of Virginia. Mr. V. J. Coberly, former literary editor of THE VIRGINIA SPECTATOR, is the author of "Dawn Is My Salvation," "The Wayward Wastrel" and other works. Mr. Coberly, majoring in English, served as an enlisted man in the Army Air Forces during the recent World War.

Aloysius and Abigail had been married for four happy years, and during all that time they had never had a quarrel or even a slight misunderstanding. They were very happy, but there was one thing that stood in the way of their **complete** happiness: they had never had any offspring (i.e., children) that they could call their own. In fact, they had never had any children **at all.** Though they both wanted a family very badly, neither spoke of their desire after the second year of their marriage, for by that time they were both convinced that it was torture to keep wishing, and each secretly blamed the other for his shortcoming.

In the fourth year of their marriage, however, they realized that they had given up hope too soon. One afternoon as Aloysius plodded his routine way home from work, he caught sight of Abigail flitting merrily and excitedly to and fro on the front lawn. When she saw him approaching (he was still three blocks down the street), Abigail began to run toward him. Then she slowed to a walk and took a few steps before she began to run again. Aloysius was an alert young fellow, and he immediately surmised that something was amiss.

As Abigail ran up to him he said, "What's amiss?"

She stopped suddenly, and an expression of doubt spread over her face. "Amiss?" she inquired gravely, as she casually slipped her right index finger in the corner of her mouth so that she might have something to chew on and thus stimulate her power of concentration. "Amiss, Aloysius? Oh, dear! I have such a time figuring out your jokes. Tell me, dear, what **is** amiss?"

"No, no, Abigail," sighed her loving husband, you must have misunderstood me. I simply meant to ask, what is the matter?"

"The matter?" asked Abigail, amazed. "What makes you think there's **anything** the matter?"

"Well, after all, dear," replied Aloysius very patiently and intelligently, "you **did** run three blocks to greet me, and that **is** a bit unusal. I thought perhaps you might have had something important to tell me, for a change."

Her eyes sparkled as the purpose of her mission came back to her. "Oh, yes!" she ejaculated, "I'm going to have"—she lowered her voice so that no one might overhear—"a baby."

"A baby!" exclaimed Aloysius, "I knew it!! I knew it! Didn't I tell you all our efforts weren't in vain?"

"Yes, I think I do remember something like that."

Aloysius took off his Stetson and placed it on the curbing. Then he sat down on it very carefully so that he would not soil his trousers. He dreamily began to paw the gravel with his forefinger, and his eyes were focused on nothing as he spoke, "You will bear me a child, Abigail, and that child will be a boy, and my boy will be straight and strong, and I'll call him Percy. Percy is a pretty name; everybody will love Percy, and Percy will love everybody."

Abigail stood silently and said nothing. In truth, she did not know what to say. And Aloysius talked on and on until the arc light on the corner came on, and Abigail reminded him that he could do just as much talking at home: there was no one there who would listen to him either.

So the days rolled into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months passed slowly by. And Aloysius spent all his leisure time telling the walls of his living room of his son Percy, who was soon to come there.

On a day prescribed by the physician, Abigail was hustled off to the hospital, and two days later Percy came into the light of day. Percy was neither straight nor strong, but he **was** Percy, and therefore Aloysius was ready to overlook all of Percy's inabilities.

Abigail and Aloysius loved Percy intensely. They were so taken up with him, as a matter of fact, that for the first year of Percy's life, they went to no amusement centers and had no entertainment—other than that of caring for Percy.

On the baby's first birthday, however, there happened to be a circus playing in their town, and since they had been in hibernation so long, Aloysius decided that it would be very beneficial to his family to go to the circus and purchase a few laughs. Abigail also thought this a pregnant idea, so on the night of Percy's first birthday, he was taken to the circus. The trio arrived in time for the nine

(Turn to page 34)

A pastiche on Don Marquis

MEHITABEL TAKES A TRIP

By Joe C. Erwin

Author's Note: The pastiche as a form of literature is something of an avis rara. Parodies are with us in abundance, but the pastiche (or postiche, according to some references) is almost never encountered.

The parody is, of course, a burlesque in which a light subject is treated in an exaggeration of some well-known author's style. Since burlesque and humor is its raison d'etre, the writer's style need not be too consistently followed, so long at it is still recognizable. Any author with a distinct style is apt to be parodied, e.g., Hemingway, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Poe, Dostoevski, etc. The language of the Bible has often been used as a vehicle of parody.

Some of the best parodies in existence are those turned out by Woollcott Gibbs, of the New Yorker staff. Carolyn Wells has edited what is almost the definitive volume of collected parodies, mostly, however, poetry.

The pastiche presents a different problem. Usually it is avoided as being too difficult. To write a pastiche it is necessary to immerse one's own technique and style completely in that of another. To write a pastiche, you are not permitted to turn a phrase in your own manner; you must do it exactly as the originator of the style would have done it. There is, you see, a difference between imitation of a style and a pastiche of a style.

Maurice Leblanc attempted what was perhaps the most daring pastiche ever written. At a time when Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes was more familiar than Amber St. Claire is today, Leblanc wrote a book called Arsene Lupin vs. Sherlock Holmes. The book is still available, although somewhat scarce. The general opinion at the time was that Doyle's Holmes was a much better Holmes than Leblanc's, and it is said that Doyle was not flattered by the experiment.

About the only good pastiches being done today are those written by a young scholar named Lillian de la Torre, who is, it seems, not only fascinated, but obsessed with 18th century literature. Her pastiches of the Boswell's **Life of Johnson** might easily deceive any reader, even experts in the field, such as Miss de la Torre is.

So I have attempted here a pastiche of an author who should be among the easiest in print to do one of. Needless to say, no one will see much point in my mehitabel story unless he has read some of the original archie and mehitabel stories of Don Marquis.

well boss i saw
mehitabel the cat the other day
she was walking away from the freight tracks and
    looked
somewhat the worse for wear
archie she said to me
i have had an experience to
last me throughout my next three incarnations
and if i were anything but a lady
i might be given to
invective
what do you think of
someone who would lure a trusting lady
into a strange town
mehitabel i said
tell me about it
mehitabel drew a long breath and sat on her
    haunches
archie she said you know me
once a lady always a lady
and i thank my lucky stars that i am always a
lady no matter what
well archie one day last month i was dining
on a fish head in the alley behind the fish
market when a lean gaunt tom approached me with
longing in his eye
naturally archie as a lady i always
avoid a scene so when i see this tom
with the obvious intention of relieving me of my
fish head
i said to him
beat it you bum i was here first and if i were you
i d beware of tampering with the property of a lady
he said dear lady i have no designs on your fish
    head
and as he spoke i could detect the odor of
sour cream
on his breath
he was fairly reeling with it and tipsy as a lord
but withal he had a flattering approach
and the manners of a gentleman
when he told me i was the sleekest tabby he d ever
    seen
naturally i couldn t insult him by being disagreeable
he was one of these southern toms
and claimed to be able to trace his ancestry
to general lee s house cat
but said that in latter years his family
was somewhat down in luck
so he d come north
what a line these aristocratic southern toms
think they have archie
he told me that his home was one of the few
southern plantations still left and later
when we were both feeling pretty woozy
over some cream where the milkman had dropped
a bottle
he invited me down to his
fine
old
aristocratic
southern mansion
well archie life has its ups and downs
and i have always flattered myself that
i can take what comes
toujours gai is my motto and you know me
archie
so one day last week
i crawled aboard a dairy car in the freight yard
and had a delightful trip into the

deep south
until an inspector came through the car and
kicked me out a good four miles
from where i was going so i had
to hike it into town
i strolled down a back alley asking some of those
arrogant dixie puss s if they knew anything
about my gallant
and they stuck their pink noses in the air
and crossed the street from me
finally i found a black tom with only half of his
left ear and i asked the scrawny creature
if he knew of my friend s plantation
and the bum fairly yowled at me
now i m a very broad minded sort of character
archie
but a true aristocrat will resent any slight
so i removed the other half of his left ear
and threatened him with other social catastrophes
if he didn t answer my civil question
well archie it seems my gallant had been deceiving me
and taking gross advantage of me
that black tom told me that my friend
didn t have a southern plantation
and he wasn t a southern aristocrat for all his fine manners
and what s more he wasn t a descendant of general lee s
house cat any more than i am
he was the doubtful offspring of a mangy creature
of loose morals
who had accompanied the first batch of carpet baggers
who d spoiled the fair city
so there i was in a strange town
with no friends and no immediate prospects
looking for a low down animal who had tampered with
my affections
do you think these high born southern tabbies would
show any consideration for a lost stranger in their midst
ha archie you have no idea

i have seen good times and bad archie
and if i flatter myself that i can more than
take care of myself in any situation i have reason for saying it
but archie i admit that i was somewhat confused
being so far away from home and all
and my aching heart ready to break
and then i decided to end it all
and i sat for three hours on the train tracks
waiting for a milk train to come by
and recapitulate me

mehitabel i interrupted don t you mean decapitate

that s completely beside the point archie
mehitabel said
the point is i didn t want to live
in such embarrassment
i was mortified at being jilted
and those trains down there never move when
you want them to
and so i got tired of waiting and went
out in search of dinner
and who should i meet
who should i run in to but my old friend
walking down main street like he owned it
and by his side one of these flossy exotic
persian creatures
with dyed fur
if there s anything a lady detests it s artificiality
and deception
and dyed fur is one of the first indications
of highbrow looseness of character
i thank my lucky stars archie that i
i have never stooped to such a level
archie you know me
i have had a long and varied career
and have always taken the best with the worst
in my stride
but there was something about this cad
with that dyed frump
that completely infuriated me
so i strolled up to them
my fine southern gentleman
i said
it is most embarrassing for me to encounter you
here and thus despoil you in front of your female friend
but i sir i am a lady
and a lady is not to be treated lightly
and regarded as a plaything
i have shown you hospitality
i said
and you have taken advantage of me
and betrayed my girlish trust
and deserted me after inviting me to your
southern plantation
and now i find myself spurned
and snubbed by your highfaluting friends here
and i shall have you know that i intend to
reckon with you
here and now
montgomery said the fancy persian with
the dyed hair and crimson bow around her neck
who is this creature
well archie do you think montgomery would
introduce me to his set
and admit that he d met me and that we d lapped sour

cream from the same bottle
do you suppose that he would greet me like i should be
and invite me home for dinner like he d promised
do you think archie that he would show me the
same fine manners and give me the same respect
he did to this frenchy looking hussy
ha not he
he looked at me like i was a cockroach
no offense to you archie
and raised his hypocritical nose
and pretended he didn t even see me
and instead of acknowleging the presence of a lady
he tried to walk past me and down the street
with his companion
listen
said i
he met me and he trifled with me and he lied to me
and i m here to tell you that i m an aristocrat
even if this tom isn t
and an aristocrat will not tolerate such treatment
come dear said the dyed puss
and again they started to walk away
whereupon i snarled in a most frightening fashion
and launched a blow at montgomery
but he dodged skillfully and it landed instead
smack on the whiskers of that creature with him
and she ran screaming down the street
leaving a fluff of dyed fur in my claws
turning again to montgomery i said
deary i really am revolted to find it necessary
to give you a lesson in etiquette
but you must remember in your future conquests
not to act in such a base and perfidious way
and with that i sank my incisors into the scruff
of his neck and held on while he yowled
furthermore i said loosening my hold
i would have you know that as the lady i am
i am accustomed to much tonier society
than you ll ever know
and i am not to be stood up by the likes of you
i am a lady of wide experience and a lady of the world
and have at my beck and call
legions of a dam sight better toms
than you are
or will ever be
deary it pains me more than you know to
point out these facts
which to any gentleman
would be perfectly obvious anyway
but i have no choice
an aristocrat will be avenged
therefore i must remove that alluring
brown ear of yours
so with that i swung at him again
and succeeded in ripping a sizable chunk of fur
from the top of his head
archie i can t tell you the agonies i went through
whilst chastising this low ruffian
but suffice to say that when i finished with him
it s a cinch that none of his other dyed floozies
would recognize him at first glance
and when he lay in the gutter
quite definitely
hors de combat
i preened myself all over until i looked
once more like the lady i am
and strode majestically away
and caught the next passing freight home
and so here i am
embittered against the whole male race
and forsworn against any future adventures

well boss just about that time
a large yellow tortoise shell tom
walked by and i could see that
the soft pad pad of his rhythmical feet
was music to mehitabel s ears
still though archie
she sighed
wotthehell wotthehell
i suppose i must be democratic
and not hold the wrongs of the few
against the many
noblesse oblige you know
archie noblesse oblige
is what i always say
especially when one is a lady and
an aristocrat
life is funny
archie
and we must take the good times with the bad
that s what i always say
toujours gai
that s my motto toujours gai
well cheerio my deario

and with that mehitabel went dashing
down the alley after the
big tortoise shell
tom
you know mehitabel boss

archie

The reward of the general is not a bigger tent, but command.

—Oliver W. Holmes, Jr.

TWO SKETCHES

By Truett Hollis

I.

The convertible glided smoothly on the gray white concrete of the highway. A warm-red pulsating glow flashed from the rear as the brakes steadily slowed the car. The tires crunched the granite gravel as the car turned in at a soft green neon sign, "The Haven". The car stopped and the two occupants waited momentarily before getting out.

"Well, we pulled a smooth one on those dames. Bet they're madder than the devil gettin' ditched at eleven."

"Maybe we oughn't to have left so soon. They might be big 'blabber-mouths' and—"

"Don't start worrying. They've got some sense. Well, we might as well 'case' the joint."

"Yeah. We better roll up the windows. It might rain."

They walked in, banging the door after them, looking around at the brown-stained booths. Two were filled with people laughing and murmuring in a haze of cigarette smoke. The two boys stood mute, one swinging a lithe gold chain, the other smoothing the blonde hair over his temples. Nobody noticed them. They moved instinctively towards the pin ball machine.

The brunette put the chain end in his pocket and slipped a nickel into the slot of the machine.

Bright lights flashed as the coin registered. With mechanical clicks the five steel balls rolled into position. Clutching the sides of the machine with his hands, the player reacted to every movement of the ball. His companion, combing his straight blonde hair, watched the mechanized game silently.

Spurts of rapid-fire clicks sounded as the rolling steel hit the electrically sensitive obstacles.

500 — 1000 — 1000 — 1500 — Green Flash!! . . Click! — Click! — Click! — Two Yellow Lights!— Score Board Responds — 20000 — Buzz! — Click!

"Boy! That's okay for the first ball. And how!" The second ball raced up from the released spring, hesitated, then rolled slowly, hitting glowing knobs and springing back. Click! Click! Buzz!

The player was too anxious. The machine sputtered violently, flashing an offending sign. "TILT." The mechanism groaned, lights faded, and remained dark and silent.

The player shook the machine angrily and cursed it under his breath. He reached into his pocket and put another nickel in the slot. The machine happily sprang to life again, lights flashing playfully and enticing as before.

The cream-wool coat stood stiffly out as the player cringed and moved with the contacts and course of the ball. The light-colored coat accented his dark hair and tanned face, red from the reflection of the dancing lights of the machine. The brown pants narrowed near the ankles. The long gold chain dipped in a glimmering arc below the coat, slipping into the pants pocket.

His blonde companion's hair lay smoothly flat and brushed over the temples. The crisp satin bow-tie diminished his height. He watched the game, nervously biting his lip, straining to act interested.

After four unsuccessful tries for the "free games," the player announced with a sigh, "Well, that cleans me up."

"I've got half-a-buck. Enough for two brews. How 'bout it?"

"Sure, okay."

They drank the beer slowly in a booth. Finishing, the brunette said to the owner of the car, "We might as well 'blow'."

"Yeah," glancing at his watch, his eyes bloodshot and glassy, "11:45."

The car doors slammed with a muffled thud.

"You drive."

"Okay."

The convertible moved carefully out to the highway, stopped, edged out and steadily gained speed.

II.

A child will cross a clean-washed path where pink rocks lie embedded in white sand. The sick, dry grass will lie flat under his black toes and die. He will turn a furtive glance, frightened, and his step increase till the black legs grow weak from intenseness and the frightened eyes are no longer cowed. The rusty, pine needles will be soft and prickly to him as he sits down to rest and look back where he had been, and wonder. Tomorrow, when the copper leaves are falling, he will not come this way. But when the mystical, dark-blue cloud of fear subsides, he will again cross the path with

pink stones and white sand. Looking into your smile with darkened, uncomprehending eyes, he will remember the brooding, warning voice of a long, enfolding blue-fading skirt around whose big knees he has clung with tense, weak, little arms. With grayish-death lips, insensible to the pressure of dull-white enamel teeth, he will dart on. He will remember all this when the foul taste of sleep is in his mouth, and the close damp room gives up its odors in the purple blackness of night with rain beating on the tin roof.

And from the scaly top of a gently swaying pine tree, he will watch an unsuspecting you. He will see you on the path walking stiffly, shirt crisp with starch and shoes polished and sparkling and squeaking. With a small, dull knife, he will carve on the mourning pine. The resin will seep over the steel-grey blade, making it sticky to his touch. The fingers will be grey and the resin will soon dry, leaving the yellowish crystals to be washed into the creek over the hill. He will stand ankle deep in the cold clear water and wash the knife. The dull blade will grind till a sharp, piercing blade catches the glimmer of the dancing flame in an open hearth.

Years will pass and all this forgotten.

In a noisy back-street, music will burst from a dingy, crowded cafe. The thick smell of fried fish and of sweating crowds, and loud rhythmic music will mingle in the fetid air. Country boys and city girls will mingle in a staccato of giggles and laughter. The deep, hot grease will sizzle and sputter as the mealed fish touches the thick mirrored surface.

The noise will subside and mid-afternoon will pass to evening. A fresh melee will push the swing doors. Black lips will sparkle with an artificial scarlet. Dim red lights will glow in the damp cheeks. Oily, shining, burned curls will stick to wet foreheads in uncoiling weariness. Loud laughter and forgetful talk will rise to a chorus, hysteric and joyful and forgetful.

The thick door in the back room will shut out the noise. A coarse green curtain will bar the room of intruders. One shaded light will focus above the rough-hewn table. The silence will penetrate to the nerve, and a muscle flicker in the cheek.

A youth will sit there with the shining blade flickering in his hand, hitting the table with shivering gray vibrations. His eyes will be accusing and demanding. The cards will no longer make their rippling, flipping noises. The light will burst from its socket in crashing fragments falling to the table, and the whisky glass will break. The boy will feel himself falling, knuckles gouging sharply into his chest, cheeks and stomach. He will grasp for his knife. It will be wrenched from his hand, cutting his callous fingers. He will feel the thin blade, which he sharpened with his wet spit on the whetstone, slip into his back. A sharp warm pain will make him shudder and then be still.

Steps will clatter on the dirty back alley where cats will leap from trash cans. Their eyes will glow in the dark recesses, and cautiously, they will retrace their steps and eat the foul garbage.

REPORT FROM KENTUCKY

Editor's Note: Allen R. Slone, a sophomore from Spartanburg, S. C., recently attended the annual convention of the National Society for the Preservation of Three-footed Squirrels held at Richmond, Kentucky. Part of his work while at the meet consisted of delving into the past files of the local newspaper. Upon his return to the campus, he handed this editor the following quotation from the January 18, 1900, Richmond, Kentucky, newspaper. Without further comment, we hand it on to you.

"Man born in the wilds of Kentucky is of feud days and easy virtue. He fiddleth, fisheth, fusseth, and fighteth all the days of his life. He shunneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much mountain dew whisky that beareth no government stamp.

"When he desireth to raise hell he straightway planteth a neighbor. And behold, the crop cometh up and bringeth forth many devils, both male and female.

"He riseth even from his cradle to seek the scalp of his gransire's enemy and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's great-uncle's son's father-in-law, who avenged the deed. Yea, verily, his life is uncertain and he knoweth not the hour when he may be jerked home.

"He goeth forth on a journey half-shot and cometh back on a shutter shot. He riseth in the night to let the cat out and it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot from his person. He goeth forth in joy and cometh back in scraps and fragments. He calleth his fellow man a liar, and getteth himself filled with scrap iron, even to the fourth generation.

"A cyclone bloweth him into the bosom of his neighbor's wife and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into the bosom of Father Abraham before he hath time to explain. He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lieth in wait on election day and, lo, the coroner ploweth up a forty-acre field to bury the remains of that man.

"Woe, woe is Kentucky, for her eyes are red with bad whisky and her soul is stained with the blood of barbarous men."

AS I SEE IT

By John W. Stevenson

Current Affairs: A friend of ours reminded us the other day that Christmas was only forty-three days away. We got stuck on Christmas tree lights last year, so we decided to get busy about getting them. We hurried up to one of the department stores before the time came for the last minute rush. After we made our purchase, the manager spotted us and came over for a little chat. He said he was worried about getting a Santa Claus for this year, as his regular man, an old gentleman from out Cowpens-way, had informed him that he was through playing Kriss Kringle and wouldn't give any reason. Our friend couldn't figure it, and we decided to go out and see this lover of humanity turned misanthrope. There was nobody there but the old man when we arrived, and he invited us in for a chat. All over the room were little carved-out reindeer harnessed to miniature sleighs, and the ex-Kriss was busy whittling away on a piece of wood. In the back room we noticed a sort of workshop with unpainted toys lying awkwardly about like Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue." He told us that he had played Santa Claus for over forty years; that it was his hobby, and that he worked all year in his spare time preparing for Christmas. After he had related a lot of different stories of kids and of the thousands of letters he had received in his lifetime, all carefully preserved in shoe boxes, we ventured the question of why he had suddenly decided to quit being Santa. He said that someone told him he would have to join a union and he'd be darned if he would!

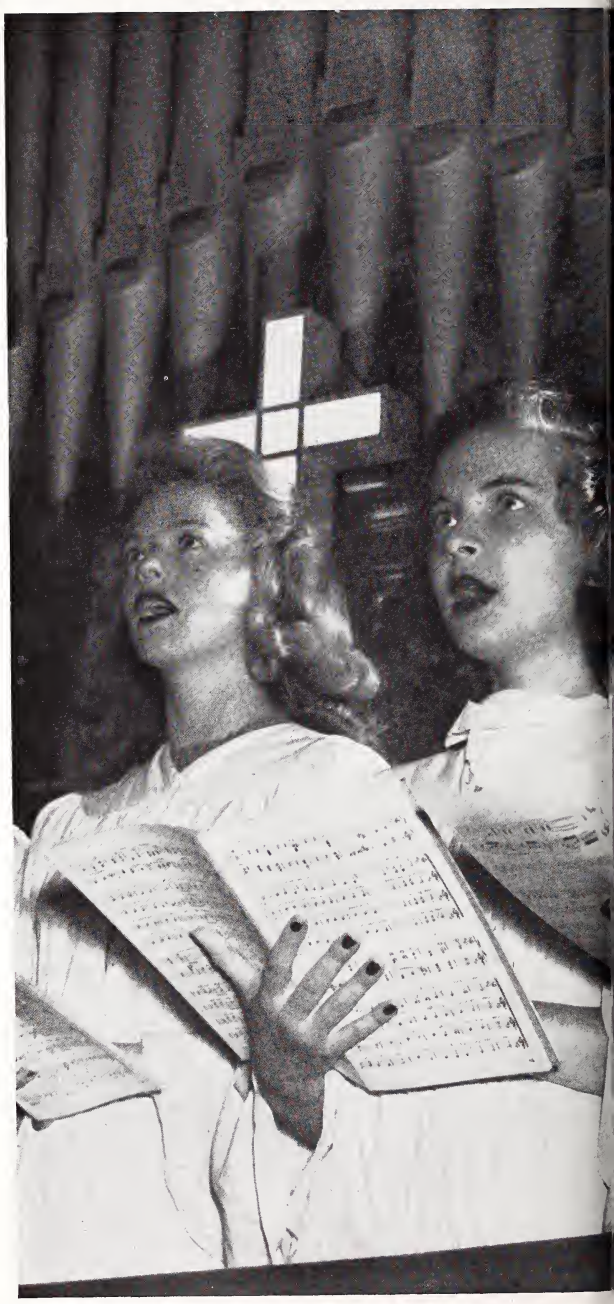
Integrity: We received a letter from a young missionary in Alexandria, Egypt, last week who told us about the cholera epidemic over there. It seems that it hasn't hit Alex yet, but it is prevalent in the outlying districts. He said they had to boil all water, vegetables and fruits and had taken the series of cholera injections which were provided by the U. S. Embassy. He added that in a country like Egypt where the officials talk big and do little, an epidemic like that is a little frightening. To make matters worse, serum was flown in from the United States, England, South Africa and France in quantities sufficient for all and at no cost to Egypt—yet only a small minority have been inoculated thus far and the stuff is selling on the Black Market for five pounds ($20.00) per injection.

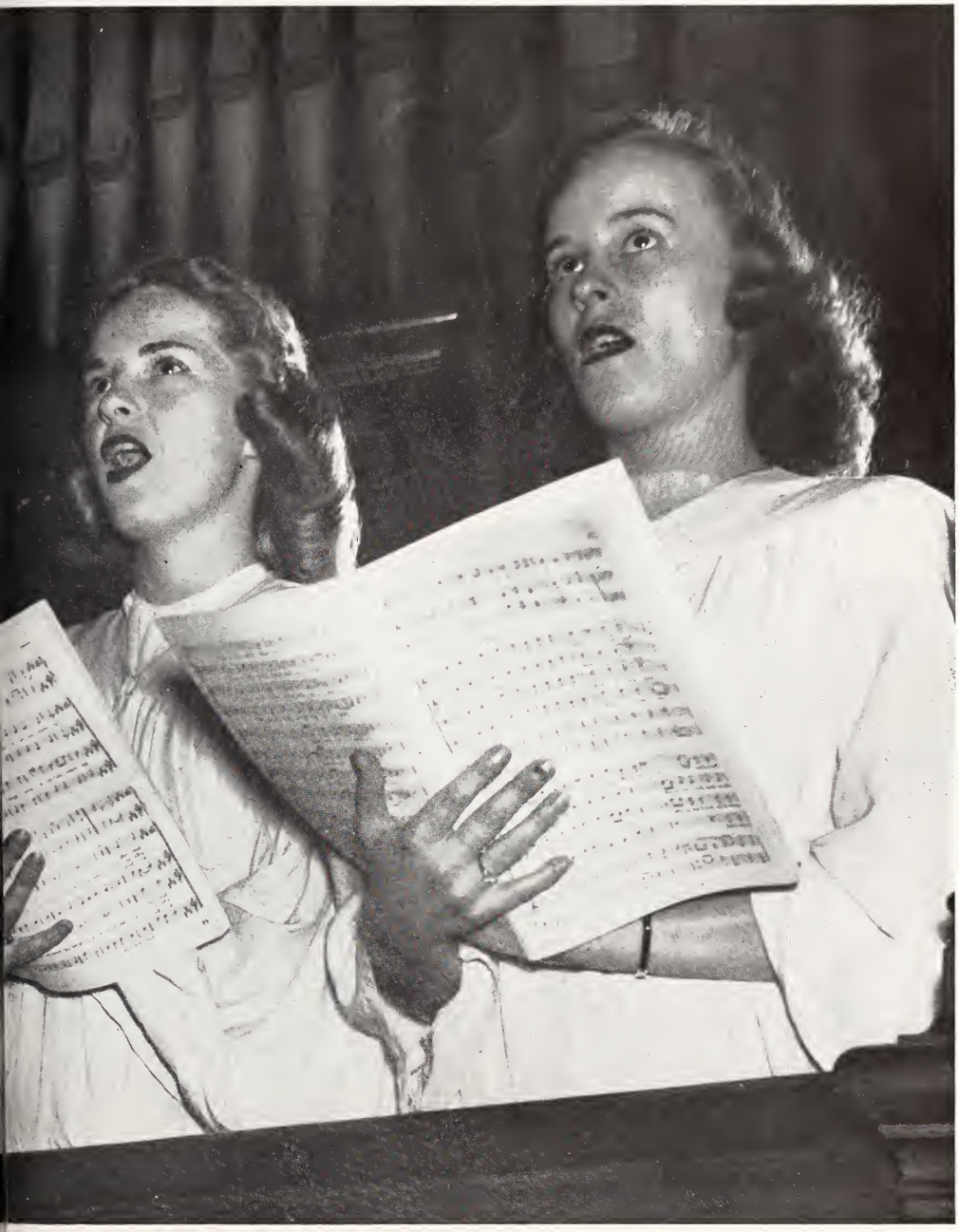
Of All Things: Fried chicken is here to stay, or "Chicken Every Thursday." We notice in the paper that poultryless Thursdays to conserve grain turned out to be a boomerang. The American people being conscientious citizens, faithfully followed out President Truman's policy of abstaining from our feathered friends, much to the annoyance of the Poultry Association. But they had a strong argument, for it meant that many more chickens on the hoof, and live chicks require grain for feeding. Therefore, the grain that was to be conserved was used up in feeding the thousands of condemned Leghorns who escaped the executioner's knife in the eleventh hour reprisal. Now you can buy chickens, but no eggs. Think what a blow that would have been on Thanksgiving!

Private But Not Confidential: In living up to our pledge to introduce some of the new faculty members, we wandered into the English department office one afternoon and cornered Professor Covington who was busily pecking out a letter on his typewriter. He's a pleasant sort of person and didn't appear to mind our prying into his past, in fact, he's rather modest about his accomplishments and looked surprised when we told him that he stood high in student opinion. We asked him about his work and, more specifically, who was his favorite writer in English literature. We admit that's a tough question, but he answered willingly enough that he did have a preference for Shelley. Shelley's a good boy and we could see his point there. Next to Shelley, though, he likes fishing and T-bone steaks. One thing that surprised us was that our friendly and sophisticated professor was a senior in high school before he had his first date, and then only because it was required to get in the Junior-Senior Prom. He seems to have made up for lost time, though, for he's the proud papa of two girls and one boy today. Ask him to tell you sometime about the school where he taught on the west coast of Florida. . . .

This and That: We read a want-ad the other day of a woman who had a Bull-Terrier for sale and ended her ad with this neat little trick: "Eats anything and likes people, especially small children." . . . And in the words of that red-cheeked old gentleman, "A Merry Christmas to all and to all a good-night." . . .

Joyful All Ye Nations Rise





THE LATIN AMERICAN SCAFFOLD

By Dewey Dale

"The importance of Latin America to the rest of the world . . . and of the rest of the world to Latin America, is increasing, not diminishing; and the political and economic status of the Latin American countries, or at least of the major republics of South America, is itself changing. The Latin American states are no longer merely on the periphery of international relations. The time has passed when they could be treated simply as children at the international table, children whose part it was to be seen and not heard, and not always, indeed seen."[1] This shows clearly the importance of the Latin American states and why we should have friendly relations with them.

For the past fifteen years or so we Americans have heard the term "Good Neighbor" used in connection with our relations with the Latin American republics. Many of us have wondered why it was called that when the Latin Americans tend to be cool toward us. As history bears out, they have good reason for their coolness. For a complete understanding of the situation we must go back to the year 1823 when James Monroe was President. In that year President Monroe penned the following words:

> . . . the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . We owe it to candor . . . to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

And thus the Monroe Doctrine was born—a doctrine destined to become the basis of American policy toward Latin America down through the ages—a doctrine which was accepted at first by the Latin American republics because they felt that the United States really meant to help them.[2] Later, however, the Monroe Doctrine caused much headache and heartache. The friendship it had originally gained with Latin America was completely and hopelessly lost by incidents such as those reported in John Gunther's **Inside Latin America.**[3] (Only material enclosed in quotation marks are quoted verbatim.)

> In 1895 we intervened in the British-Venezuelan boundary dispute and U. S. Secretary of State Richard Olney stated "today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon subjects to which it confines its interposition."
>
> In 1898 we assumed the right to intervene in Cuba.
>
> In 1903 Theodore Roosevelt took Panama from Colombia (over her protests) and stated forthright, "I took the Canal Zone and . . . while the debate goes on, the Canal does also."
>
> In 1904 Theodore Roosevelt claimed "international police power" in the Western Hemisphere in event of "flagrant cases of wrongdoing" by any of the American Republics, of an "importance which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society."
>
> In the decade 1900-1910 United States marines intervened in both Nicaragua and Cuba.
>
> In 1914 the United States navy bombarded and seized Veracruz in Mexico and in 1916 the United States army crossed the border to chase Poncho Villa.
>
> In 1915 we intervened in force in Haiti, in 1916 in the Dominican Republic, and in 1926 in Nicaragua.

These acts so infuriated the Latin Americans that "mentioning . . . (them) in polite society in Buenos Aires was like praising Bolshevism to the Pope."[4] Latin America was definitely anti-American as far as the Monroe Doctrine was concerned. The United States had to start all over in their efforts to gain U. S.-Latin American unity.

Woodrow Wilson's assurance that "the United States . . . (would) never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest"[5] did much to rewin the confidence of the Latin American republics. His policy of not recognizing governments that took power by force offset these gains and we were still considered imperialistic by Latin America—an attitude held until Franklin Roosevelt created the "Good Neighbor" policy. S. G. Inman states in **Latin America, Its Place In World Life,**[6] "the imperialistic attitude of the United States" has been one of the causes of the "major crosscurrents

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1. Humphreys, R. A., The Evolution of Modern Latin America, (N. Y., Oxford Univ. Press, 1946), p. 148.

2. The U. S. had been the first to recognize the independence of Latin American states. Bemis, S. F., A Diplomatic History of the United States, (N. Y., Henry Holt and Company, 1936), p. 385.

3. N. Y., Harper and Brothers, 1941, pp. 25-26.

4. Gunther, John, Inside Latin America, (N. Y., Harper and Brothers, 1941), p. 24.

5. Delivered in a speech at Mobile, Alabama, October 27, 1913, on the eve of the opening of the Panama Canal. Bemis, S. F., A Diplomatic History of the United States, (N. Y., Henry Holt and Company, 1936), pp. 762-763.

6. N. Y., Harcourt, Brace and Company, rev. ed. 1942), p. 94.

that have disturbed Latin American peace."

Realizing full well the importance of Latin America in world affairs—and especially to the United States—Franklin D. Roosevelt, upon becoming President, undertook to regain the confidence and good will of the Latin American republics. He hit upon the phrase "Good Neighbor" by chance, and, recognizing its possibilities attached it to our policy toward our neighbors to the South. It immediately "bore fruit in the Seventh inter-American Conference at Montevideo in 1933. The old feelings of suspicion and resentment vanished before the proven sincerity of the Good Neighbor to the North."[7] The United States' representative at the conference was Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, who was responsible to a large degree for the splendid work done in regaining the confidence of the Latin Americans. The conference also signed numerous resolutions and recommendations for the continuance of worthy projects of inter-American life and the continuance of good will among themselves.

As Sumner Welles (the man most responsible for carrying out the Good Neighbor policy) says, "Any inter-American relations between 1943 and 1946 must be based upon an objective appraisal of the policy pursued by the United States toward Argentina during those years. For the results of that policy shaped all recent developments within the hemisphere."[8] This is true because the other powerful nation of South America, Brazil, has been pro-American since we sent ships to help its republican form of government from being overthrown in 1893. Since that time, it could usually be counted on to be sympathetic toward American policies.

Perhaps you wonder why Argentina has been so hard to convince, even under the Roosevelt administration, that she should co-operate with her sister republics of this hemisphere. The answer is quite simple. Argentina depends upon Europe to purchase her goods and she in turn purchases more goods from Europe than she does from the republics of her own hemisphere. From the United States, Argentina imports only 15% of her total imports—practically all the rest she imports from Europe. The United States buys only 10% of Argentina's exports—the rest Argentina must sell to Europe.[9] Therefore, until the United States lowers its barriers to "contaminated Argentine beef" and other Argentine exports, she should expect Argentina to keep good relations with Europe. Because of this, Argentine-U. S. relations were severely strained and at times on the verge of a complete breakdown during the war. The United States condemned Argentina publicly for not breaking relations with the countries that kept her economy going, and at the same time, refused to buy her products. Argentina was naturally torn between her loyalty to the Western Hemisphere on the one hand, and her dire need of remaining friendly with those nations which bought her products on the other. The situation became most severe when Harry Truman became President upon the death of President Roosevelt. Under Truman's guidance, supposedly, Spruille Braden, U. S. Ambassador to Argentina, declared an all-out "war" on the government of Argentina (under President Farrell). He went so far as to lash out at the government in speeches, in his reports, and in any other way possible. Under his guidance, the United States Department of State issued its famous Blue Book two weeks before the elections of 1946 (in Argentina)—a move to prevent the election of General Peron to the presidency and a move which only served to give him an overwhelming majority.[10] The people of Argentina had to choose between a dictator at home and interference by a foreign power (the United States). They chose Peron.

In his book, **Where Are We Heading?**, Sumner Welles states that before the "gran slam" by the United States against the system under Farrell, all the republics should have consulted "but Washington permitted no consultation. The other governments were curtly informed that Washington desired identical action on their part. When arguments or requests for fuller consideration were advanced, peremptory admonitions resulted and every form of pressure was brought to bear."[11] Such an attitude on the part of the United States served only to weaken her relations with Argentina. It also made the other Latin American republics sympathize with the smaller nation, Argentina.

America even went so far as to propose an economic boycott of Argentina and when an official of a South American country complained to the State Department in Washington that his country couldn't carry on indefinitely an economic boycott against a country with which it had a common frontier and upon which it relied for economic goods, he was curtly informed, "Argentina can go

(Turn to page 38)

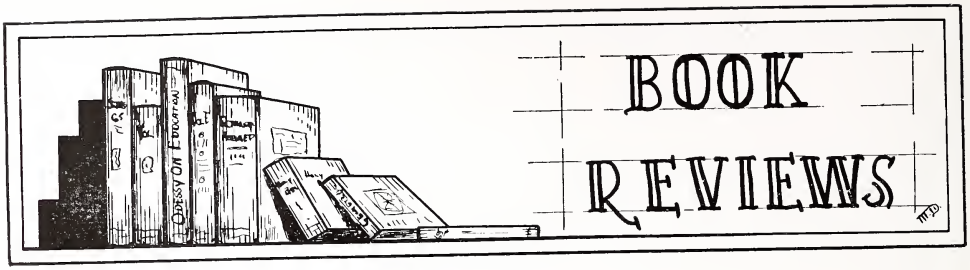
7. Bemis, S. F., op. cit., p. 768.

8. Welles, Sumner, Where Are We Heading? (N. Y., Harper and Brothers, 1946), p. 186.

9. Statistics are quoted from Sumner Welles, Ibid, p.199.

10. Time, (December 2, 1946 issue), p. 23.

11. Welles, Sumner, op. cit., p. 199.



BACK HOME—Bill Mauldin; William Sloane Associates, New York, 1947

Like the rest of America's wartime warriors, Bill Mauldin has gone into the ranks of the peaceful citizenry. Where Mauldin is concerned, however, the change has proven the old adage that "The pen is mightier than the sword." For, more than the citizen, Mauldin has remained the warrior, yielding his drawing pen like a lance of one of King Arthur's knights; he has hit the dastards where they deserve to be hit.

Mauldin's opponents in "Back Home" are, among the more prominent, the various veterans' organizations, the PAC, the used car dealer, the Hollywood socialite, the garage repairman, and those who perpetuate racial bigotry.

As in "Up Front," his first book—also, like "Back Home," a Book-of-the-Month selection—Mauldin accomplishes his routing of the enemy through a combination of text and pictures. Unlike "Up Front," however, this book relies more on text, surprising for the fact that the author never considered himself a writer.

"Back Home" is an account of how the author returned from the war and began his infiltration into the system of being a normal citizen. Because of his wartime exploits, he found this a little difficult to accomplish. Not only had he gone into the Army as an 18-year-old youngster, but he had emerged a man of considerable fame and wealth. His first book had put him into the "upper income" bracket by virtue of its acceptance by the book club and its sale to the movies.

Also, he found himself looking at things a little differently . . . where was all this post-war Utopia that he—along with his creations, Willy and Joe—had for so long looked forward to? Apparently, that ultra-ultra experience was something that had, like Utopia, been a figment of the imagination.

But Mauldin made the change-over gradually and we, as readers, are allowed to follow it in the cartoons and text of his book. The cartoons are too many and cannot be encompassed in this review. The books first cartoon depicts two of the boys waiting shipment home from an overseas replacement depot. One of them says to the other, "I don't remember no delays gittin' us overseas." The last cartoon in the book is an ironic epitome to all that has gone on: two French children are passing a tank overgrown with weeds and covered with cobwebs . . . . one child is saying "Zat's just like parents. Zey always leave their messes for their kids to clean-up."

In between, we have a cross section of all the anxieties and disillusionments that will forever be part of those who returned from waging the battles, the memories of which mock us in their remembered reality.

This is the testament of a man who took it on himself to become the champion of the American common soldier. It is his outstanding attempt to carry that undertaking into a new life. In it are the works of an artist who has managed to capture the mood of man stripped to his basicness. Here are some classics of Mauldin's art.

—Peter Karegeannes

MR. ADAM—Pat Frank; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1947

(This is a book review, with personal criticisms based on preliminary reading. Resemblance to the work of any other book critic, living or dead, is due entirely to my diligent research and perseverance.)

Mr. Adam is one of the most delightful books it has been my pleasure to read for some time, and it will no doubt hold the interest of any reader, old or young, through storm and un-American investigations. It is one of those rare books which transport one beyond the world of everyday toil and drudgery to the heights of pure fancy and exuberance.

I can speak with some assurance, I believe, when I say that the plot and presentation of this novel will serve to exhilarate the tired spirit. To those of you who have had experience with the governing

body of these United States, it will delight you, and make you smirk to your friends with that self-consciousness which comes from being in possession of some secret knowledge.

Furthermore, dear reader (and I use the term optimistically), this novel is more of the type to which you will refer to your friends with a zeal that is based on passionate and longing endearments, and not as a momentary infatuation. It has an intrinsic value which grows with each passing day of our atomic age.

Now to the story. I will not attempt, in my poor way (and I use the term optimistically), to provide you with the bare outline of a story which is too well done to bear the risk of repeating too closely.

A young newspaperman (if they exist, for old-timers on the city desk usually insist that the two words cannot be synonomous) turns up the biggest story of a century when he becomes curious as to the reason that after a certain date, no babies are being born in any of the great city's hospitals. There are no reservations being made for maternity wards after said date. Confounding! That American womanhood should play so dastardly a trick on the uncomplaining male. Shocking!

After a thorough checkup of all the other cities in America, the same alarming state of affairs is discovered. The newsman scents a story which will shock the peoples of the world. Checking and rechecking, our hero finds that there has been an atomic explosion in Mississippi during research on matters of atomic energy, and the result was that every male in the entire world has been rendered impotent: that the normal process of reproduction has been stymied. (Let us halt here for a moment, dear reader, and imagine, if we can, the astounding importance of such a situation. The present existing population of the world will be the last vestige of humanity the world will ever see.)

Ah, but what faint hope gleams through the gloom of frustrated womankind! It is the discovery that after the fatal date, there is one woman in the United States who is having a baby! Scientists, Army officers, police, State Department officials, and newsmen rush to the scene. The father is examined and miracuously, still possesses the power of procreation. Zounds!

For those of you who grasp the significance, and surely you will (and I use the term optimistically), the mysterious individualist has the unusual name of Adam. On his skinny shoulders falls the unenviable task of re-fertilizing the myriads of women in the world who passionately desire children. Poor Adam is an undernourished, principled

(Turn to page 39)

WINGED EXODUS

Voice words into the empty air; your
Pictures are lifeless, painted with
Stale colors. To your knowledge,
Reason is life, escape by imagination
Non-existent; therefore, you have
Divorced one from the other.

Reason is not valid here—we live it,
Yes, but death is the ingredient that
Gave it this life; the liaison was
Achieved by those who died.

Look for your heroes in the ranks of
The dead; silent and gray,
But regularly pausing for a chorus of
Laughter.

In this rank are men who began their
Exodus with life's brilliant color
And died with imagination. Your
One desire is to follow their flight,
To ascend into the sun by means of
One angled ray. But these men relied
On their fancied wings to fly them
Past many such rays and into the
Golden Heights.

—Peter Karegeannes

BY EXCHANGE

By L. Poindexter Watts

"Blessed be apple sauce." This does not make much sense out of the context, but I found James McNally's "The Virginian's Liturgy" perhaps the most striking gem in all the exchanges received this year. It is not a story; it is just a half-page satire on Virginia's aristocracy, FFV's, etc. The "liturgy" closed with the portentous phrase first quoted. Surprisingly, it was printed in **The Virginia Spectator,** Volume 109, Number 2, page 13. I have been wondering ever since I read it whether Jefferson would have liked it. (For those who are not history majors, Jefferson founded the University of Virginia. And the **Spectator** is the University's literary magazine. This must be the reason a picture of Jefferson's statue and at least a half dozen references to him appeared in Number 1 of this year's **Spectator.**) Also, who is this "Larner" person? Two beautiful satires, one on program notes and the other on hangovers, have been published in the Virginia magazine—one by Dr. William A. von Larner and the other by Dr. W. C. Larner. The two have a great similarity of style. Careful study of the **Spectator** masthead, though, has unearthed no Mr. (or Dr.) Larner.

Mississippi State College is sending us two magazines—one a humor magazine, the other literary. The humor "mag", **Mis-A-Sip,** is mostly a joke magazine, with few of the gags quotable here. Pen, their literary magazine, is notable for a large percentage of poetry. "Cotton Gowns," by Sarah Field Batson, is a short story portraying the affection of a Negro girl for her "Granmaw."

The University of Washington **Columns** is also mostly a humor magazine. It, however, has its quota of short stories, humorous. One, though, is an interesting murder story, told "straight": "But for the Grace of God," by Bob Umphrey. **Columns** is published monthly, and we have already received two of their issues. The above mentioned story is in their November issue.

Foothills, of the College of Idaho, is published by the English department. All their stories and poems have been carefully selected and are "high-grade." "Joe and the Pearly Gates," by Charles Seitz, is perhaps allegorical, and short enough to be read in three to five minutes. Anyone with a vacant period can drop in the library and read many selections.

Lander's **Erothesian** features a review of "The Wayward Bus." Despite its adverse critical reviews in **Time** and **The Journal** (the reviewer did not mention our magazine), Mary Beth Busbee commended Steinbeck's vigor and realistic characterization. I enjoyed Mary Eaddy's "All on a Bus Ride."

The University of Maine's **Pine Needle** contains many delightful articles and stories—few of them designed to make you think too deeply and therefore depress you. Kenneth F. Zwicker contributed two short sketches that I found quite entertaining: "Waiting Room," and "Contact." The magazine is very well done; perhaps I should send them "orchids."

We have both a September and a November issue of the Duke **Archive.** In the September number read Thomas Young's "Pink Slip" if you would care for a "schocking" story. Their October issue contains an interesting short story with a surprise ending: "To Err is Human," by Motu.

Some here might not like **The Thunderbird** of the University of New Mexico. On the one hand, no jokes; on the other, realism of dialogue in its quite excellent stories. "The Conqueror," by John E. Trowbridge is a masterly picture of degeneration and vileness. **The Thunderbird** ranked high in the quality of its writings among the magazines we received.

With one exception **The Window** of the University of Colorado is the most "literary" of the students' magazines we have received. (This, of course, excludes those magazines edited and published by the English departments of the colleges. The one magazine which might be more "literary" is Princeton's **Nassau Lit.**) **The Window** included one story signed "by The Staff." It is "Harvey Springer: The Western Voice." Harvey Springer is (so the article stated) a local Gerald L. K. Smith. Though the author was careful to make little editorial comment, it was obvious that he was hostile to the man's philosophy. The article pointed out that Harvey Springer seems not to lack funds to operate his newspaper, radio program, and several other projects, though his church does not appear to take in a large amount of money in its collection plates. There was a hint of secret backing of Harvey Springer on the part of some of Colorado's most influential citizens. Other than controversial politics, **The Window** presents a story by Dr. Paul-Louis Faye, "The Cnossian Lady." I did not realize until after I read the story (and happened to glance at a footnote) that Dr. Faye was a professor of romance languages at the University of Colorado. Therefore I am putting him in here among the students. His article contained something of the mystic. His ending confused me slightly; the only "transmigration of the soul" I will ever believe in is that of archie—and perhaps mehitabel.

The aforementioned **Nassau Lit** is, as I said, very "literary." One boy looking at it cried, "Shades of the **Atlantic Monthly!**" In a bitter tale of prisoners in Germany and their liberation, Sidney Monas has captured a Hemingway-like portrait of the camp and its inhabitants. His "Babel" is the first story in the publication. A distinctive feature of the magazine is a page on which two "Translations from Florus" appear. William Arrowsmith, the translator, is, I presume, a student of Princeton.

Columbia College's **Criterion** is keeping up with the fashion set by several other magazines: a fiction piece about Negro family life. "The L'il Pup," by Mary Williams may or may not have a "happy ending" according to the way you look at it. Poetry, however, is the hallmark of the October **Criterion.**

Amherst's **Touchstone** has a distinguished reputation among college literary magazines. Although not above light farces and cartoons, many of their selections are serious. This year only their Autumn Almanac issue, containing no fiction, has arrived. This issue of their magazine serves as a guide to the freshmen—on such matters as places to eat, stores that stay open to eleven, how all the organizations of Amherst were formed (and how to get in), and last, by means of maps, how to go from Amherst to the nearby colleges of Smith or Mount Holyoke. There is no map of the Amherst campus.

As last month, the magazines reviewed here will be placed on display in the library for students to read.

SONNET

Although the nights give hint of coming spring
And soon the earth will don her coat so trim;
I cannot glory in this earthly thing
When all my thoughts are constantly of him—
My nose will not conceive this sweeter smell
Nor will my eyes receive this brighter hue,
Nor could accented words so much as tell
My perfect love for him and how it grew.
I gaze upon the rose so pure and white,
And no impression other than the rose
As such is there to fill my heart's delight.
Is this the price I owe to all of those
With whom I danced to later send away
When I was bored? Life is a tragic play.

—James D. Smith

Posterity is for the Philosopher what the other world is for the religious.

—Diderot

D.P.'s—Political Orphans

(From page 4)

begun to feel the symptoms of moral decline. They are satisfied and grateful regarding their physical accommodations inasmuch as they are only temporary. Each D. P. receives between 2000-3000 calories of food per day (Germans get 1550 calories; U. S. Army personnel get 3600 calories); his clothing is not attractive, but it is warm; he has a roof over his head; and he receives medical care.

But in this temporary situation which, I repeat, has lasted for two and one-half years, only his animal wants have been supplied. Education of children is almost at a standstill; not all camps can afford the "luxury" of a single room to be used as a church, much less a minister or priest; living quarters are crowded (in some cases, four or five families share one room, their privacy being assured only by improvised walls of paper, blankets, or sheets). Employment for most men is lacking. Valuable skills are being wasted and forgotten. P. D. camps are certainly no place to rear children. Each day, the moral and intellectual standards of these people are suffering from "malnutrition." Further prolonged uncertainty and delay can mean development of a "lost generation" of immoral, unskilled people.

The official opinion of the United States Army, which has supervised Displaced Persons operations since their beginning, is that Displaced Persons who are still in Germany cannot be returned to their homelands because of either racial or political reasons. They cannot remain within Germany, not only because of the intense animosity which exists between Germans and D. P.'s, but it would not be economically sound to tax Germany's already devastated resources and limited food supplies with an additional five hundred thousand people.

All the facts point clearly to resettlement as the sole solution. It has already been suggested that each member of the United Nations should allow a just proportion of these refugees to immigrate. Belgium has led the way by allowing persons with certain skills to enter.

Displaced Persons are a part of the aftermath of war just as wrecked buildings and toppled governments. If our thinking follows democratic lines, we can only conclude that our moral obligation is to accept our share of these homeless people.

By following this course, now, we will not only gain international prestige by displaying a humanitarian atitude, but we will gain other advantages.

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First, we will save money; the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association, which cared for D. P.'s until June 1947 was financed seventy-five percent by the United States. We still pay our share. If these Displaced Persons were resettled they could pay their own ways.

Second, by acting **now**, we have our choice of the skill and culture which these people possess; doctors, preachers, technicians, scientists—by a process of selectivity we could secure the "cream of the crop."

In any case we have nothing to lose by accepting them. The United States can easily absorb a few hundred thousand people—Alaska is in need of good sturdy stock such as the Baltics whose homeland climate compares favorably with that of Alaska.

Here is a chance to bring to Europe's attention tangible results of the American way of life—humanitarianism.

We have more than plenty; they have nothing. The least we can do is give them a chance at a new life!

Jingles' Bells

(From page 6)

the bells on his cap jingled, but there was nothing merry about the sound to Jingles. Each tingle was torture. "What's the matter with you, Jingles?" he kept asking himself. "This stuff doesn't affect you, this is strictly business. Only I wish those kids would sing something besides "Jingle Bells."

The sleigh runners slipped over the snow, and the horses hoofs produced a muffled beat that set the tempo for the merry singing. "Do you sing all the time, little girl?" Jingles smiled into the big brown eyes that stared up at his bearded face.

"No, sir, I only sing when I'm happy, and I'm happy now, because there are so many nice people and because its Christmas Eve."

Now they were outside the city, moving along the highway that led to the orphanage. The children were sleepy, and the singing had died, and there was only the sound of the bells, the runners on the crisp hard snow, and the pounding of the horses' feet. The little girl, her eyes closed, began to sing in a subdued, sweet voice, "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday, dear Jesus, Happy Birthday to you." And the bells on his cap jingled.

He had taken them back to their beds at the orphanage home, and was pacing the horses at top speed as they pulled him back to town. Once again his mouth was set with determination, eyes half closed, his jaw jutted forward. He stared into the

cold night. When he reached the city limits he steered the team around the back streets that led to his apartment. He left the sleigh in front of the building, took the steps two at a time, and burst into his room. Off came his cap, out came his pen knife. The jewels formed a small, glistening pile in the center of his bed. He dumped a set of cuff links and studs onto his dresser, placed the jewels in the small square box, and tied the box with ribbon he had saved from the Christmas before. A moment's hesitation, and again he bounded down the stairs, leaped into the sleigh as quickly as would be permitted by his obese ability, and cracked the reins across the backs of the horses.

He turned the sleigh into the alley beside the penthouse apartment, went inside, and walked straight to the lobby desk. He picked up a registration pen, and scribbled in a strong hand, "To the Lady in Black," gave to a waiting bell boy his instructions and a half-dollar, turned and was gone.

Now he walked on the almost deserted streets. A late shopper waved him a jolly "Merry Christmas." He laughed, returned the greeting, and quickened his pace. He was humming—"Happy Birthday to you."

And the bells on his cap jingled merrily.

New Days—New Ways

(From page 7)

setting and with an understanding of its original purpose, its **raison d'etre.**

I am convinced that there is actually much danger in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, taking all parts as equal in value. I believe, for instance, in abstinence from alcoholic beverages on the grounds that any practice which keeps a man from being his best is sinful. Yet I would have a hard time explaining to my people several Biblical passages which, under the belief of constant authority, seemingly endorse drinking. A reconciliation can be reached only when you take into account the nature of the Hebrews, their temperament, and their customs. Again certain passages conflict with the Christian ideals of peace and brotherhood. (No, "erudites," I did not say "fraternity.") If a man so desired he could find basis for any immoral act within the Scriptures themselves. The wise man learns to discriminate and to see all in the proper perspective.

Much harm is done to the true value of the Bible by attempts to base a belief on a single isolated verse. There is a classic illustration of this tendency which deals with II Samuel 6:14 (King James Version): "And David danced before the Lord . . ." Four theologians were seeking an interpretation of this passage to determine the rightness or wrongness of dancing. One argued that since David danced before the Lord, the dancing must be in compliance with God's will. Another said that as he interpreted it, it was all right to dance in the church, but nowhere else. The third, by inserting "came" after "before the Lord," took the verse to decree that David had been dancing, but had stopped when the Lord came into his presence, so that dancing is all right anywhere except within the walls of the church. The fourth, also going on the assumption that the word "came" should have been placed in the clause, interpreted the verse as a record of David's conversion upon meeting the Lord, and thereby condemned dancing as sinful.

And of course there is the old story linking the verses "Judas departed, and went and hanged himself" (Matthew 27:5); and "Go and do likewise." (Luke 10:37)

Another perplexing problem is that of the miracles. The Old Testament, as well as the New, contains many stories of events which happened in supernatural ways. The difference lies in the fact that the miracles performed by Christ were done always to relieve human need, whereas those in the Old Testament were performed simply as acts of magic. There have been many attempts to prove the error of the miracles by scientific logic, some of which is accurate, some of which is fallacious, and all of which is not worth the time spent upon experimentation. I believe that God is capable of doing anything he wishes, but this does not mean that I must accept all the recorded supernatural events as facts. It does not matter whether these happenings occurred as natural phenomena or not; as a matter of fact they probably did not happen at all. I do not choose to be so credulous because God to me is not a show-off, as many of the stories picture Him. Such a picture does not tally with the Christian view of God; to see Him allowing the Israelites to cross the Red Sea and then drowning the pursuing Egyptians is contrary to all my beliefs concerning God the Father. He would not be partial to any tribe of people at the expense of another. All is explained when we remember that at that time the Hebrews had not yet developed the monotheistic idea. Jehovah was their god, and theirs alone. It was His duty to lead them to victory over their enemies. Nor would He perform needless magical tricks just to show His power. Consequently Liberals see in the ac-

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counts a slowly developing religion, a progressive revelation.

A study of the literature of any people will reveal similar legendary stories. Northern Europe and England have their Beowulf and King Arthur, America has its Paul Bunyan. Of course, neither of these nor any other folk tales approach the greatness of the Scriptures. And yet, taking into account that these Biblical narratives were recited and sung around the campfires by countless Scheherezades for hundreds of years before being written down, we can easily see the development of the supernatural element in the stories. Also there is no reason that the Hebrews were not capable of writing original stories, such as allegories, as well as factual history. And the basic fact which the writers wished to show still stands: God does have a hand in the affairs of men. The Liberal simply believes that He works through His own natural laws.

Some Fundamentalists claim to have a corner on things spiritual. They constantly deride Liberals as men of "intellectual" Christianity. It would seem that by having a mind a man is robbed of a spirit. Thus they condemn an intellectual approach to religion and claim that the right approach is through "The Heart." They paraphrase the verse in Matthew to read, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for an intellectual man to enter into the Kingdom of God." Whether or not this is an attempt at rationalization to make up for a deficiency of needed equipment for an intellectual approach I choose not to say.

Spirit completes the mind; it does not supplant it. No true, ideal faith can be derived without both the intellectual quest for Truth and the willingness to accept things unattainable to the mind. Possibly man may some day develop spiritually and mentally to such perfection that there will be no need for instinctive, intuitive acceptance; mind may be able to comprehend fully the spirit. But we are yet far from that ideal. We must acknowledge certain postulates which our minds cannot grasp. And still, the "Heart" religion that discards common sense and intellect is as empty as the logical philosophy which excludes the mystic.

The intellect **must** be reckoned with if Christianity is to bring a vital message.

I have pointed out the factors in Fundamentalism to which I cannot ascribe. There are also beliefs involved in Liberalism which I have not been able to incorporate into my faith:

Some extreme Modernists seek to deny completely the mystical aspect of Christianity. While I perhaps lean toward Liberalism, I am also a

Mystic. Prayer to me is not merely "auto-suggestion;" it is direct communion with God. God does speak to man directly in the "still, small voice." There are at times of worship great moments of reverence, calm, and challenge that man experiences, when truly the body dies and the soul momentarily is free. Physiological and psychological explanations are not adequate; such power can come only directly from God.

What I have tried to show is the importance of realizing the impossibility and futility of trying to swallow completely the teachings of either Fundamentalists or Liberals. Man must be eclectic and choose for himself the better points of both sides. The truth lies somewhere between the two.

The greatest thing I could stress is the need for open-mindedness. Sometimes we are inclined to hold tight to those things we are taught in our early childhood so that we refuse to listen to a new interpretation. A true Christian—and I mean one who is striving to become Christian, for I doubt the existence of a Christian, though some claim to be—must be willing to open his mind—and heart—and carefully weigh all that comes his way in the light of his knowledge of God as revealed in Christ.

In many ways the Church of Christ is several centuries behind human progress and is failing to offer adequate answers to life's problems. We must be willing to accept the new ideas if they stand up under the test of Jesus' example, while at the same time retaining the timeless values of the older interpretations.

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The White Season

(From page 9)

later, in September—I read in the papers that she had made good in another horse show, or, rather, her horses had again excelled.

In November, Bill left Millford and went West to California. His mother's health was bad and his father had telephoned from Los Angeles, I was left in charge of the paper.

One day in December, a few weeks after Bill left, I took his automobile to a garage—something had happened to the brakes the night before—and, being in no hurry, decided to walk to the office.

Snow had fallen for the past three days and there was a thick coat of it on all the town. The streets were coated with a sheet of fine ice. Children had fashioned ice rinks in the most accessible places, on ponds and in the middle of streets. Even with the ice, it was a fine day for walking, and the Chamber of Commerce had strung the streets with overhead wires of colored lights and green holly.

I had gotten a telegram from Bill a few minutes after breakfast in which he said that he would arrive that evening.

When I got to the **News-Daily** building, I went upstairs and was on the way to my desk when Johnson, the wire editor, stopped me.

"Somebody's waiting for you in Bill's office," he said.

"Who is it, Mike?"

"A girl that worked here just before you came. Last spring. Her name's Catherine Knight."

"Probably looking for a job," I said.

We needed more help, especially with society, and I asked Johnson if she was any good.

He looked at me oddly. "She's all right. But—"

"But what? What's the matter with you?"

"Well, Jeff, there's something . . . well, I thought you knew about her."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean—well, there was a stink about her and Adams before you came."

I looked at Johnson for a full minute. "What's this all about?"

"I'm in no position to tell you," he said. "It's none of my business. I like this job."

I wanted to hit him in the face, like a school kid who's taunted by his pals for having been caught by the teacher, kissing one of the girls behind a desk.

"Never mind," I said. I went into the office.

The girl got up from a chair. She was a tiny thing, small, dark and standing on legs that seemed

too thin below the heavy bundle of black, ill-fitting overcoat. She smiled at me in a frightened, unsure way that made me feel like the man who goes around hunting for little dogs to kick.

"Hello," I said. "Did you want to see me?"

"Yes," she said. "Bill told me you were a friend of his. A close friend."

"Yes," I said. "When did Bill tell you this?"

"I'm not supposed to tell you," she said. "I mean—well, I don't want to involve—"

"Please sit down," I said. I took off my overcoat. I turned to look at her. She was shivering. I turned up the heat in the oil heater and sat down opposite her.

She was a pretty girl; she reminded me of a piece of porcelain, fashioned to look like a Bo Peep in an expensive shop window.

She had stopped trembling now. I asked her to take off her coat. She did; she wore a mouse-colored sweater, frayed and too wide at the shoulders. It reminded me suddenly of the kind of sweater a woman would wear in a prison.

She smiled meekly.

"Now," I said. "You were going to say that you didn't want to involve anyone in something. Is it Bill you don't want to involve in . . . something?"

She looked at me blankly for a second, then began to cry. She cried without covering her face; the tears spilled out of her brown eyes and hung on the brink of her lower lid for a second, then broke into a stream down her cheeks.

I stood up and took her hand.

"Hey, you mustn't cry. Now take it easy and tell me everything. I'll help."

"Of course you will," she said. "Bill sent me to you."

"When did you see him," I said. "Recently?"

"Yesterday. He came to Boston and took me out of—"

"Out of where?"

"From the place," she said. She cried again, this time hard and audibly. She couldn't talk for sobbing.

I saw that there was no use in asking her anything just then. She evidently was under a terrific strain of some sort. I called to Johnson through the inter-office system.

He came in and I told him to shut the door.

"Anybody else see this girl come in here?"

"No," he said. "If they did, I don't think they recognized her. I didn't until I saw her close."

"Well, keep this quiet, Mike. I'm going out for a couple of hours. You take over and if anybody comes here asking for this girl, tell them you haven't seen her."

"I gotcha, Jeff."

I called a cab and walked out of the office with the strange little girl. She clung to my arm as if I were the solid part of a life preserver and, in the cab, she looked into my face and smiled.

I was at the station when Bill came in from Boston. He spotted me as he stepped off into a new snow and hurried to meet me. The first thing he asked was, "Did she get here all right?"

"Yes," I said. "She's at the apartment. Poor kid was half frozen to death."

"Oh, my lovely, lovely, baby," he said. "Did she tell you anything?"

"Not a thing," I said. "You tell me."

I had picked up the car and we got in. I decided to drive because Bill seemed to be too excited about this other thing.

"I met her when I first got here," he said. "She was over at the music school and I made her quit. I asked her to marry me."

Everything that had happened during the day, including my rereading of the telegram—that showed me what I had first missed, that it had been sent from Boston—had been a surprise.

"My Dad found out about us," he said. He looked at me. "You don't know my dad, Jeff. If you knew him . . . what a collosal rat he is, you'd see how he'd stop at nothing to break up anybody who touched me."

"Your Dad suffers from a Freudian complex," I said.

"No. He thinks he's God."

"Go on."

"Well, when I told him we were going to get married, he began throwing his weight around. He had her committed to a mental hospital."

"What!" That had shocked even me.

"Her parents are both dead. I couldn't get another psychiatrist to touch the case."

"Where does Frances Hunter fit in?" I asked.

"She happened to be the girl my father approved of. Some of her friends tipped her off about my going to visit Catherine. They'd seen me up there. That's what she was sore about that day.

"But how did you get Catherine out of Boston?"

"My mother arranged that. I told her the whole story."

It was still muddled in my brain. But as we neared the apartment, it began to take on shape and substance.

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The Wayward Wastrel

(From page 13)

o'clock performance in the big tent, and after that was over, they began to weave their way back to the parking lot to get their automobile. As all circuses go, however, there are always numerous side attractions other than the main event (which, truthfully speaking, should be designated as the "main side attraction"). As Aloysius, Abigail, and Percy moved slowly towards the parking lot, they passed bingo stands, hot dog stands, and hot and cold drink stands. One fuzzy-looking fellow shoved three baseballs at Aloysius, indicated three bottles at the far end of his tent and said, "Knock 'em over, Cap'n, and win the little lady a big box of candy." And there was the suave gent standing by a large scale with a swinging chair rigged up below it. His racket was weight-guessing. When some unsuspecting fellow would step up and say, "Guess my weight," the weight-guesser would run his hands across the man's chest, under his arms, and across his back. (This was done, of course, for the purpose of determining how muscular the man was and approximately how much he might weigh.) Then the weight-guesser would guess the man's weight and shove him in the chair, and sure enough, he had guessed his weight correctly.

All these pranksters Aloysius and Abigail successfully managed to avoid, and as they were about to turn away from the little row of tents, Abigail spied a sign that read thusly:

MADAME CURIE FOOEY, CRYSTAL GAZER

She hesitated for a moment, and then, turning to Aloysius, she said, "Ally, let's have our fortune told."

Aloysius peered at his wrist watch. "It's a quarter of twelve, Abby—almost an hour past Percy's bedtime."

Abigail, who had been holding Percy in her arms all evening, kissed the baby on his forehead. "I know it's late," she said, turning back to her husband, "but Percy won't mind staying out a few minutes later, just this one time."

Aloysius wasn't a superstitious person, and he didn't believe in fortune tellers, but he was anxious to have his fortune told, and he quickly consented to let Abigail have her own way.

They made their way into Madame Curie Fooey's tent, and the Madame, a fat short woman, with bags under her eyes and a shawl over her shoulders, arose from a squeaking chair to greet them. Abigail stated the nature of their visit, and the soothsayer uncovered her crystal ball and began her task.

After some minutes of squinting at the crystal ball and uttering strange unintelligible sounds, the Madame's countenance suddenly took on a new luster and her breath congealed: she had made contact with the future, and her crystal ball was hot!

"Ah!" said Madame Fooey, "this is very interesting."

"What do you see?" asked Aloysius, sitting on the edge of his seat.

"Nothing, yet!" replied the Madame, "the images in the crystal are not quite clear."

"Then what's so interesting about that?" asked Abigail.

Aloysius and Madame Fooey simultaneously cast reproachful glances at Abigail as she unthinkingly tightened her grip around the baby in her arms.

"The future is very clear in the crystal now," said Madame Fooey; and she adopted a deep frown, "but first—the fee will be one dollar."

Aloysius eagerly handed her a crisp green bill and slipped back into his chair.

Madame Fooey continued in a very serious tone: "The name of the child in his mother's arms is Percy, and the mother's name is Abigail"—Abigail beamed approval—"and the husband's name is Aloysius—" and Aloysius nodded consent.

"The future is very dark for you bright people," continued Madame Fooey, "for one year from this day—yes, one year to the very minute—young Percy shall die."

Abigail gasped, and Aloysius glared in wide-eyed terror at his watch and found that it was 12 o'clock. Both wanted to protest the soothsayer's statement, but neither could find words to voice his resentment.

"And one year from the death of Percy—two years from this moment—**the mother** of Percy shall die."

All the blood seemed to be drained out of Abigail, for she grew as white as the new-fallen snow. Her mouth dropped gently open; but she had not the power to speak.

"And two years from the death of Percy—three years from this moment—**the father** of Percy shall die."

Abigail and Aloysius sat mute and motionless, and Percy began to raise a low pathetic wail, as if he divined, through the trembling arms of his mother, the agony that was in her heart.

Aloysius was the first to regain his self-control, and, indeed, he regained it with a jolt. Arising from his chair, he hastily lit a cigarette, and uttering a quick, half-sincere laugh, said to his wife, "Madame Fooey is laughing up her sleeve at us. She certainly gave us a scare; it was a very good joke.

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Now let's go home; it's past midnight."

Abigail turned anxious eyes toward the fortune teller, hoping that she would admit it had only been "a very good joke," but the fortune teller had not the heart to speak; she had told the truth, and about the truth she would not lie."

So it was up to Aloysius alone to set his wife's mind at ease, though, in spite of his efforts, she spent a restless night. She was somewhat convinced, when the bright sun came up the following morning, that the soothsayer had spoken only idle words. And the ordeal had had no ill effects upon Percy, either; he was still as chipper as ever. With the passing of weeks, Aloysius and Abigail silently rebuked themselves for their childish simplicity in believing Madame Fooey's predictions, and by the time the prescribed year was up, the unhappy incident had been long lost to oblivion.

On the day that Percy was two years old, his parents gave him a birthday party, and that night as Abigail was tucking in his little bed at the stroke of midnight (for he had been allowed to stay up late to reap the full benefit of the occasion), he gurgled slightly, uttered a few unintelligible words (what two-year-old wouldn't?) and rolled over dead on his pillow. Immediately Madame Fooey's prediction came storming back to her memory, and screaming hysterically, she fled down the stairs in pursuit of Aloysius. But nothing could be done, for weep as she would, the child Percy no longer lived.

After the death of Percy, Aloysius and Abigail spent surprisingly little time worrying about Madame Fooey's prediction, for they were so taken up with grief that they had no time for anything else. And so on the anniversary of Percy's death, at exactly twelve midnight, Aloysius and Abigail were sitting quietly in their living-room listening to the radio. As Abigail arose from her chair and proceeded across the room to dial another program, she stopped, turned to her husband, and said in a tone of voice that was almost pleading, "Awk!"

Aloysius looked up at her, and as he did, she gasped and crumpled to the floor. With a leap he was at her side, and with a wail of pain and

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fear, he realized that she was dead. Madame Fooey's second prediction had proved to be correct.

It would be incorrect to say that Aloysius grieved the loss of Abigail, for while he missed his wife very much, he was more concerned with the fearful obsession that Madame Fooey's third prediction would be as correct as her first two. He shuddered at the thought that he had only one more year to live. As it might be suspected, that year was one continuous nightmare for Aloysius. He ate only what food was necessary to sustain life, and he slept only when he could keep himself awake no longer. As a result his health degenerated to such a state that it was doubtful that he would even live the year out. But the fates refused to be cheated of their fun, and Aloysius lived to witness the third of Madame Fooey's predictions.

On the night prescribed for the death of the father, Aloysius sat quietly in his living-room and awaited the hour of midnight. He was slumped low in his favorite arm-chair, and on the table at his right was a half-empty fifth of whiskey, and from the look in his eyes there was no doubt as to where the other half had gone (i.e., he had drunk it). All the window shades were pulled down, and every light in the house was burning.

As the clock on the mantel solemnly began to chime the hour of twelve, Aloysius' muscles grew as rigid as a slab of granite, and he braced himself for the inevitable. Then, suddenly, there was a great commotion at the front door, and he sprang to his feet in terror.

He dashed to the door and flung it open, and the sight that met his eyes sent blasts of horror convulging throughout his frame! But in an instant he realized his unbelievably good fortune: there at his feet lay the mortal remains of the ice man.

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The Latin-American Scaffold

(From page 23)

to hell!"[12] The narrow-minded individual must have forgotten that "the living future of Latin America is bound to that of the United States, . . . (that) the future of the United States is indissolubly bound to that of Latin America, (and that) we need Latin America just as much as it needs us."[13] Just such statements and attitudes were the causes of the ill-will with South America for so long. They affected all of the Latin American republics—not Argentina alone.

The State Department, now under James F. Byrnes, suddenly realized that the policy of intervening in the internal affairs of the Latin American countries would no longer be tolerated. Spruille Braden was recalled and George Messersmith, a career diplomat of first rank, was appointed as the new ambassador to Argentina. Mr. Messersmith changed the tactics and gained the respect of the Argentine government and people by being a diplomat instead of the hard-headed know-it-all the like of which preceded him.

With the passage of time our relations with Argentina have steadily improved. Our relations with all Latin Americans further improved because of President Truman's good-will trip to Mexico in March, 1947,[14] and Mexican President Aleman's visit to the United States in the following April. Also Mr. Truman's visit to the Inter-American Defense Conference in Rio de Janeiro and the conduct of our representatives there greatly increased our prestige in Latin America. The reiteration of our intent to keep hands-off Latin America's internal affairs at Rio also was a much needed gesture. Let us hope that this time we will actually be able to remember that clause, even after the ink has dried.

American newspapers have had a field day lately with Eva Peron's jaunt to Europe and Eva Peron in general. They have accused her of everything imaginable—even to using sex appeal on the Pope.[15] They apparently are thinking only of having their magazines sell like "hot cakes"—Latin American-U. S. relations be damned. What they forget is that the Argentine view is that "Those newspapers that seek to sway us (Argentine people) by insult will do small good to our friendship with the U. S. . . ."[16] What they refuse to realize is that the Latin Americans are highly sensitive folk—"so sensitive that it may be an affront in Brazil (for example) to say that it is a hot day when the temperature is 101, because Brazilians may consider this derogation of their climate. Also Latin Americans consider themselves rather definitely superior culturally to the **norteamericano**."[17] This being the case, we must try to understand them in order not to hurt their feelings. "Our program is totally off-key when we send emissaries to Buenos Aires, for instance, to expatiate on **our** cultural or social virtues. In fact, this is fatal. Latin Americans don't like uplift any more than we do. The approach should be the opposite. We should try to convince the Peruvians and Argentinians and so on that, somehow, in spite of everything, we are not **all** gringo savages. We should make it clear—if possible—that **we** are nice people too," says John Gunther[18] after a trip through South America during which he studied the situation first hand. I believe he has a sound policy there that would be worthwhile for our State Department to take note of.

The Bogota conference is to be held next January. At this conference Latin America will be watching the United States to see if they plan

12. Ibid, p. 205.
13. Gunther, John, op. cit., p. 478.
14. In his speech there President Truman made the unfortunate blunder of mispronouncing Buenos Aires, the Argentine capitol.
15. Look (September 30, 1947 issue), pp. 41-42.
16. Time (September 22, 1947 issue), p. 38.
17. Gunther, John, op. cit., p. 475.
18. Ibid.

to carry out their part of the Act of Chapultepec[19]—to consider any attempt, whether by an American state or by a non-American state, against the integrity or inviolability of the territory or against the **sovereignty** or the **political independence of an American republic,** as an act of aggression against the others. They are watching to see if the United States will again try to be the big brother with the big stick. This amounts to a reiteration of the Monroe Doctrine. Let us hope that this time we will be fair enough to respect our neighbors' sovereignty and our own word of honor as well. With the importance of Latin America increasing day by day, I wonder if we can afford to assume a domineering attitude. With our destiny linked to that of Argentina and Latin America as a whole as it seems certainly to be, is it safe to tell Argentina or any other Latin American republic it can "go to hell?" Let's make that "Good Neighbor" that's hung onto our policy actually mean something.

19. Signed in Mexico City, February, 1945.

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Book Reviews

(From page 25)

fellow, laden with the additional burden of a colossal inferiority complex, and who simply does not want to re-populate the world.

Barbed satire and humor fill this book from cover to cover. This is extremely evident in the presentation of the Army and State Department of Washington: they handle Adam as a "Top Secret," conveniently labeled with a tag. The nations of the world have met in a conference to try to decide who has the first claim on Adam, to see whose population should be increased first by one.

We shan't forget the valiant newsman who uncovered the story originally. Nay. For it is his responsibility to see that Adam is well-fed and comfortable. He is now the public relations counsel for Adam.

At this point, I think that I shall leave you, dear readers (and I use the term even more optimistically), and let you read the climax to this amazing story. It is truly a remarkable tale and written in the frank language which is so characteristic of our modern-day novel.

Let it suffice to say that this novel is written with a clarity of style, and the wit is preponderant. Some aged and sagacious philosopher once said that a laugh was worth a thousand words. If this be true, dear reader (and I use this term in downright desperation), then this yarn of Mr. Adam would have the fabulous Scheherezade of the many words laughing for days, and gloom will fall flatter than yesterday's beer.

Seriously, this work is a satire, and like all good satires, it will gently tickle your ribs, while at the same time make you realize that the author is entirely serious. A book of this type was badly needed by the people of America, and Mr. Frank gave it to them. Now in its tenth edition, **Mr. Adam** goes on its merry and uproarious way, creating a pleasant feeling in the readers the nation over, while leaving the knowing a taste of reality and unpleasantness.

—Warren Koon

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She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★

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He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

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Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

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The Journal

FEB. 1948.

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THE Journal

Literary Magazine of Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

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Monthly Memos

February—the second month of the year. Thirty days has September, April, June, and November; all the rest have thirty-one, except February, which has but twenty-eight until Leap Year brings it twenty-nine. THIS IS LEAP YEAR. BROTHERS—YOU'D BETTER BEWARE!!!!

February—the month when thoughts naturally turn to memories of great Americans—and love. This year's third issue of The Journal, therefore, necessarily follows the spirit of the time.

Our month's cover was designed by Art Editor Michael Droter. Lydia is our lovely Valentine. The unusual "high-key" photograph is, again, the superb work of Dr. A. W. Biber.

As our lead article this month, we have chosen the very strange tale of the future, "The Last Man," by Curtis Pearcy. For those of you who prize the unusual, this short-story is a must.

It is also our pleasure to print in this issue what we consider one of the finest poetry features ever published in The Journal. James Johnson's "Sequel to the Ancient Mariner" is truly a credit to the literary achievement, past and present, of Wofford College students. Read it.

Again we feature the "By Exchange" notes of L. Poindexter Watts, and the "As I See It" commentary of John W. Stevenson. The latest exchange magazines are, as usual, on display for your reading enjoyment on a separate table in the Library.

We are now receiving each month the literary magazines of the following colleges and universities: The College of Idaho, Lander College, Mississippi State College, Tulane University, Duke University, The University of Washington, Princeton University, Amherst College, University of New Mexico, University of Maine, University of Colorado, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Michigan State College, Columbia University, Georgia Tech, University of North Carolina, Marquette University, Yale University, Boston University, Connecticut College for Women, Wellesley College, Smith College, Clemson College, Ohio Wesleyan University and Coker College. These magazines represent the literary work of young college students throughout every section of the United States. They're worthy of your attention. Drop by the library and enjoy them.

This month our reprint story, "Paso-Doble," comes from Princeton University. It originally appeared in the December issue of "The Nassau Lit." "Paso-Doble" is the story of a matador. It's very good reading.

The "Valentine to the core" picture in this issue is another Biber triumph. It's enough to even make your editor want to fall in love! That dream in white seated on the love-seat is enchanting Ann (she could easily set the world on fire) Headlee, a Converse senior from (you guessed it) Richmond, Virginia. Ardently (how else) gazing at her is our own Jimmy Kingman from Lancaster, S. C.

The cuts appearing in this issue were made by Mr. J. S. Charles of "The Herald and Journal."

It is pleasing to note the general interest with which the student body is receiving The Journal. Our aim is to give you a magazine filled with articles and stories in fine literary taste you'll enjoy reading for pleasure and information. We shall continue to work toward this end.

We appreciate the many contributions handed us for this issue. These contributions have been excellent, and we are happy because of our opportunity to publish them for your enjoyment. Your writings make The Journal. Let us have your work.

Since we are continually striving toward perfection with The Journal, we want you to be proud of your magazine, look forward to its distribution and read it. Your comments and constructive criticisms are always welcome and wanted. Help us improve The Journal with each succeeding issue.

—THE EDITOR

THE LAST MAN

By Curtis Pearcy

I am M-1, the last man. All about me are females, useful creatures, and I had to be a male, a drone on society, a parasite. They put me in a cage and look at me on their holidays, using me as an example of the terrible situation that was when males were the dominant beings on earth. What can I do but accept my fate? I am surrounded by the females, and they treat me as they like. In fact, I am lucky to be alive, because they kill off any males that happen to be produced. Males have no place in this society. They want me only as an example of the horrors of mixed sexes.

I don't suffer any maltreatment here. My only duty is to sit in my glassed-in cage every tenth day, the workers' rest day, and let them gape at me with their listless, stupid eyes as they pass by with nothing to do, no place to go, living only because they have no reason to die. On and on they drift by, these women, if you could call these flat-chested, sexless creatures women. Since there is but one sex, there is no use for sexual characteristics, so there are none left.

Perhaps a brief history of our world would orient you, the reader, to our day, make you see more clearly the circumstances surrounding the conditions of today.

In the days of bisexual life, the men were the leaders, in politics, family, and in all walks of life. Slowly, but inexorably, the women stepped into control. The men didn't mind. They turned their attention to war and sports, leaving all the rest to the women. It finally came about that one was not a gentleman if he even thought of anything outside these two fields. Men of leisure, they were. But the women soon tired of supporting all these useless males, tired of listening to their talk of masculine endeavors, tired of having them running around with their loud talking, so the good women simply killed off all that weren't necessary for reproduction. Those left were the pick of manhood. They lived in central communities, and were kept under guard. They were slaves. After a number of years, women became too busy even to be bothered with the burdens of reproduction, so they set to work and soon developed a self-perpetuating germ plasm of reproduction, a sort of elixir of life. It made males entirely superfluous, those remaining were destroyed, and the race became unisexual. Occasionally, as in my case, a mutant male, a throwback, is developed and kept as a curio. For this reason I am alive.

My life is not bad. Except for the one day in ten I have to be on display, my time is my own. I am under constant guard of an old female, Ba 10 Ka 2, whom I call Baka in spite of regulations against it, but she does not interfere much. I roam through the old library which is my prison examining the relics of the ages, looking into writings of the past, browsing into forgotten corners. These women don't worry about me or what I do in the library. In fact, they know very little of the library or of any of the other things left through the centuries. They have no curiosity. Their minds are dull from centuries of inactivity. But I have the lacking spark. The germ plasm that made an atavist of me also gave me a mind far superior to the minds of those stupid women.

I have read in the books of the great lore of our ancestors. I have read of their struggles, of their wars, of their successes over disease, of their great technological advances. I even learned some of the theory behind their workings. Sometimes I think that I should begin a new race, should somehow put a spark of curiosity into the intellect of these automatons. How can I, though, when I am but one prisoner against legion? I ask myself, and slink away to bed without an answer.

That day was another rest day, and I was out in my glassed enclosure for them to stare at me. I hoped the leaders profited by using me in their propaganda. "Look at him," they said, "Suppose there were thousands like him around making life miserable. Our life is certainly better without them."

Throughout the day nothing spectacular happened. Just the leering, idiotic faces of the sexless workers outside my cage. Hour after hour they passed. They could have been the same individual for all I cared. Darkness crept up, and it wouldn't be long until I was to be free again for another ten days—free to roam my library, free to search the thoughts of the ancients. All the workers were gone. Everything was in the quiet of twilight. I was in a sort of unconscious daze. I was startled to life when I heard a strange buzzing inside my

head, as if someone were speaking to me. But no one was around. I thought perhaps I was going crazy, had been reading too much, or something. The sounds became clearer, even articulate. I caught an occasional word. Someone was calling me. Laughing. Making fun of my astonishment. I listened closely. The words seemed to pervade the atmosphere, to flow right through the glass, to fill my very brain.

"Here, on the left," it said.

I looked. At first I saw nothing, but out of the shadows came the form of a woman, but wholly unlike the women I saw staring at me all day long. Her hair fell wavelike on her shoulders, soft, lustrous. Her body was not square and harsh like the other women. She was different. Something inside me stirred, something I had never felt before. She laughed again. Then I understood. I recoiled. She was an atavist, like myself a throwback. But she was outside—without guards. She had broken away, for no atavist was allowed to roam at large. But how could I hear her through the soundproof walls? My first impulse was to call Baka. Instead I asked, partly aloud, "How can I hear you? How did you get out? Why aren't you under guard?"

"Don't be so naive," the buzzing said. "We aren't like them. We have powers they have lost. Of course you can hear me. Haven't you read of telepathy, the long-lost art developed almost before recorded history? Well, I learned it. You see, we are different. And guards. They're simple. Just walk out. Maybe leave a lump in your bed, and walk out. They are so stupid no one will miss you."

So she had mastered the mental telepathy of the ancients. She would walk off from the guards. She was independent. Scattered, fleeting thoughts passed through my brain. But then the familiar buzzing again.

"I'll be back next rest day. Wait for me."

She left. I felt weak, as if some great change had come to my organism. I went to my room and stretched out on the cot. An atavist at large. Death penalty. Report her. Ruin for the world. She was not like them. What to do? This new feeling. In the end I did nothing. I lived in a turmoil waiting on the next rest day. For the first time in my life I yearned for rest day.

About dusk again she appeared, drifting in like a ghost. I heard her voice.

"Get a cloak and come out. We can pass for elders."

Something about her gave me courage, so I went. We strolled through the park, and the passing workers touched their heads as a token of respect. We looked like elders, wise leaders spared the gas chambers because of a superior mind, out for a bit of twilight fresh air. For an hour we walked, then broke up so we could get to our quarters before some guard suspected something.

Again I was torn inside. What should I do? I knew the law said to report all atavists, but I could not bring myself to it. She would be put to death. What if we were caught together? We would both be killed. I tossed all night.

Baka noticed something wrong next morning. I shrugged it off as fatigue from the day in the cage.

I tried to lose myself in the library, but could not find my old interest in the books. I thought only of her. I knew I was wrong not to report her, but some force stronger than myself stopped me. Some inner compulsion I could not explain. I fought, struggled, suffered. Still, I could do nothing. I thought perhaps a change of scenery would do me good, so I inveigled Baka to carry me to the seashore. Reluctantly she agreed, muttering about atavists and their stupid whims. She got no joy out of traveling, out of the ocean, out of feeling the wind in her hair or the sun on her face. None of these creatures did. They existed, but they didn't live.

Baka took out the rocket car, and with a roar of powerful motors we were off, drifting through the air with speed of sound. Everything was still and peaceful up there. Just like lying on a calm ocean unmarred even by smells. I marvelled at the craft. How did our ancestors create this thing? What spark did they have? I could not find out, but whatever it was, it had been lost. Lost forever to the world. We will be doomed to a gradual decline, for the germ plasm that is the basis of our race has lost potency with passing time.

We arrived at the shore, and got out onto the sand. I was full of the ecstasy that comes to a newly released prisoner. I was happy in my freedom. Baka, poor foolish soul, could not enjoy the feelings I had. She limped to a patch of shade and dozed into a fitful sleep. Now truly I was free. I romped in the sun. I played. I was carefree as a young bird. And then I saw her. She had come here somehow. She seems to manage anything. She spoke, and I silenced her.

"You'll wake Baka, and we'll both be killed."

She laughed. "Silly boy. The old goat won't wake up. She's like the rest of them, too stupid."

We frolicked up and down the beach. We joked. We laughed. We had no cares at all.

(Turn to page 22)

THE NEW ERA

By Robert V. Craig

Today as never before man finds himself faced with decisions so grave and far reaching in their potential effects that man's failure to choose the right path might well destroy the earth. We live in a new era—the atomic era. New problems have arisen. This time we must have world peace or we will be wiped out of existence entirely; a horrible alternative, yet we must face the truth. It is plain to see that in order to assure world peace the co-operation of every civilized nation is needed. Each nation must be willing to concede here and there in order to adjust differences between nations. This needed world compromise has been foreseen by progressive men of our time and is at present realized in the United Nations Organization which with proper support from all sides, will save us from an otherwise inevitable fate: the atomic bomb.

Lousy, isn't it? The first paragraph, I mean (the rest might also be lousy, but not intentionally). I wonder if Adam lectured to Eve on "the new era" when they were expelled from Eden.

At any rate, one of the most popular themes of any given period of history is probably one concerning the great and awful times we live in. No doubt the Congress of Vienna and the League of Nations had their share of "new era" boys. If one considers the ultimate goal of these ogranizations (i.e., WORLD PEACE) then a more truthful statement might hint of a "new error."

If the United Nations (there is ample room for satire on the name alone) is the only prevention against the use of atomic energy for war, then I call all saints to their knees; for the time of their deliverance from this sinful world is near at hand.

A world-government organization can only succeed if every nation involved is willing to do what is best for the universe, rather than attempt to make every issue a personal gain. Let us take a peek at Russia. The Russians are not interested in the U.N. as a peace organization, but they want to have a voice in our plans for world peace. Now that they have their veto, they delight in blocking any suggestion of a strong international police force, yet the U.N. is useless without an army to back its decisions. We want to spread democracy throughout the world. The Russians are just as ambitious about communism. We, because of our "freedom" platform, are very careful to avoid any suggestion of the use of force when trying to promote democracy outside of our own forty-eight. But how does Russia spread communism inside of Russia, or in Poland, or Hungary? Stalin, like Hitler, doesn't want war so long as he is allowed to take over new territories and thoroughly indoctrinate them with communistic propaganda; but regardless of what the anti-compulsory military training people have to say about it, nothing short of a superior fighting force will scare Stalin away from taking a country by force that he can't take by a coup d'etat.

The U.N.O. is making a great effort to settle international problems in the fairest sort of way. What a pity that one of its first crises had to be the Palestine issue. The U.N. literally took part of one country and gave it to someone else. The Jews have to have a place to live. The U.N.O. had to put them somewhere; it would have been suicide for the U.N.O. to suggest Florida or White Russia. After much debate, enough justification was found to settle the issue in Palestine. Immediately those nasty old Arabs began making threats just because we took half their country to make a home for the homeless!

I am too much of a realist to believe in a perfect peace, yet too much of an optimist to forsake the cause of peace. Not being a politician or a diplomat, I can afford to say what I think. I think that the "United Nations" will eventually end up in war. The reason for this seemingly pessimistic belief is not based on economics or politics.

A quick glance at the **World Almanac**, 1947, shows the total world population as 2,150,959,919. Another glance discloses that 592,406,542 claim themselves, or at least are claimed, Christians. Eliminating hypocrites and rattlesnake fanatics, the actual number of sincere Christians is probably a very small one. These facts lead me to believe that any international organization formed now will eventually fail. Of course I say this as a Christian, and I could hardly expect a non-Christian to agree.

For those who are not believers in my Saviour, there is nothing but pessimism to be found here. But for those few who place their faith in something more reliable and less contaminated by human logic than the United Nations, or any other institution of this world, I wish to present an interpretation of Christianity in terms of today.

Christianity may be defined in several manners: in regards to philosophy it might be judged as a code of morals; in regards to psychology, it might be considered an attitude towards life; in politics and government, of which this article is primarily

concerned, the precepts of Christianity may be assembled as a form of government. This form of government, which I consider perfect, is an indirect approach to governing, and in order for it to function perfectly, it must be favored with one hypothesis: that everyone participating in any capacity, whether as a governor or as one being governed, must be a perfect Christian.

Now isn't that depressing! Perfect government, and its close companion, perfect peace, will never be until everyone on earth is a perfect Christian. Considering that the only perfect Christian that ever lived was Jesus himself, it looks as though wars and rumors of wars will plague us forever. That is my opinion; and I share it with quite a number of other Christians.

Christian politics are primarily condemned because sage politicians who have been in the business for years know that turning the nation's theoretical cheek in time of war would be fatal, and that doing unto others, etc., is very unprofitable. In short, Christian principles are highly unsatisfactory when applied in unqualified amounts to un-Christian people. A Christian state, proclaimed and operated as such, would prove a horrible failure now simply because the members of that state would not all be Christians, much less perfect Christians. Christianity as a form of government is considered by some too idealistic and therefore they proclaim the futility of attempting to govern by Christian principles.

Politics and governments are primarily based on human reasoning, which has adopted laws to fit specific situations. I cannot see myself that the world has made any great advances toward peace by following lines of human reason. On the other hand, we have greatly added to the specialization of warfare even to the point of comfort, inasmuch as it has been suggested that wars may soon be fought by pushing buttons. That will be nice. The term "armchair soldier" will no doubt take on a new meaning.

It appears to me, that after all these centuries of new and revolutionary man-made governments and "new eras" inevitably followed by war, that it should be clear that men, by themselves are unable to perfect a government that will end all strife.

I have stated earlier that Christianity is an indirect approach to governing. By this I mean that it was never meant to be categorized as a democracy or theocracy. Any form of government existing today could be successfully operated by perfect Christians. The complete proof of this, covering all fine points, would cover more space than I have at my disposal and would require a mind far superior to my own. The general proof, however, may be determined by anyone. Take any problem that now exists before us and imagine that every person in the world is a perfect Christian. The Palestine problem immediately disappears before the clamors of Christian nations opening their ports to homeless Jews. Even the Arabs welcome the Jews. Call it childish and simple if you wish; God said that wise men should err, but that the truth shall come from babes and fools—to expect a complicated solution to our problems is only to flatter our earthly abilities.

Inasmuch as perfect Christians may produce perfect governments, then Christianity in lesser degrees will produce governments of equal perfection. Therefore, Christianity, as an indirect form of government may be exonerated from any accusations which state that it is impractical and can exist only in theory. Further, Christianity is a progressive form of government; one which improves as its members grow nearer to God. Man-made governments always reach a certain peak and then spiral down to destruction. Atheists may shout that theology is all superstition, but a code of ethics or morals or a government will not survive without that "superstition" that there is someone more powerful than mankind; specifically Jesus.

There is no country in existence that can boast a majority of sincere Christians. The U.N.O. is not composed wholly of Sunday School teachers either. There is no reason why Christians should be disappointed at the ultimate failure of the U.N. World leaders have been failing for centuries in efforts to create better government. At the same time only a fatalist would give up in despair. A proper outlook on our position from a Christian viewpoint is to keep in mind our idealistic goal of perfection, but, realizing that perfection is not within the grasp of this "new era," we must throw as much Christian light into our government as our minority position will permit.

May I suggest that Christianity has been rising and falling since its beginning. There have been periods of great progress and periods of depressing inactivity. But these oscillations are superficial evidences of the growth of God's Church. The real growth, which can hardly be detected by human beings, is determined by the increase in truly sincere conversions to Christianity. No one can determine the actual number or the actual increase, because only God determines who is a Christian. But I rest assured that as long as each Christian dedicates his life to the conversion of his fellowmen that the number will increase. Our ultimate hopes for peace will not depend so much on the success of any man-designed plan for the control

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THE MOON OUT OF REACH

By Rab Braddy

Henry liked the library. It was so quiet and efficient and full of surprises. He liked the feeling he had when he walked through the door—the feeling that he was coming into a place where people were thinking and working. Then he liked the challenge he felt when he looked at the rows and rows of books around him, all waiting to be read. But most of all, he liked the library because here nobody expected him to talk.

It wasn't that Henry couldn't think of anything to say. He'd read a lot and thought a lot, and he had plenty to talk about. It was just that he'd never quite learned how to say it in a way that would make people listen. He would have liked nothing better than to have entered into the bull sessions in the room, or to have spent some time talking things over with George, his roommate. But try as he might, he never seemed to be able to get anybody to listen to what he had to say. And don't you think he didn't try! Sometimes he would make a stab at entering into one of the sessions with a "But maybe if ——," but that kind of beginning just seemed to invite an interruption. Occasionally he would screw an angry look onto his face, stand up and shout a defiant "You're all crazy!" But an outburst like this brought nothing but startled "Who the hell are you" looks, and Henry always forgot what he had meant to say.

Once he had gone downtown and bought himself a pipe in the hope that, with it in his mouth, and his feet propped on his desk, he would look so wise and so dignified that they would just have to listen. But the first night he brought it out and assumed this position of dignity he was stopped cold before he could begin. Just one scornful look and a "Why don't you and that stove go off somewhere and get lost together," and Henry was quite ready to do just that.

So he had taken to regular visits to the library to do his arguing. Why, here he could argue with the best of them. All he had to do was to find himself an Emerson essay, or a big fat philosophy book, read along 'til he found something he didn't agree with, then jut out his lower lip, shake his head angrily, and silently argue until he was blue in the face. Henry always won the arguments he had in the library.

It just doesn't seem possible that a thing like what happened to Henry could happen—especially to a guy like Henry. It must have been fate or something, because, even though the library was nearly always crowded, Henry seemed to be always looking for something in particular, so he never noticed who or what was around him. That is, he never did until a week ago last Tuesday.

It must have been about four o'clock on this particular Tuesday, and Henry was looking in the card catalogue for a biography of George Eliot. He was having a little trouble finding the one he wanted, so he wasn't paying any more attention than usual to what was going on around him. Oh, he was probably dimly aware (and that's about as aware as Henry ever got of anything) that there was a girl thumbing through the drawer next to the one he was using, but that was all—just aware. And she probably wasn't even that much conscious of Henry's nearness, because she was concentrating on finding the catalogue number of a particular volume of Coleridge. But when Henry had to move down to the "A's"—well, it was a pretty tight squeeze between the girl and the card catalogue on his right and the trophy stand on his left. So Henry just laid his hands on her shoulders gently—really just because there wasn't room for them anywhere else. Still, it isn't exactly the custom for boys to go around putting their hands on girls' shoulders in a library, even if it is in a tight squeeze. So when she threw him a sort of questioning look, Henry felt that it was in order that he whisper in his most subdued, most apologetic tone, "Excuse me." She accepted his apologies with a little smile and a nod of her head, and Henry went on down to the "A's." He pulled open the drawer, but for the life of him he couldn't remember what he had meant to look up, so he cleared his throat, cast one quick look back at the girl, and hurried off to a table. And that's how Henry first saw Margaret.

The next afternoon Henry ambled into the library, picked up a magazine, and went to a vacant seat. He had already begun to scan through the contents of the magazine before he sat down, so he couldn't have realized that he was sitting down at the same table with Margaret. But it wasn't long after he sat down that he was very much aware of the fact. He glanced up, and there she sat—right in front of him. She was reading a small brown book that looked like it might have been a

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SEQUEL TO THE ANCIENT MARINER

By James W. Johnson

Author's Note: The Ancient Mariner, bound by an evil spirit, was forced time and again to tell his story of woe and despair. In this poem, **The Sequel to the Ancient Mariner,** the old seaman has been freed by this evil spirit and at last is permitted to die. Upon his death his soul makes a trip through space to Hell. This is a story beginning with his death and going through the events succeeding his arrival at Hell.

Coleridge's style has been imitated as closely as possible throughout. The ballad stanza prevails. This story is somewhat less complicated than Coleridge's. The musical pattern and rhythmic beat is the ultimate goal which has been worked toward.

Argument

The Ancient Mariner hath at last been left free by the evil spirits that forced him to tell his story; his death and the soul's strange journey to Hell, and the argument that occured there. The Mariner tells again his tale to a jury of Angels and Devils, and the final decision of the jury to decide whether he shall remain in Hell or be free to go to Heaven.

Part I

A hoary head, upon the bed,
    In solemn splendor lay;
A dulling eye, in vain did try,
    To see out on the bay.

Yet joy was found, within the mound,
    Of the Mariner's withered breast;
His tale was told, he hath been bold
    And now in peace may rest. 8

Upon the bed, his hoary head,
    Was filled with thoughts of woe;
No more the knell, of the ship's loud bell,
    No longer the breeze to blow.

His joy was found, from sailing 'round,
    The world's dark rim and wide;
But now 'twas done, the foe had won,
    And carried the battle-tide. 16

The spell hath fled, the bride hath wed,
    The crossbow's thread's askew;
The wedding guest, at his own request,
    Hath traveled a path anew.

His glittering eye, from years gone by,
    Hath lost its shiny glow;
"My eye," said he, "no more can see,
    The rain, the ice, the snow." 24

His eye is glazed, the light is hazed,
    And from his lips doth flow;
Delirium's word—"The fallen bird,
    That made the breeze to blow."

"One shot—too true—the bird it slew,
    A very good friend lost we;
One shot; 'twas true, and straight it flew,
    And to Hell it taketh me." 32

A spasm shook, his soul it took,
    From out his puny breast;
To Heaven? To Hell?—the ship's dark bell,
    Not now could tell the rest.

His funeral simple, in the little red temple,
    Down by the ocean's side;
His friends were few, no more than two,
    Out of a world so wide. 40

And so passed he, into the sea,
    As his request had asked;
Into the sea, far from the lea,
    His body they did cast.

His box it sank, his body stank,
    In the ocean's hungry maw;
The waves claimed him, and took him in,
    By God's unbending law. 48

Part II

THE SOUL'S JOURNEY

The Mariner's soul, his haunted soul,
    Did out his body leave;
His soul did flee, e'en from the sea,
    And into space did weave.

Through dark, through light, through day and night,
It took its winging way;
The stars, the gloom, the sun and moon,
Were mixed in woeful play. 56

The warmth, the heat, Hell's mournful beat,
Did seize upon his soul;
Hot air, red coals, the molten shoals,
Did burn upon his feet.

The light, the glow—Hell's molten flow,
Did shine upon his face;
The light, Dear God!—was from the sod,
That formed a white-hot lace. 64

There appeared at last, from out the blast,
Full seven devils strong;
They seized his arm, they seized his leg,
They seized his beard so long.

Into a pit, a gruesome pit,
They shoved him forth along;
Into a pit, a seething pit,
To the shouts of a seething throng. 72

Then to a room, a grisly room,
With floor of melting metal;
They took him on, into the gloom,
Of Hell's deep writhing kettle.

In came a man, a livid man,
With tail of forked fire,
In came a man, a ghastly man,
To the tune of a ghastly lyre. 80

The sparks they flew, the devil's crew,
Joined in laughter screeching;
The devil sneers, his fork he rears,
The Mariner's face is blanching.

The ground did rise, and fill his eyes,
With Hell's deep fiery horror;
His body burned, his hair it turned,
His heart was filled with sorrow. 88

"Away with him, into the din,
Of Hell's consuming fire;
Let him lie, and never die,
In the sulphurous bubbling mire."

A sudden light, a soft white light,
Drops down upon his head;
An angel face, clothed round with lace,
A low sweet voice that said: 96

"You're wrong, you're wrong, you're seldom right,
This man hath paid his price;
You've stole a soul, from the waiting fold—
He's had his Hell full twice."

Around and around, the dispute did bound,
For the Mariner's tortured soul;
The angel white, in Hell's red light,
Was brave and strong and bold. 104

"Why not," said he, "in order to see,
Let the Mariner tell his tale;
Then you can judge, and not begrudge,
The soul of this ancient male."

A jury was drawn, from brain and brawn,
Twelve devils and angels equal;
Their decision to be, in symmetry,
To judge the good from evil. 112

Part III

THE MARINER'S TALE

"We were a merry group, were we,
As happy as could be;
No sorrow, no gloom, no hint of doom,
Upon that joyful sea.

"We left our port, the goodly port,
Before the sun did rise;
We left the port, in gleeful sport,
Among the cheerful cries. 120

"The sun arose, and did disclose,
Our sailing, bounding ship;
And it went down, all red and round,
Did in the ocean slip.

"For days we went, full southward bent,
On a straight-line toward the pole;
Our boat it leapt, and forward crept,
And southward aye we stole. 128

"The sun did rise, and fill our eyes,
And stood now overhead;
The wind it ceased, the sails were creased,
And everything seemed dead.

"A sudden blow, a stormy blow,
Came from the yonder north;
A sudden wind, the sails did bend,
And shoved us south along. 136

"Four days we went, in that dark hent,
In mist and fog and snow;
Four days we went, without a hint,
Of the sun's deep-golden glow.

"The mist did lift, and on our left,
We saw ice all around;
'Twas at our back, 'twas at our front,
Did on the right abound.

"We hoped, we prayed, we sat dismayed,
We melted ice to drink;
A Mariner—I knew we were—
On death's approaching brink. 152

"A dulling light, upon our right,
Revealed a snow-white breast;
An Albatross, on wings of gloss,
Came to our boat to rest.

"He circled once, he circled twice.
He circled thrice around;
The ice did crack, the bird turned back,
And through the ice we wound. 160

"With shouts of joy, from man and boy,
We greeted that glistening bird;
In greatest glee, upon that sea—
Our hopes were not deferred.

"The snow-white bird, came at our word,
At morning, noon, or night;
It soared, it twirled, it swung and swirled,
In the day's decreasing light. 168

"Oh God! Oh God!—Temptation trod,
Within my joyful breast;
With crossbow true, I shot and slew,
The bird in wrathful zest.

"'Oh wretch,' said they, 'the bird to slay,
While in wrathful zest;
He brought the wind, that God did send,
With him our boat was blest.' 176

"And now the wind, our faithful friend,
Made the sails to billow;
But glee was lost, our hopes were tossed,
For no sweet bird did follow.

"Then they found joy, both man and boy,
For the bright sun did arise;
'It's good,' said they, 'the bird to slay,
You did a thing most wise.' 184

"A sudden blow, a stormy blow,
And our good boat did wallow;
The sails dropt down, no wind they found,
Because no bird to follow.
The waves were flat, and still we sat,
Within the ocean's hollow. 190

"Undimmed by cloud, o'er mast and shroud,
The beaming sun shone down;
No shadow kind, the sun to bind,
Did show itself around.

"Our water went and left no hint,
Of its great soothing power;
I saw a boy, a youthful toy,
Drop like a withered flower. 198

"The men turned pale, up rose a wail,
The water swirled about;
Great snakes did churn, and gape their eyes;
We were doomed without a doubt.

"The Albatross, and not the Cross,
They hung upon my neck;
They wheezed, they howled, they gasped and growled,
When I went on the deck. 206

"I watched the snakes, their glowing wakes,
Were all around the ship;
They were God's flock, and did not mock
Us on that hateful trip.
I blessed them then and took them in,
To them my heart did slip. 212

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PALESTINIAN MAZE

By Dewey Dale

Palestine is in the news now. Perhaps it would be more correctly stated that Palestine **is** the news now. Every day the newspapers carry screaming reports of violence, death, and destruction in the Holy Land. Jews kill Arabs and Arabs kill Jews. The number of dead increases daily with amazing rapidity and the total promises to reach alarming heights in the near future if something isn't done. And that "something" won't be done because there is no one to do that "something." The British are not able nor do they care to; the Americans couldn't possibly get Congress to agree soon enough, even if it had the inclination to let petty politics rest for a while and tackle a problem of importance in an unbiased manner; and Russia apparently is waiting for a war in that disputed area to enable Russian troops to march through the long coveted Iraq and Iran and into Palestine to "restore peace." The U. N. would be given the test of its life if such a thing happened and Russia used its veto to try to stop action by the U. N. in forcing her to withdraw. But why all the trouble in Palestine?

The Jews drifted away from Palestine around a thousand three hundred years ago in search of "greener pastures." They found those greener pastures throughout the world—but particularly in America and in Europe. Those who settled in America have been able to pass on to their offsprings a rich heritage of freedom while those who settled in Europe passed on to their offsprings a heritage of what has amounted to a form of persecution—persecution that was intensified during the past decade or so. These European Jews came to realize the advantages of a homeland and a government of their own. They realized the advantages they could have enjoyed if they had stayed in Palestine and worked toward making that their own country. They started a clamor for such a state and found support among such countries as our own, England, and others. Ample proof of this is found in the acceptance of the Balfour Declaration by the larger governments of the world and the respect it received in the League of Nations.

The Jews, spurred on by these successes, were to receive a severe set-back at the hands of Hitler and his Nazi regime in Germany. They were to be driven from their homes as were the other peoples of Europe. They were to be left at the end of a bitter war with no jobs, no food, no immediate prospects of gaining these ends, and still no homes. The peoples of the world were, and are, human enough to have sympathy for these homeless Jews, Poles, Czechs, Frenchmen, Italians, Austrians and even Germans. The Jews were well aware of the situation's possibilities and started propagandizing the world. They told the world how homeless the Jews in Europe were, and while no one homeless race (if you prefer to consider Judaism as a race. I consider it a religion) is more homeless than another homeless race, they were successful in pushing through their previously thwarted plans for a Jewish State in Palestine. Whether their interests in Palestine were increased by the fact that rich oil reserves were found to exist beneath the surface of that country, I do not know. I do, however, see a possibility for an intensification of Jewish interest in Palestine because of the oil reserves.

But the action of the United Nations in partitioning Palestine is well known. The only thing about the decision that isn't known is the reasons why Russia "came across" and supported the United States so completely—a move which startled all concerned. I have yet to see a report that doesn't shy away from the true suspected reasons and rave on some other aspect of the plan. I for one am sure that, as I stated before, Russia sees in the partition a chance to march her troops into the country through Iraq and Iran, both of which will probably be involved if a war breaks out, and gain that long-coveted outlet to the Mediterranean Sea. That Russia is anxious to obtain Iraq and an outlet to the Mediterranean is emphasized by such an outstanding statesman as James F. Byrnes. In "Speaking Frankly," Mr. Byrnes tells of two specific cases in which Russia made known her desire for these two prizes. He also warns that Russia, though blocked twice, will continue to look for avenues of approach toward the accomplishment of these goals. I, therefore, see the ready agreement by Russia as an entrance into another avenue—an avenue to be left wide open when war grips the Holy Land.

The present conflict in Palestine between the Jews and Arabs is one that never should have oc-

curred. The Jews have no right to Palestine and no arguments for it other than those based upon their spiritual beliefs. The Palestine of the Jew is a spiritual tract and not an earthly tract. The Jews have no more right to Palestine because it belonged to their ancestors years and years ago—ancestors who chose to leave it in search of greener pastures—than I have to claim lands which my ancestors may have owned years and years ago and chose to allow to fall to the government through neglect of taxes, etc. The Arabs stayed in Palestine, for 1,300 years, and rightly own that land. Palestine was not an enemy state in the war and the Allies have no right to force a partition upon the Arabs who are the majority. If Palestine were a vanquished enemy the circumstances would be somewhat changed.

President Truman went out of his way to get the United States entangled in Palestine when it was a British affair. Great Britain had a definite policy of keeping illegal immigrants out of Palestine until our government interfered and gave those illegal immigrants support. In doing this our government did the undemocratic act of denying the population of Palestine the right to choose for themselves by a majority vote what the destiny of their country would be. The Arabs could have decided the election in their favor, yes, because they have a two-thirds majority. Still, the administration backed a partition by methods other than those employed in our own country. There are minority parties in the United States that are also discriminated against. However, our government has not advocated partitioning this country in order to give them a country of their own, nor will they. Such a plan would have to have the support of the majority of the population of at least two-thirds of the states. How then can our government advocate that such a plan be effected in Palestine against the will of the majority of the people who will be governed by such a move. That Russia should endorse such a plan is not startling, since their own government is not controlled by the majority of the Russian people. That our government should endorse such a plan makes nonsense of the word democracy that we as a nation are supposed to prize so highly.

Judaism is a religion and therefore has no claim to a state of its own any more than has Catholicism, Protestantism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or any other religious belief. Jews should be citizens of whatever country they live in, and as such should strive to understand and co-operate with their fellow countrymen for the betterment of their country and countrymen.

That the Jews have been unduly persecuted cannot be denied. However, they are not as persecuted as they believe they are and as they would have the world believe they are. The old saying that one can iterate and reiterate something so vehemently and long that the world will come to believe it is quite true. It is also true that the person will finally come to believe it himself. That has happened to the Jews. They have cried, "We are persecuted," so long that even they have come to believe that they are even more persecuted than they really are.

I have heard Jewish Rabbis explain the customs and symbols of the Jewish homes and synagogues several times in order to "promote understanding between the Christian and Jewish faiths." In the explanations they always explained that on the Passover every Jew must mix a concoction consisting of a very sweet substance and a very bitter substance and eat the concoction on unleavened bread. The purpose is, they explained, "to remind every Jew that down through the ages the Jews have had to **take the bitter with the sweet.**" I wonder if this promotes understanding and cooperation among the faiths?

I do not wish to lambaste the Jews—that is not my purpose. I feel that the Jews have been unduly persecuted. However, I also feel that no small part has been played by the Jews themselves in effecting this persecution. The Jews must stop being the clannish cult that they are and mix with others. Their reminding the Jews of their past state of "servitude" and their reiteration that even today the Jews "must take the bitter with the sweet" serves no ends other than to make the Jews feel distant to gentiles and Christians.

Of extreme interest to me was an article I read in "Living Church" a while back. The Rev. Charles T. Bridgeman, for twenty years the Jerusaleum representative of the American Church, wrote that he believes:

> The attempt to compel the Arabic-speaking peoples of Palestine (still two-thirds of the population even after twenty-five years of Jewish immigration) to open their country to unlimited Jewish immigration and allow their country to be made into a Jewish state is the rankest imperialism and the most undemocratic proposition one can imagine. The nations of the world are asked to use their united strength to override the protests of the majority population in Palestine. Because the majority of Jews (of whom 650,000 of the total twelve million are in Palestine) want Palestine opened for settlement by such of their co-religionists as wish to go there, we are told that 'democracy' demands the Jews be given Palestine. This sort of 'democracy' makes nonsense of the name, and the

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THE DARK CANVAS

By Peter Karegeannes

My cousin, Thanasis, was a very sick boy when he came to live with us last summer. My father had arranged his passage to the States and went to New York to meet him when he got off the boat. I couldn't go because I was in school.

The day they arrived in Rhinehart, I was over at Helen's apartment. My mother telephoned and asked me to come home.

Thanasis was eighteen years old and when I first saw him that day, he was wearing a poorly made suit. It was probably considered the best a person could buy in Greece at that time and I figured his mother had put her entire wealth into that suit so that his feelings wouldn't be hurt when he got off the boat and saw how Americans were dressed. His father—my Uncle Nicholas—was killed in Albania during the war. His parents had lived in America until the early Thirties and Thanasis had been born a few months before their return to Greece.

My mother was talking to him in the living-room when I walked into the house and he was listening to her with his hands folded loosely in his lap and his thin body slouched in the chair. His face was as if there was absolutely no blood in it and there was a scar over one eye—it gave his forehead a lop-sided appearance. Somehow, his paleness wasn't the kind that comes from sickness alone . . . It was that paleness that seems to have been the normal coloring from birth.

My mother made a big fuss over introducing us and I shook his hand, saying hello to him in Greek. He smiled with his mouth shut and nodded his head vigorously. He couldn't talk; his tongue had been cut out during the war. Nobody knew exactly how it had happened, not even his mother. She wrote saying that she couldn't get any information out of him and supposed that the Italians who had garrisoned in the village had done it. There had been an explosion in the village one day and Thanasis, along with many other villagers, young and old, had been held as a hostage.

As we all sat down, my mother gave me a guarded look for help and I began talking to him about how wonderful America was and how he shouldn't be bothered by the strangeness. I told him of all the good times we'd have together and of the many things there were to see.

My father came into the room and Thanasis stood up respectfully.

"Hello, Dad," I said. "How was the trip?"

"Okay."

We shook hands and I saw in the way that he looked at me that he was nervous and a little worried about how it had all turned out. There had been a great deal of red tape in getting Thanasis into the country, despite the fact that he was an American citizen.

"Thanasis," my mother said in her lovely voice, "I have cooked the biggest dinner you have ever seen. If all of you will excuse me, I will go now and set the table."

As she got up to leave, Thanasis also stood up. My mother smiled at him.

"You are going to be here a long time," she said, "and you will be kept jumping forever if you insist on standing up for your uncle and me whenever we come into the room."

It was one of her many virtues to always be kind; she was trying hard to make him feel at home and that he was wanted.

After the evening meal, I asked Thanasis if he'd like to hear some of my record collection. He nodded enthusiastically in a scared way. I'd gotten the impression that he trusted my parents much more than me. It was natural, though . . . they were most like the people he had known in Greece.

We went to the front room and I began by playing some Brahms. He listened attentively, a little stiff in the chair—like an animal in a new cage. Whenever I looked in his direction, he smiled at me to show that he liked the music.

When I studied the record that was going on next, his eyes moved around the room, appraising all objects, smiling about some of them, and frowning at others. Suddenly, he noticed Helen's picture and got up out of the chair to see it better. He walked to the mantelpiece and looked closely at it, then stepped back a few feet and studied it like an art gallery habitue. He tilted his head first to one side and then the other.

He turned to me and smiled, pointing at the picture.

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PASO-DOBLE

By John B. Lawson

Princeton University *Nassau Lit*

Editor's Note: John B. Lawson is 19 years old, from Racine, Wisconsin, and a member of Princeton University's class of '50. An English major, Mr. Lawson was recently elected to the Board of THE LIT in the capacity of Assistant Editor.

Mauricio's entire life had been directed toward the moment when he would hear the stately beat of the **paso-doble** from the sands of the arena. Without turning his head he could see the crowds jamming the stands. He could hear their harsh unintelligible shouts, and could almost taste the crowd-smell of stale sweat and **frijoles** as he and Manuel, and Pepe led the mounted **picadores** and **bandilleros** toward the box of the president. Not since he had faced his first bull had he felt like this; never had he felt the strange gasping sensation in his belly and lungs since he had stood with his father in the little wooden-fenced enclosure in Gualdano and had watched the bull calf with its half grown horns shining in the sun. Now the **paso-doble,** the colorful and ceremonious march of the ring, was playing for him. Now for the first time he could feel the warmth of the sand and sawdust under his feet. No more would he hold the heavy cape or plunge the sword with only his father, the blacksmith, and the field hands to applaud or criticize. Stiffly they turned the corner and approached the box. Again, with a stiff pomp, as he had been taught, he doffed his cap and, pulling his short black and silver cape more tightly about his shoulders, bowed from the waist to the officials above. A moment of silence, and the **paso-doble** quickened in tempo. He turned with the others to the doors at the side of the arena.

Only then did he dare to turn his eyes and look at the two **matadores** who stood at his side. There was Manuel in red and gold, a huge scar down the side of his left cheek, where the black bull had gored him three seasons before. Manuel's face was impassive. There was a darkness in his eyes that promised little mercy for the animals that would meet him that afternoon. On the other side was Pepe, half a head shorter than Manuel. Mauricio laughed quietly to think of the light-hearted way in which Pepe had received the announcement that the most vicious bull was to be his.

The anteroom was crowded with the other **matadores,** their managers and visitors, when Pepe had been told. Mauricio could see the worried face of El Gaucho as he ran his fingers through his greying hair and gave words of warning to Pepe.

"Be wise, Pepito, and ask the Virgin to help thee. Never in all of my fights in Argentina did I face one with the spread that has the one who will face thee on the sand today."

A quick smile spread across Pepe's face, and his eyes glistened as he bellowed, "To the Devil and the lost saints with thy Virgin and thy prayers, **Viejo!** In fifty-four turns with the cape never have I asked the Virgin to steady my hand nor to turn the horns aside. Here, an offering to thy Virgin!"

He flung one of the tiny gold ornaments from his short cape at the image of the Virgin standing amid the flowers and tapers in her niche at the side of the room. El Gaucho blanched and quickly crossed himself. Mauricio did the same, but not without admiration for the carefree way of the short **matador** in green. The others turned away and as soon as Mauricio saw that no one was looking he went to the niche, crossed himself, and after two **paters** and two **aves,** promised her a new candle stick for her altar in Gualdano should she have the kindness and grace to smile upon him in his first fight.

He was only a few paces from the huge wooden shield in front of the side entrance. He had known that this time would come and had dreaded it, for it was at this moment that the others threw their short capes to their women in the lower tier. He had tried to convince his sister that she should come to see this fight. He had not told her the real reason, but he knew that few would be the wiser. The moment had come and she was not there, so he picked out the most beautiful girl he could see, aimed at her mantilla, and quickly threw the cape; then he strode to the wooden shield where he would not have to bear her surprised expression. Once that ordeal was over, and the first bull was let out of the opposite gate, he felt more confident. His manager brought him the sword and he took it from its case and flexed it as he had seen the others do. He was sure that it was sharp and true, for he had tested it a hundred times before coming to the arena, but he frowned and told Don Carlos that if he wanted a clean kill he would have to touch up the point. Don Carlos looked as if he might smile but did not. The sword was taken back into the anteroom and Mauricio turned to watch the **matadores** testing out the bull which had just come to his side of the arena. The same feeling returned to his stomach, but he felt better when he noticed that this bull hooked to the left, as most of the

bulls on which he had practiced had done. Don Carlos was back, but instead of even offering him the sword to examine, he pushed the **capote**, the heavy scarlet cape, into his hands.

"Remember, Mauricio," he whispered, "do not take too much time with thy whirling passes. When the cape swings in whirling, swing it below thy chin in order to see him as soon as thou hast completed thy pass. Hit no bone with thy sword, and above all, pay no attention to the crowd during the charges. Thy father would never forgive me should thou be distracted, may God and the Virgin rest his soul! Go in now, and may the Holy Spirit be with thee."

Mauricio stepped from behind the screen as his name was announced from behind the box of the president.

"Mauricio Alvarez de Camargo," blared the metallic voice from another world, **"hijo del matador famoso, Don Felix Fernandez de Camargo de Gualdano. Senor de Camarga, apelado 'El Chico'."**

At this last remark there was a titter that ran through the crowd, and Mauricio cursed the luck that had given him such a nickname. He grasped his cape tightly and with long slow steps walked toward the center of the ring. The crowd stopped laughing, and a low murmur rose, followed by a few shouts which gained in intensity until they became the roar that he had heard so many times from the stands. He bowed once, and smiled at the place where he thought he saw the girl who had caught his cape. Now the bull had noticed the newcomer, and with a slow loping charge started for him. He could hear the snorts of displeasure and curiosity as the bull stopped not twenty paces from him and pawed the sand.

With the motion of the wrist that he had learned from his father he flicked the hem of the cape until it danced.

"Ha, toro! Ven aca'! Hijo del diablo!"

The bull paused and then started a slow charge. Mauricio turned him with the quick side-stepping motion that he had practiced so long. With a whirl of the scarlet cape he pivoted upon his heel, and the horns slid harmlessly past his embroidered jacket. The crowd screamed. Twice, three times more, the simple pass, and then two whirling passes as the frustrated bull rushed past close enough to rustle the heavy cape. His long rush gave Mauricio a chance to dance back to the shield where Don Carlos was waiting as the **picadores** rode out from across the arena.

After the **picadores** had made good use of their lances the **banderilleros** followed with their ribboned darts, and within a few moments the sand was streaked with the blood which trickled out of the gashes where the gay colored **banderillas** still fluttered.

"Remember, Mauricio," said Don Carlos, "pay no attention to the crowd even should some throw their seat cushions into the ring. They will not be displeased when they see thy blind passes and the work with the sword."

Mauricio slipped out from under Don Carlos' hand and again headed, this time with a faster step, toward the center. The pitch and intensity of the shouts from the stands had risen; it was rising and falling, creating a new and savage **paso-doble** that begged, cried and sang for blood. Mauricio could remember that his father had warned his of this cry.

"They cry for more blood when the last of the **banderillas** is in, my son, but they care not whose blood, thine or that of the bull. Be cautious, my son, and make sure that it is not thine that will satisfy their hunger."

El Toro was tired and angry now, enraged with the thorns that he could not shake from his back. He tossed his horns and looked at his tormentor. Mauricio squared his shoulders under the heavy black and silver jacket. Now, he thought, now is the time for a blind pass, to raise the roar of the crowd to a frenzy at the daring of this new-comer.

"Ha, Toro!" he cried. **"Ven, hijo de la gran puta! HA! Toro!"**

The bull turned and started a long charge. Mauricio drew his cape up around his chin ready to cover his face and pivot as soon as he saw the sharpened horns begin to hook to the left. The blind pass would amaze them, he thought as the black head loomed. He repeated to himself as his father had taught him to do, "He hooks to the left, slow pivot. He hooks to the left; you can use the slow pivot." He raised the cape over his eyes and as he whirled he felt the same sickening sensation in his belly rising almost to pain with the excitement of the moment.

He could see the crowd as he plunged the sword up to the hilt behind the heaving shoulder. He could see the crowd going wild, and the sports reporters hurrying for a telephone to tell the world that, the son of Don Feliz was as great a **matador** as his father. He would be awarded two ears, and perhaps even the tail! Only once in his father's lifetime had he received the tail also. Perhaps the **senorita** who had caught his cape would come with her father or brother to see him in his dressing-room. Then later, when the father or brother had gone back to the fights, they would steal away to the quiet restaurant with the statues of the saints in the corners. He had only seen her once, but

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AS I SEE IT

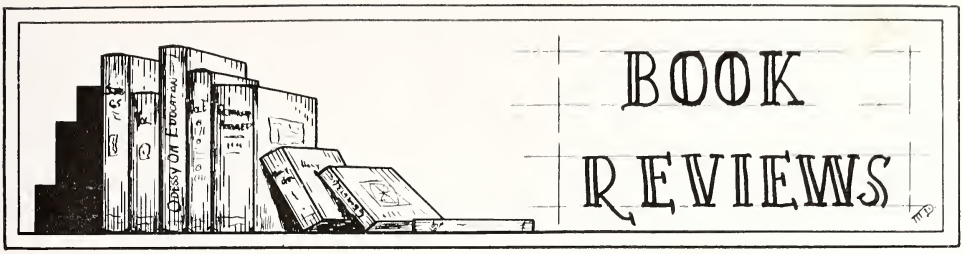
By John W. Stevenson

Remembrance of Things Past. Like most people, we like to look back over things completed and note any outstanding happenings . . . and so with the advent of '48, we ventured a hurried glance over one shoulder into the rapidly disappearing history of '47. . . Wofford College can probably write off last year as a fairly successful (and profitable) twelve months. The Student Body was organized and active in its many extra-curricular affairs; classrooms were crowded with the largest enrollment in the school's history; the basket-ball team finished with high honors; Dr. Snyder's long-awaited work, "An Educational Odyssey," came off the press and was enthusiastically received by his many friends and former students; plans for the future of Wofford were finding their start in physical improvements; the old order changed with the retirement of five well-loved professors; the fall term saw the beginning of a new expansion and promising growth in the Athletic Department; Coach Dickens finished up his football season with one of the most promising teams in many a year; and "The Journal" of '47 sprang into the limelight with the coveted award of "best magazine of the year." . . . This sort of thing always brings up the question of "ten best of the year" or, "the man of the year," or some such annual honor. We should like, herewith, to venture our nomination for the "Wofford man of the year" in the hesitant hope that it might start a precedent for some such recognition. Space does not allow us to state what qualifications we used in making a selection, but our vote would go to John Hill, now alumnus, but one-time honor student, Phi Beta Kappa, and present holder of the coveted Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University.

Best Trick of the Year. We were talking to an ex-Navy man the other day who told us the best parrot story we've heard yet. It seems a friend of his was wounded during the North African invasion and was hospitalized in a small town there for several weeks. During his stay, he swapped a pack of cigarettes for a parrot, and having lots of time on his hands devoted much of it to training the bird and eventually forming a rather close friendship with the somewhat stubborn creature. At any rate, they became inseparable, good buddies, the parrot always being perched on the sailor's shoulder. After a while the boy was evacuated to England for further convalescence and was allowed to keep the parrot with him. A couple of months later he was declared fit for duty and reassigned to a ship that was part of a convoy about to embark. Within a few days the convoy got under way and while standing on the deck one afternoon with the parrot perched jauntily on his shoulder, he got word that there was to be a USO troupe on board and they would give a show that evening. Our man was excited at the prospect of some entertainment, but the parrot seemed rather indifferent to the whole affair. "What's the matter with you?" the sailor asked. "This ought to be good and here you are crying the blues." The disgruntled parrot only replied that he would prefer hitting the sack to listening to some half-hearted comedian. With that our Navy man lit into the bird and stated flatly that they were going to see the show and that was that. At the appointed hour that evening, they went below deck and found a seat in the cleared-out mess galley. The show started with the usual song and dance routine, a couple of comedians, and an accordianist and finally the piece de resistance, a professional magician. He made his bow amid a round of applause and proceeded to unwind his bag of tricks. After each little trick, the parrot would turn to his friend and utter some disparaging remark, such as, "Fake," "He's a phoney," and so on. The sailor was quite impressed with the conjurer and began to be irritated by the bird's sour remarks. However, the parrot, even at this feat, refused to be impressed, and muttered some cynical remark. Even later, after they were settled in their sack, the sailor and his bird kept up an argument over the magician, the bird stoutly maintaining that he was a phoney. Early the next morning, before daybreak, enemy torpedoes struck the ship and blew it to kingdom come. There wasn't much left but a few floating pieces of timber, one of which harbored our friend and his wet and dejected bird. As dawn came and they floated around waiting to be picked up by a destroyer, the bird looked out over the sea and suddenly perked up and appeared to be looking at a human figure about a hundred yards away on a piece of refuse wood.

"Let me go, Joe, just for a minute," he said to the sailor. "There's somebody over there I've got to see."

The sailor released him, and he flew over and perched down opposite what looked like the gifted magician. After staring at him for several minutes, the bird reluctantly remarked, "Okay, buddy, I give up. What did you do with the ship?" . . .



THE REPRIEVE — Jean-Paul Sartre; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1947

This is the second novel in a trilogy, "The Roads of Freedom," the first installment of which was published last year. This earlier story, "The Age of Reason," served to introduce the Existentialist philosophy to Americans.

Jean-Paul Sartre, the author of this work, is a Frenchman and Existentialism is his baby. It has taken over the whole of France and is slowly worming its way into these United States, especially in New York . . . where all the sad young men and women see it as the current balm for their various wounds. However, it is all very harmless and, really, nothing to cause anyone alarm.

"The Reprieve" takes its name from the period of grace given the Western powers by the signing of the Munich agreement. Its setting is in the France of that season, and Sartre has attempted to show the French state of mind at that time—the resigned indifference that made that nation's defeat inevitable.

Unlike the earlier novel, Sartre's new book is somewhat more full in scope. There are devices employed in its writing that hitherto were not evident in Sartre's other works.

There are certain episodes that remind one of Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer" — using the seemingly unconnected episode as a device for following several principal characters in such a way that the reader gets the feeling of simultaneous action.

The trick of fading from one character to another in the middle of a paragraph is a good one when used properly—as Joyce did in "Ulysses"—but Sartre often runs into trouble doing it. Yet, he is a competent enough writer not to overdo this aspect of the novel.

When Life came out recently with an article and pictures about the Existentialists in Paris, they made capital of the fact that all of them were wine-guzzlers. This is the chief characteristic of Sartre's people and one cannot help but admire the man for the way he creates the atmosphere of irresponsibility and corruption that were the background for Paris in 1938.

The various contentions of Existentialism are allowed to take shape mostly in the minds of the book's characters, although, in several cases, vocal insistence of these rights are evidenced.

Regarding the Existentialist doctrine of choice, there is—in the story—a boy on a stretcher who controls his natural functions because of his regard for a woman lying near him. Edmund Wilson, reviewing this novel in The New Yorker, said that the above episode ". . . very typical of Sartre, whose characters are mostly prostrate in some sense and whose exercise of will power is mostly confined to keeping themselves from being as objectionable as they might be."

As compared to "The Age of Reason," this novel seems to be the better of the two, but—as far as its value as a trilogy is concerned—conclusive evaluations should be made only when the third, and final, novel is published.

As far as finding more converts to Existentialism is concerned, the value of the work is doubtful. Being the very natural philosophy of any individual, Existentialism cannot for long fascinate any but those whose interest in it is purely pseudo-intellectual.

—Peter Karegeannes

THE SEALED VERDICT—Lionel Shapiro; Doubleday & Co. $2.75

Few books to come out of the aura which surrounds our Army of Occupation in war-torn Germany have risen to the heights of modern literature and achieved that distinction which would label them as great. David Davidson's "The Steeper Cliff" was, until December, the most noteworthy of this type of novel. With its portrayal of the character of Lt. Andrew Cooper, "The Steeper Cliff" presented us with a lucid picture of the inner workings of the occupation.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Editor's Note: This article is taken from "The Book of Days," by Douglas. We reprint it here for the benefit of those of our readers who believe that St. Valentine's Day, with its accompanying exchange of expressions of warm feelings, originated in an executive board meeting of The American Greeting Cards Co., Inc.

The early martyrologies mention three Saint Valentines, each associated with February 14. One of them is described as a priest of Rome and another as Bishop of Interamna, now Terni. They suffered martyrdom in the second half of the third century and were buried in the Flaminian Way. What was known to the ancient Romans as the Flaminian Gate was later called the Gate of St. Valentine from a church in the immediate neighborhood dedicated to the saint. It is now known as the Porta del Popola, or the Gate of the People. Little is known of any of these saints, and less is known of the third of the name, who suffered martyrdom with a number of companions.

There are various theories about how the name of Valentine came to be connected with the day on which lovers send tokens to one another. One is based on the belief throughout Europe during the Middle Ages that the birds began to mate on February 14. Chaucer, in his "Parliament of Foules," refers to it in this way:

> For this was Seynt Valentine's day. When every foul cometh ther to choose his mate.

English literature, following Chaucer, contains frequent references to the day as sacred to lovers. In the Paston Letters, covering the period from 1422 to 1509, appears a letter by Dame Elizabeth Brews to John Paston, with whom she had hoped to arrange a match for her daughter, which runs in this way:

> And cousin mine, upon Monday is St. Valentine's day and every bird chooseth himself a mate, and if it like you to come on Thursday night and make provision that you may abide till then, I trust God that ye shall speak to my husband and I shall pray that we may bring the matter to a conclusion.

The affair must have been managed to her satisfaction, for among the letters is one addressed by the young woman herself, "Unto my right-well beloved Valentine, John Paston, Esquire."

Those who do not think that the old opinion about the mating of the birds on February 14 is sufficient to explain the connection between St. Valentine and the lovers suggest that the association grew out of the similarity between the Norman word "galantin," meaning a lover of women, and the name of the saint. They think that Galantin's Day, with the initial "g" frequently pronounced "v," led to confusion in the popular mind.

Another theory is that the lover's custom is a survival and a Christianized form of a practice in the Roman feast of the Lupercalia occurring in February. The names of the young men and women were put in a box from which they were drawn by chance, an arrangement under which a young man became the gallant of a young woman for the next year. It is said that the Christian clergy objected to this custom and substituted the names of saints for the names of the young people; each young person was to try to emulate the saint drawn for him or her during the next twelve months. As this drawing occurred on February 14, the day of the saint, the association with Valentine was established. But this does not explain the association with lovers. The theory connecting the day with the mating season of birds seems the most plausible to the modern mind. The drawing of the names of the young men and women from a box on the day continued for many years after the custom of pagan usages had been abandoned.

The youth and the lass who were paired by this method were once in the habit of giving presents to each other. Later the youth only gave a gift to the lass. Then the custom of sending Valentines to the favorite grew up. These were originally simple. When the post offices were established and postal rates were reduced, the mail was crowded with sweet messages every year. The stores offered them in various designs and at various prices. Comic valentines, some of which were coarse and vulgar, could be purchased for a cent. In the early part of the present century the Chicago post office rejected 25,000 such on the ground that they were not fit to be carried through the mail, but it did accept 1,250,000 valentines that year and 750,000 were handled by the Philadelphia post office. By the first third of the twentieth century the custom of sending valentines was observed chiefly by children and for children. Their parents sent little love messages to them and they sent them to their playmates and to their parents. And the stores kept in stock gilt cupids and red hearts and colored papers which the children bought to make their own valentines.

BY EXCHANGE

By L. Poindexter Watts

The surprise ending, such as found in "The Wayward Wastrel," reviewed in last month's issue, is becoming more and more predominate in our exchange magazines. For genuine surprise and a sleepless, pondering night, "More Experience," by John F. Kenfield, Jr., in **The Carolina Magazine** (University of North Carolina), tops the list. It left us wondering who needed more experience. It is well written and holds your attention well after you have finished reading it by making you look for the conclusion elsewhere in the magazine.

The first issue of Clemson's **Agrarian** provides technical articles for the agricultural students. It is a fine supplement for curricular work and should be an aid in its value as future reference.

New Writers, magazine of the University of Kansas Writers' Workshop, contains anthologies of student writing. The excerpt from a novel by Carolyn MacKinnon, "Last Chapter," was extremely vivid in characterizations, and the "sample" promises that the novel will be excellent. The Writers' Workshop provides an outlet for unpublished works of students other than the regular magazine staff writers.

"Thirty Minutes is a Long Time," by Alfy Spence in **We of Wellesley,** was named the best freshman short story of last year. It employs "the stream of consciousness" technique and has a clever twist of plot reminiscent of O. Henry. "Sequin Straps," by Mimi Gilchrist, shows the aftermath of a summer romance. A very human story chucked full of pathos, portraying a drag week-end at Annapolis.

The sixtieth anniversary issue of the Duke **Archive** offers the recent works of past contributors. "My Life Among Sergeants," by Richard Austin Smith, is about Private Woggle, an ex-employment counselor, and three army sergeants interested in knowing civilian jobs suitable to their army talents. For those of you who enjoy riding the Army mule this is a must.

The Yale Lit, the oldest monthly magazine in American, contains criticisms "in general" of five modern writers. The notes on Hemingway by T. McMahon are enlightening, but heavy for leisure reading.

Georgia Tech's **Yellow Jacket** is packed from cover to cover (and what covers!) with good humor. You'll want to read this "mag" all the way through. Even the Exchange page is terrific. And we quote: "Virginia the Graveyard of the U. S. A.—Get the Hell Down to Virginia 100 — Battlefields — 100 Shrines, graves, skulls!! Every possible type of fun. No matter what your quest for pleasure, you're sure to find some form of death in Virginia. The grave of anyBODY who was anyBODY is in Virginia. Every square foot of ground has been trod upon by 32 presidents, 128 generals, 6 rebels and one (1) Kilroy. Take your pick. Bring your shovel. But come to Virginia." (Reprinted from "The Old Maid," of Randolph-Macon.)

The November issue of the Amherst **Touchstone** not only has an intriguing cover (Jo Ann Rogers is the cover's name), but "The Horrible Example," a story about an alcoholic professor's lecture—excuse me—a professor's lecture on alcoholics is a gem. Read it for yourself. A new addition to our exchange list is the Connecticut College **Quarterly.** The Fall issue contains a number of fine writings. "Barefaced Girl with Chic" is a parody on Max Shulman—if you want a laugh a second don't fail to read it. Boston University's **Beacon** is mostly narrative. The poems of Sally Parker should be enjoyable to all—it's blank verse.

The University of New Mexico **Thunderbird** is, as usual, filled with excellent stories. "Notes on Shakespeare," by Starr Jenkins, is one of the most clever satires I've read in a number of months. Those of you seeking footnotes for your term paper on Shakespeare cannot afford to miss this masterpiece.

The Fordham Monthly contains many stories and articles—all very short. For general all-round profit read this magazine. Columbia College's **Criterion** for November features "Soul of the South," a story of Negro family life as seen through the eyes of an outsider. It employs the theme that "happiness is where you find it." Poetry is again the mainstay of the magazine.

The Outlook, Vol. I, Issue I.—The first issue of spanking new magazine at Smith College. The make-up of the magazine is good—modern. Seven pages are devoted to the previous summer experiences of staff members. Its small staff of forty-one souls, four foreign correspondents included, have done a tolerable job. Everything taken into consideration, however, **The Outlook,** from here, looks good. **The Nassau Lit** of Princeton has a very fine collection of short-stories. Choose any of them—you can't go wrong. "The Lotis-Eaters—A Fragment," by Calvin Tomkins, is perhaps the most powerful. **The Owl** of Ohio Wesleyan University, is small but interesting. "The Escape," by Douglas Callander, is a "women is man's destruction" story. "The Snapshot," by Fred Messersmith, is a "worm turns" story—but good.

The first issue of the new, improved, and long

anticipated Winthrop **Journal** has combined the usual four small issues into two larger issues this year. "Tragedy in One Act" should be required reading for anyone contemplating a journalistic career. The sketches are short, well written and easily read in a few minutes. Although a larger than usual selection of poems have been included in the publication—orchids to Editor Jean Stender and crew!

The Columbia Review, of the New York University, is a "Reader's Digest" looking magazine with both professional and student writings. "You Are My Sunshine" will prove interesting to many. With only one or two exceptions, the complete content of the magazine is superior. Over at Converse, **The Concept** is, as usual, literary to the core. Most of the writings are extremely short—often too short for the proper development of the work. The poetry is very good. "Private Wilson Stayed for Supper," by Catherine Hallman Jones, is a young woman's story about the war, ship duty, and "Enemy planes approaching fifty miles away. Zero, zero, zero." "Abdul the Camel," by Peggy Bradford, and "Ever After," by Clara A. Childs, are truly little jewels of writing.

The Marquette Journal from Milwaukee is, withdoubt, in the class with the best college literary magazines. Read "The New Technique," by Jeb Byrne! "Fifteen 'Haiku,'" by Paul Joseph Stern, and "Timsey Mirbaum and the Evanescent Drug Store," by Editor Edwin Kennebeck and Peter Seng. Michigan State's **Spartan** is a humor "mag" that I'm certain you all will wish to peruse. Don't overlook "Yes, Virginia . . .," by Charles Gabel or M. S. C. Types (what do **you** major in?) at the football game—sketches by "Con." As a matter of fact, don't overlook **The Spartan.** And last, but indeed not least, the December issue of the University of Washington's **Columns** is a triumph. You won't want to miss a page of this one.

As last month, the magazines reviewed here will be placed on display in the library for you to read.

NIGHT FIRE

They are the remembered battles,
Causing your return to arms
Between consciousness and sleep.
Beat your palms against your
Ears, you who sleep in your
Hard-fought-for beds; your palms
Ward not away the screams but
Create little explosions, magnified
In your troubled brains.

—Peter Karegeannes

Book Reviews

(From page 17)

Now, by one of the best informed of all our modern-day journalists, comes a novel of civilian soldiers in Europe which surpasses in every way the Davidson novel. Lionel Shapiro is one of the better known news analysts in the broad expanses of the world of radio, via the Columbia Broadcasting System. Addicted to roaming the far corners of our increasingly smaller earth with a typewriter, Mr. Shapiro has accumulated a vast store of knowledge belying his 39 years of age. His insight into the characters of ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances is clearly revealed to us in this, his first novel.

He reveals to us, his audience, the secrets of why, in the words of his preface, ". . . our triumph of arms over Nazism was the merest of beginnings." He takes for the subject of his novel the struggle between Major Robert Lashley and his conscience. The Major is a prosecutor in the American courts of justice, and his brilliant prosecution of a German war criminal brings him an official citation. Yet, in his mind, he feels an inexplicable feeling of guilt over the outcome of his prosecution. The prisoner is sentenced to death on the unwavering strength of Lashley's successful prosecution.

Here is a powerful tale of dangerous love between the major and a Frenchwoman, condemned by her own people for collaboration. There is a thread of contempt for the all-powerful Army system of command running faintly through the yarn. Mr. Shapiro makes some effort to conceal it, yet fails.

The story is written in the sparse prose of the journalist, yet is powerful and gripping. Reader interest will be held at its peak.

"The Sealed Verdict" marks a milestone in the annals of present-day effort. To date, it is the greatest novel to come out of the atmosphere of a peacetime army in a foreign land.

—Warren Koon

The New Era

(From page 6)

of great masses of people but on the success of Christian endeavor to create within each individual a state of perfection. The harder we try, the speedier we will approach our goal.

If all your happiness is dependent upon the shaky human institutions of this one period of adventure in human relationships, you have reason to be afraid of the future. But if you recognize this "new era" as one more step closer to a goal which is much too far to be reached in one generation, then your optimism will never be lost.

The Last Man

(From page 4)

I suddenly wondered what her number was, but she said she had forgotten it. "Just call me Eve," she said. "And you are Adam.

So it was. Adam and Eve. The first people, and now the last. Ironical, but true.

We were in the edge of the wood. She picked a little berry and popped it into her mouth. I grabbed at her. "Watch out! Don't eat that! Don't you know the human stomach has atrophied from years of eating concentrates? You can't eat that! You'll die!"

She smiled, chewing all the while. "Aren't we atavists? Why shouldn't our stomachs be developed like the rest of our bodies? Those stupid ones would die, but we will not. Here, try one." She handed me a berry.

I took it, even if reluctantly. There was something domineering in her voice. I put the morsel in my mouth, and bit down. My mouth smarted and cramped with pain as salivary glands long unused started to function again. But I tried another, with more success. After eating several, I grew to like them.

Old Baka began to awaken, and Eve and I moved apart, I toward the strand, and Eve back into the shadows. The sun was sinking, so when Baka was fully awake, we left for home. About half way back I really was sorry I had eaten the berries. I was sick—so sick I feared I might not die. I didn't want Baka to know, for as stupid as she was, she might start wondering, and wonder herself to some conclusion which would prove calamitous to Eve and me. So on pretense I left the cabin and went aft. There was Eve, stowed away in the car. She comforted me as best she could. I stayed with her to the end of the trip.

We landed behind the library, and Baka and I got out. When I got to my room, Eve was already there. How she moved around so stealthily I never could figure out, but she was a slick woman. She stayed with me for several days, both of us living off my ration. The guards were searching all over for her, but no one thought to look in the old library. They were stupid.

We spent our days browsing all over the library. We even found a few places I had never been before. We found in one room the implements of war the ancients used. There were all kinds of explosives, guns, implements of destruction. Eve had a morbid interest in this room, and went in it constantly, studying the writings on the use of the weapons. Personally, I had no use for the things, but I knew better than to interfere with Eve. I also knew she would tell me as soon as she felt I needed to know. One day, she called me into the room, and told me what to do. We were going to take some explosives, go to a forgotten balcony above the germ-plasm globe and blow it up.

She surprised me completely. I was taken aback. "But what of the race? It will perish without this germ plasm for reproduction. We are better off like we are than we would be if we destroyed the race."

She laughed her superior laugh. "Can't we eat organic food? Aren't we different from them? We aren't bound to their foolish germ plasm. We can start a new, better race."

"You mean we can reproduce? We aren't sterile?" I could not grasp the idea at first.

She said not a word, but only looked at me, blushing. We sat down to work out the plot.

Eve had been around the birth center. How an atavist managed that I didn't know, but she was a sly girl. Anyway, she knew of a forgotten passageway to a balcony overlooking the globe of life in its arena, and she knew the combination necessary to open the door. We were to slip to this balcony, drop some explosives on the germ plasm, and escape in the panic certain to follow.

We made all ready, including seeing that the rocket car was fueled, and late one afternoon we slipped out, in our old disguise as elders. We walked down back streets, through seldom-used sections, and finally reached a battered old door. Eve pushed it open, and we both entered. We passed row upon row of dust-covered machinery idle for long eons. We climbed stairs, went through a maze of passageways, and finally came to a locked door. Eve took out a pitch pipe, blew three tones, repeated aloud 74-17-41, and the door, its ancient mechanism creaking to life, slowly swung open. We went up more stairs, down more passages, and finally stepped onto a small balcony high above an arena. There below, like ants, were women guarding their precious globe. In the center was the globe itself, an amber crystal glowing from the lights beamed on it. We looked over the setup. There were guards on the roofs, on the ground, in ships flying above. They meant to protect this future of their race. But all their troubles were to no avail. I dropped the package of explosive and ducked.

The noise was like a retaliation of the gods. Plaster fell all around. I glanced over the balcony. The globe was shattered. Its precious plasm was lost. Guards were running about like creatures possessed. Then they spotted us. Sirens wailed. Gongs sounded. We ran. The stairs were in shambles. We stumbled, fell where several steps

were out. We got up only to stumble again. Eve fell and was knocked out. I grabbed her up and ran on. We came to the combination door. I blew the pipe, called out 17-74-41. No motion. I tried again. 47-14-41. Still nothing. I was getting panicky. I knew the guards would soon be on us. I blew the pipe again. 74-17-14. No motion. Now I was desperate, frantic. Once more. I hit it right. 74-17-41. The tumblers fell, but the door didn't move. the blast had jammed it. I threw my weight against it. Again. Again. I rested. With a blow beyond any strength I had known, I burst it open. Down I raced, carrying Eve. Steps were missing. I fell. I bumped into the old machinery, tearing my cloak off. I held on to Eve. I would not leave her. Better for both of us to die than for her to die alone. I made the door to the outside. Eve had revived, but was still groggy. We dashed onto the street. Down the street. Out to our car. Up and away. To the mountains far south.

This is the story of the end of one world and the beginning of another. Maybe our children will build of this world a much better home than the women had. Eve and I hope they can.

Paso-Doble

(From page 15)

then, had he not thrown her his cape! Her hair would be dark and full, and she would blush as he asked her for a favor to wear in the ring the next time. Then they would take a glass of wine together, and he would tell her of his dream of becoming the greatest matador in the world, a dream already started. She would become flustered, and in a nervous gesture would perhaps knock over her glass. He could see the rich red wine as it spread in a pool on the table top, collecting dust on its surface with the dim light shining through it.

He stirred as he watched the brilliant liquid flow onto the sand. He could hear the dull cries from the stands, and out of the corner of his eye could see the feet of the other **matadores** as they distracted the bull with their capes. Then he watched the red stream as it splashed in a vivid pattern on the sand. The sun danced in the stream as he followed it across and up to its source where it flowed unevenly from between the torn silver embroidery on his tight breeches across his groin. The silver had already turned red, and the black velvet was becoming darker as he heard again the muttered comments of his father on a fight that they had watched together long ago.

"He hooks to the right. Fast pivot. He hooks to the right this time . . . fast pivot, fool!"

The Moon Out of Reach

(From page 7)

volume of poetry, and it was easy to see that her attention was pretty well taken by it. So Henry felt it was safe to look at her a bit. She wasn't exactly a pretty girl—she wore glasses, and it's fairly well accepted that girls who wear glasses just can't be called pretty girls. At least that's what Henry's roommate had said.

She had a thin, triangular face set off by a high forehead and a delicate, slightly tilted nose. She wore a light shade of lipstick that seemed just right for the dark blue eyes that peered out from behind her shell-rimmed glasses. Her honey-colored hair was parted in the middle and held back on both sides by a pair of plain little clips. She was dressed in a white rayon blouse that opened at the neck to show a tiny little necklace.

"I don't care what George says," Henry thought, "I think she's pretty—even if she does wear glasses." Then he had to duck his head back into the magazine, because Margaret had closed her book and was picking up her little wallet to leave.

Henry tried to get his mind on the magazine he had taken from the rack, but he couldn't think for asking himself, "What's the matter with you?" He had never had a girl. Oh, he'd been out with them before because Mother said that all boys should, but he never knew what to say or how to act around girls. And he always felt, after he took a girl home, that she had had a miserable time. So about three years ago, Henry had bluntly told himself that he just wasn't the "girl type." He told himself that now, but it didn't seem to help him concentrate on the magazine.

He didn't get back to the library until Friday. But there's no use denying that he made it a point to sit again at the same table with Margaret. Yep. He found himself a book, looked around, and headed straight for the table where she was sitting. Of course he had no idea of striking up a conversation, or even of finding out her name. He just sat at her table because he wanted to sit at her table. He must have been sitting there a half hour when suddenly she giggled. Henry looked up startled—instinctively afraid that she was laughing at him. Their eyes met and she, a little embarrassed, shoved the book she had been reading across to him. She pointed to a little poem at the bottom of the page, as if in explanation for an untimely outburst. He noticed that it was the same little brown book. But he couldn't make his eyes focus on the poem. All he could see was a lot of blurry words that

didn't seem to make any sense at all. He stared at the page for what he thought was sufficient time for reading the poem, then looked back up at her, laughed a little, and pushed the book back to her. That was all, but it was a beginning.

Henry's mind was full of thoughts as he walked back toward the dormitory. How could he ever find out her name? What excuse could he possibly figure out to get to talk to her. If he ever got the chance, he knew that to her he could talk and talk and talk. But how? He knew also that unless he did something, she would probably never even look at him again. But he didn't know anything about girls—how was a boy supposed to go about meeting a girl like this? Of course—George! George knew everything there was to know about girls. He'd know what to do. Henry thought of how lucky he was to have a roommate like George.

That night after they went to bed Henry began. "George."

"Yeah, Henry."

"George, suppose you wanted to meet a girl and . . ." At this George sat straight up in bed. Henry was a little embarrassed and a little uneasy, but he was determined to make himself say it. He began again. "George, I've met—I mean I know—I mean—. Aw, George, there's this girl I want to meet, and I don't know anybody who knows her, and I don't even know her name, and I saw her in the library, and I don't know just how to go about it, and I figured since you know all there is to know about women you could give me some ideas."

There. He had said it.

George didn't say anything for a while. Then he began, and there was a note of proud condescension in his tone. "Henry, it's simple. I've got your problem all figured out already. You're pretty lucky you asked me." Henry was sure he was. "Now, all you've got to do is to be bold. Yep. In a case like this, the only thing to do is to be bold. Now here's what you do. There's a dance at the gym tomorrow night, see. So tomorrow when you see her, you just walk up to her and say, "My name is Henry Houseman, and I've been watching you, and I'd like to take you to the dance tonight." Then she'll say she'd be glad to go, and you can ask her name and where she lives, and you'll be all squared away. It's just that simple."

Henry weighed the plan over in his mind, decided that George knew what he was talking about in matters like this, and said, "Thanks, George, I'll try that."

The next afternoon Henry walked around the campus till three o'clock getting up nerve to carry out his plan. Then he set his jaw determinedly and marched into the library. He found Margaret sitting at a table in the corner, and walked over.

He rehearsed in his mind once more what George had told him to say. Then he tapped her on the shoulder. She looked up and he took a deep breath and began. "My name is Henry Houseman, and I've been watching you, and I'd like to take you to the dance tonight."

Margaret's head snapped up and in her expression there was first surprise, then fluster, but nothing of consent. Then her eyes fell and fixed themselves on her fingers, which were fumbling at the binding of the book. Her answer was soft but completely final, "I'm sorry, but I have plans." With that she turned the page.

Henry walked in a daze around and around the square in the center of the campus. "Dog-gone that George. I should have known. Oh, I should have known. Now what'll I do. How could I ever hope to do anything about anything after that? Golly, I'm sunk! Well, at least I could—." Then he had the idea.

That night he went back to the library, pulled a book from the shelf, and carefully copied the name and author on a scrap of paper. The next afternoon he came back with a little square package wrapped neatly in white paper and bound with scotch tape. He walked over to the boy at the desk, handed him the package, and pointed over to Margaret sitting at the table in the corner. Then he took a seat at one of the center tables where he could watch. The boy took the package over; Margaret looked up and began to open it. Henry's heart was in his throat. "What if . . . Of course she'll . . ."

Margaret pulled aside the wrapping and took out the little brown book. Henry thought he saw her smile, but he couldn't be sure. She thumbed through the pages briefly, then picked up the note Henry had put inside the fly. As she began to read, Henry's mind followed her eyes and repeated the note word for word. He had worked on that note. It had to be right. It began, "I don't know your name, and I know you don't know mine. But I come to the library nearly every day, and I see you here almost every time I come. I thought maybe if we met, we could find that we had lots in common. I hope you'll forgive me for the stupid way I came and asked you to go to the dance with me yesterday. I don't know what prompted me to do it.

"Nearly every time I see you, you are reading this same little volume of poetry. I thought it must be your favorite book. I hope you'll accept this copy of it from me. By the way, I read it last night, and I like it too.

"Would you think me too fresh if I asked to

when she smiled. Henry smiled too. His only thought was that he wished he could get rid of that funny feeling in his stomach. Then—yeah. Slowly, silently, but very definitely she nodded her head. Henry felt like turning cartwheels.

They went to the movies. They went to lots of movies. And parties and dances and bowling and swimming and skating—lots of things. Then sometimes Henry would go around to see her and they would do nothing but read. But most of the time Henry talked. He talked and talked about practically everything. And Margaret never tired of listening.

Henry's awful proud of Margaret, and there's nothing he'd rather do than talk about her to the boys. But there's one thing that he and Margaret have that few people know about, because Henry just doesn't talk about it. It's a little poem on page 43 of the little brown book. Almost every night when the moon is full you can see Henry and Margaret walking around the campus, looking up at the moon. Henry's usually talking, but if you know about the poem, you know what's in the back of their minds. It's called—

THE MOON OUT OF REACH

Away in the sky
High over our heads
With the width of the world between,
The far moon sails
Like a shining ship
Which the dreamer's eyes have seen.

And many are the hands
Outstretched in vain
And aching eyes beseech,
And hearts may break
That cry for the moon,
The silver moon out of reach.

But sometimes God, on his
Great white throne
Looks down from His heaven above,
And lays in the hands
That are empty
The tremulous star of Love.

—Author Unknown

The Dark Canvas

(From page 13)

"That is my girl," I said in Greek.

He made a motion with one hand held against the palm of the other, the fingers held together as if a pencil belonged in them.

"Pencil and paper?"

He nodded and I went to my room and brought them to him. I gave him an album to use as a support and he wrote on the paper in Greek.

"Your girl is very beautiful," he wrote. "Is she a Greek girl?"

I had no trouble reading his clearly spaced handwriting; in fact, it had been quite a while since I'd read any Greek that was as legible as his.

"No," I said. "She is an American girl."

The fact that we'd managed to find a method of direct communication pleased him. He wrote again:

"What is her name?"

"Helen," I said.

"That is a Greek name. She is very beautiful and I should like very much to paint her."

"Do you paint?"

"Yes. I used to."

"Fine! What do you like to paint? Girls especially?"

He smiled at me and shrugged with his eyebrows. He thought for a few seconds, then wrote again:

"I like to paint everything."

"Do you have the material?"

"No," he wrote.

"I will get you the material tomorrow," I said. "Paints, brushes . . . everything."

He nodded and I went to the phonograph to change the record.

"Does the music please you?" I asked over my shoulder.

He wrote on the paper and gave it to me. "The music is beautiful. I would like to paint as the music sounds. I have never heard music like this."

"What else do you like to do, Thanasis? Do you like to read?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"Very much. Do you read English?" I asked this a little apprehensively.

"No, but I like to read French, German and Russian.".

"That is wonderful. Where did you learn all that?"

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"My friends taught me some, I taught myself some."

The last of Brahm's "Second Symphony" lapsed off into silence. I put "Clair de Lune" on the turntable next, placing the needle on it gently and listening to it cut into the grooves—the silence preceding the actual beginning of the music. It was one of my prize records and I wanted to avoid playing it with a needle that was too dull.

The music came into the room, filling it with the sad sound of its first few bars. I straightened up and suddenly felt my shoulder being pulled. I turned around quickly. Thanasis was waving his hands wildly in front of his face, gesturing at the record and saying something with his open mouth that did not come up from his throat.

I saw that it was the music and I took the playing arm off the record.

Thanasis had sat down and was writing on the paper, his hands trembling. He kept shaking his head like a man who had lost all coordination.

When he gave me the paper, I read: "I do not like that music. Forgive me. It frightens me."

He slept in my room, in the bed that my brother ordinarily used. It was empty now; my brother was at the University and only came home during the longer holidays.

I got the art material for him that I'd promised and we set up the easel in one corner of the room. The day I'd brought the material home, he unwrapped it like a small boy with a Christmas toy, very happy and with an infantile enthusiasm. I'd also brought him several books—in the languages he could read—and he was happy over these too. He praised the beauty of the books and wrote that they were unlike the kind of books that could be gotten in Greece now.

"These are very expensive. I am grateful."

I explained the American scale of values to him and tried to point out how inexpensive they were by comparison. He pretended to understand but I knew that he didn't. I could see his appreciation in the way he looked at me as he fondled the covers of the books or when he mixed the paints.

Between my classes at the college, my studies, and the time I spent with Helen, there was little time left that I could devote to Thanasis. He sensed this and wrote that he was happy and amply occupied with his painting and reading. Strangely enough, though, I enjoyed our relationship and, as the days passed, I began finding more time to be with him by re-arranging many of my activities.

The "Claire de Lune" incident was still on my mind and I told my mother and Dad about it. We

decided it would be best if the record was never played. My mother advanced the theory that it might have something to do with the boy's experiences during the war. I'd thought of that myself and we all agreed that it was very plausible. In order to make perfectly sure that the record was not played, my mother took it out of the album and put it in the storage closet.

Thanasis, we all agreed, was a well-behaved boy. He spent most of his time in the room. I asked him what it was he was painting and he answered that it was something in his mind that he wanted to make a picture of. I told him of all the scenic spots around the city that would make good subjects.

"First, I shall do here what is in my mind, then the other things you mention. What is in my mind, is also what is left of my world. I must begin there and later I shall begin these other things; gradually, I hope to possess within me the entirety of your world, also."

"This is your world now," I told him. "After all . . . is it not the same world? You will be with us a long time and you must learn it as your world. As much as that which is behind you."

"You do not make two worlds within a lifetime. My world is the one in which I lived before this."

He kept his painting covered with an old table cloth which my mother had given him for that purpose. He asked me not to look at it until he had finished; I promised that I wouldn't. The temptation to do so was strong at times and perhaps it was mostly my fear of the results of looking at it against his wishes that helped me resist this temptation.

This idea of bringing Thanasis new pleasures became an obsession with me; I found myself during all times of the day wracking my brain for ways to bring them to him. Whenever I passed a bookstore, I couldn't resist going inside, hoping to find a new book in one of the languages he read. He usually read his books before going to bed and when he sunned himself in the backyard, as my mother insisted he do.

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WATCH FOR —
WALK IN THE DARK
In the March Issue

As time passed, however, he read less and less and spent more time at his easel. He had turned it around so that he could paint with his back to the window, the easel facing away from anyone in the room.

I asked him a number of times if he'd like to go on a picnic with Helen and me or perhaps play golf with us, but he always refused.

"I want to finish the painting," he wrote. "Who knows . . . perhaps it will be a good one and we can sell it for some fabulous sum."

To Helen, Thanasis had become something of a legend. I talked about him often and she kept insisting that I bring him to dinner some night. I told her that I had tried to take him away from his work and that it hadn't done any good. One day, I tried again and, to my surprise, this time he agreed.

"The painting is almost finished. It may be good for me to begin seeing something of my new world."

He smiled at me as I read this.

"It will be very good for you," I said.

Before we left the house, Thanasis made sure cloth was securely fastened over the painting. He asked my advice as to what he must wear for the evening, because—and he heavily underlined this part of the note—he wanted to impress her.

"If I am going to live in your world, I do not want to carry the flavor of the old into your girl's house."

Helen's apartment was on the first floor of a duplex, situated at the end of the street—the street itself ending a few yards below the house in a patch of evergreen trees that drifted downhill into a small creek.

She met us at the door and I introduced Thanasis to her. After squeezing my hand, she led us into the apartment. Thanasis looked at me, a smile in his eyes; Helen had met with his approval.

She smiled at us and asked us to sit down. In a way, it was all very amusing; Helen and I weren't used to this formality in her apartment. We exchanged glances to that effect.

"Well, now," she smiled at Thanasis. "I haven't quite finished cooking, but I hope you're going to like my cooking."

I laughed and told Thanasis in Greek what she had said. He had been watching her lips closely, concentrating on every movement as if he could actually understand her. He smiled at her as I explained and nodded his head.

She talked directly to him during the conversation that followed; she did it so that it was almost like a mother talking to her infant child. Thanasis listened to her with that same sort of concentration and, strangely, I felt at times that my efforts at interpreting for him were a waste of everybody's time.

I saw once that Thanasis wanted to say something and I asked Helen to get paper and pencil. When she gave them to him, he wrote the note and walked across the room to give it to me.

"Tell her that she is beautiful and very kind."

"Your cousin has good taste," Helen said laughingly when I told her. "But I'm not being kind."

Thanasis guessed her approval by the way she had spoken. It pleased him greatly that he had made his point and he relaxed back in his chair.

Helen excused herself in order to get back to the kitchen and Thanasis picked up some magazines. He leafed through them with interest, pausing at some colorful ad that had caught his attention and puzzling over the wording.

"Oh; almost forgot," Helen said from the kitchen. She came out of the kitchen, drying her hands on her apron. She smiled at us and made a dramatic gesture at me with an outflung arm. "Got to have music," she said.

Perhaps it was because I had become so used to the special smile on her lips that I didn't attach the significance to it that I should have; I should have known that she was about to do something premeditated . . . something that she'd thought up to please me.

But the record was on and playing before I realized what it was; just for tonight, she had decided to play the record she knew to be my favorite.

I saw it all at once, as I came up off the chair; that I could hate her for this thing, yet that it was myself I should hate for not having warned her.

With cold horror in the pit of my stomach, I shouted so loudly that she jumped around quickly, a look on her face that hung somewhere between uncertainty and the belief that I'd decided suddenly to play a joke on her.

I lunged across the room and grabbed at the whirling record. She jumped back, her mouth dropping; she'd never seen me act like this . . . I'd never raised my voice to her. I was cursing above the wounded animal sound of the squealing music.

The record fell on the floor and the top of the cabinet on my fingers. I did not feel the pain but turned around quickly to look at Thanasis; he was standing up, his entire body stiff so that his trouser

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legs had suddenly become too short for him. The frightened look on his face turned into rage. He began flinging his arms around, low gurgles coming out of his mouth. The sound coming out of him changed into a high moan. He ran at us and stepped on the record, his feet tearing it to bits. He kicked the pieces against the wall, looked at me with the eyes of a man who's been betrayed by his best friend and, suddenly, ran out of the room into the hall. I heard the door slam shut.

In that second, I was torn between two desires —to comfort Helen and to comfort Thanasis . . . comfort each for different reasons, one for reasons I didn't remotely understand. Helen was crying into her hands. I put my arm around her for a second, then pushed her gently to the sofa. She looked up and reached out her arms for me, but I turned and ran after Thanasis.

He hadn't gone far; he was standing outside the house, looking wildly about like an animal who hears his pursuers but don't understand their direction of attack. I caught him by the shoulders and talked to him, saying all the comforting things I could find in the patch-quilt of my mind.

My father came out of the room with the doctor at his side. I was standing in the hall and my mother and Helen were quietly framed in a door opening further down the hall.

"I gave him morphine," the doctor said. "He'll sleep now. I don't know exactly what it is."

"No idea at all, Doctor?" my father asked.

"Shock is all I can see. He'll be all right for tonight. From what you've told me, though, I've got to send those fellows down here tomorrow."

A woman's voice made a pained sound; I couldn't be sure if it was my mother's or Helen's.

My father looked at the doctor as if he were about to say something. He didn't but looked at me instead; there was bewilderment in his eyes.

All of them walked into the front room; I heard their voices in the different pitch of their concern. Quietly, I went into my room. I heard the boy's deep breathing in the bed. I opened a drawer of the small chest and took out my flashlight.

Then I went to his easel and got between it and the window. For the fraction of a long second I wasn't sure that I was doing the right thing. But I lifted the table cloth and snapped the light on the painting.

It was a childish pattern of one table, several dark figures in green uniforms, an obscure object that might have been a phonograph and—stretched out on the table—Thanasis. I knew it was Thanasis because there was no mouth on his face.

BLUEBIRD *of* HAPPINESS

The poet with his pen,
The peasant with his flower;
It makes no difference who you are,
It's all the same somehow.
The king upon his throne,
The jester at his feet;
The artist, the actress,
The man on the street—
It's a life of smiles and a life of tears;
It's a life of hope and a life of fears.

A blinding torrent of rain
And a brilliant burst of sun,
A biting, tearing pain
And bubbling, sparkling fun.
And no matter what you have,
Don't envy those you meet.
It's all the same; it's in the game—
The bitter and the sweet.
And if things don't look so cheerful,
Just show a little fight.
For every bit of darkness,
There's a little bit of light.
For every bit of hatred,
There's a little bit of love,
For every cloudy morning,
There's a midnight moon above.

—Author unknown

Strive!!

Knowledge, the highway to all perfection
Leads straight in only one direction,
Truth. Truth, the master of all might,
Changes darkness into a helping light;
The light of righteousness, heavenly and revealing.
This should be to all soul-appealing.
A clearer insight into our Maker's world
Could this way, this way only be unfurled.
Every man should seek all Knowledge,
Not only in books, not only in college,
But all through life in every way
He should make time count day by day.

—David Holler

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Sequel to The Ancient Mariner

(From page 10)

"My tongue did swell, my eyes grew weak,
My ear did seek to hear the bell,
Of Unfeared Death's approaching knell.
Hot grew the sun, the sun grew hot,
And on the deck I fell.

"And on my back, I saw it tack—
Come veering through the sky;
A sail! a ship!—though parched my lip,
I sought to draw each eye.

"My arm I bit, in a frenzied fit,
To moisten my blackened tongue;
I drank my blood, that reddish flood,
And straight aloud I sung: 225

"'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.'

"They stared at me, as though to see,
If I had berserk gone;
But then it hit, the water split,
And it stopped with a creaking moan.

"It stopped—yes, stopped! It stopped, I say,
And I did stare aghast;
As if it had been an iron-barred door,
The sun straight through it passed. 237

"A shadow dark, upon the bark,
I saw in fateful play;
I saw them all, through a sun-pierced wall,
On a hellish holiday.

"On deck were three, in ecstasy,
Throwing a pair of dice;
A man, a girl, and a pale-faced churl,
All ridden with shameless vice. 245

"Up jumped she, she jumped up,
Hissing a winning cry;
'I've lost 'most all, but one did fall,
And he shall never die!'
Living death was she, and her decree,
Did the Mariner's soul appal.

"And now men, as dark as sin,
One by one dropt down;
Up turned their eyes, all black with flies,
And hollow all around.

"I was alone, all, all alone,
With Hellish corpses stinking;
Their bodies dried, my moves they pried,
With baleful eyes unblinking. 259

"And now the ship, her prow did dip,
And straight-forth plunged away;
There was no wind the boat to send,
But it flew in agony.

"And then those men, in Death's dark glen,
Uprose with silent motion;
At me they stared, at me they glared,
Upon that fearful ocean.

"'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The spirits came, I heard them there,
I heard their voices in the air;
They made veiled threats—
Their tones reached me in somber jets,
And I could not choose but hear.
My soul seemed dead, and hung like lead,
Within a structure bare.

"And then my eyes, in great surprise,
Saw the port ahead;
The quiet-ones sank, upon the deck,
And once again were dead.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
Were coming in their boat;
The Hermit too—straight on they flew,
And I began to gloat.

"But then the ship, with one loud rip,
Beneath the surface sank;
And I grew faint, and woke on board,
The Pilot's little plank.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shreiked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars, the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.' 302

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.'" 310

Part IV

FINAL JUDGEMENT OF THE MARINER'S SOUL

And now that jury, like fateful fury,
Did fly out to their room;
Their voices high, in anger's cry,
Seeped back to the court's quiet gloom.

And it was soon, 'twas scarcely noon,
When the jurors filed back in;
The chairman rose, the courtroom knows,
That the Mariner's case must win.

And when he spake, his voice did fail,
"We can't condemn this ancient male;
He's had his Hell, he's faced Death's knell
Let him to Heaven go."
And down he sat, the Mariner cried,
His tears of joy did flow. 324

I come from the Town of Stupidity; it lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction.
—Bunyan

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Palestinian Maze

(From page 12)

whole outlook resembles that which was used to justify Hitler's Germany in adding helpless Czechoslovakia to Germany's **Lebensraum** (space required for life).

The Rev. Bridgeman further states that:

> No matter what is done with Palestine, the 'Jewish Problem' which Zionists define as fundamentally their 'homelessness,' will remain exactly what it is. There will be Jews in great numbers in every country willing to have them. To attempt to justify the sacrifice of the rights and feelings of the Arabic-speaking peoples of Palestine on the grounds that it will solve this international Jewish problem once and for all is vain. For Christians to propose that the Arabic-speaking peoples of Palestine open their gates to Jews, when they themselves in the USA and Great Britain argue that they cannot accept more Jewish immigration is plain hypocracy and a travesty of Christian Charity.

Rev. Bridgeman has named the sole solution to the Palestinian problem—the acceptance of homeless Jews by those nations able to do so. Even with the partition of Palestine this is necessary because, as the Committee of Inquiry which was appointed by the Government of England reported after studying the situation in Palestine, "Palestine alone cannot meet the immigration needs of the Jewish victims and such information as we have received about countries other than Palestine give no hope of substantial assistance in finding homes for Jews." They also reported that Palestine, only about as large as Vermont, cannot support adequately its present population, and an influx of immigrants would make that problem even more acute. The population of Palestine is now greater per square mile than is the population of the United States, and Palestine has large sections of dry, unproductive deserts to be subtracted from its already small area.

With the undemocratic partition accomplished through the leadership of the United States, which temporarily abandoned its principles of majority rule of the governed themselves—there is nothing we can do except open our doors to Jews and use our influence on other nations to do likewise. This will relieve the pressure on Palestine. We must also try to show the Jews that they themselves are to blame for a large percentage of the persecution which has been hurled upon them. We owe it to ourselves and to mankind to endeavor to show the Jews that they welcome misunderstanding and persecution by being "isolated religionists" who are forever looking for a chance to shout, "We persecuted Jews!" We owe it to mankind, and espe-

cially to the Jews, to prove to them that they will be persecuted as long as they train their minds and their children's minds to believe that they always have been and always will be persecuted. It is up to the Jews to make the all-important step of de-isolating themselves and mingling with mankind as true brothers. We owe our wholehearted sympathies to the Jews (and all other homeless Europeans), but we must not allow our sympathies ever again to blind us to the requirements of justice. We must never again allow our government to go against the principles which we consider so dear and inflict upon a people a settlement, a government, or a partitioning of their homeland (if they be not a vanquished enemy whose actions in a previous war justify such a partitioning). May this wasting of blood forever determine us never again to allow our government to back a plan to gather foreigners from the four corners of the globe to seize any part of a country against the will of that country's people. May God help us and those involved in this fight to learn to live more peacefully with our brothers in the future and preserve the blood of future generations to work for peace on earth, good will toward men

---

Sonnet

The hard-pushed hart drinks deeply of the spring.
Behind, the hunters ride in fighting trim;
Except to kill, they know no other thing.
Only to slack his burning thirst to him
Had mattered when the water he did smell.
His heaving, sweat-soaked flanks had changed their hue;
The tenseness he possessed one cannot tell.
The hunters came to where the thick trees grew;
Away the hart did bound with flag so white;
Over the bubbling spring with grace he rose;
The hunters followed, shouting their delight.
The hart refused to yield to such as those.
Over the wooded hill he sprang away—
Mere men could not deprive him of his play.

—Robert Steadman

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Even daffier than the definitions is the fact that we pay a buck apiece for any of these we can't resist. That's why we're shooting one rock to *Louis W. Geier of New Orleans* for our lead-off definition:

Refresher course—a path to the nearest bottle of Pepsi.

Father—the kin we love to touch.

Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.

Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.

Twins—insult added to injury.

★ ★ ★

Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

$100.00

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE

"_____"

The guy who drew this had a caption in mind, but before he could put it on paper, the man in the white coat collected him. So we'll pay $5 for the best titles we get. Or send in your own original cartoon idea. $10 for just the idea . . . $15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: $15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr., of St. Louis Univ.*; $5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland of Syracuse Univ.; David S. Steiner of Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French of Hotchkiss School.*

HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines of Knoxville, Tenn.; Ned Curran of Fordham University; Melvin Harrison of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paul Pavalon, of Madison, Wis.*; and *Francis J. Chupa of Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?
She: Why, *you*, silly!

He: May I kiss you?
She: (Silence).
He: May I please kiss you?
She: (More silence).
He: Say, are you deaf?
She: No, are you paralyzed?

She: Your head is like a doorknob.
He: How come?
She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks Pepsi-Cola with a straw.
She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.
He: That is a problem.
She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.

Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?

LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a deuce in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell of Austin, Texas:*

Muffinhead Moron, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and *strained* myself!"

$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?

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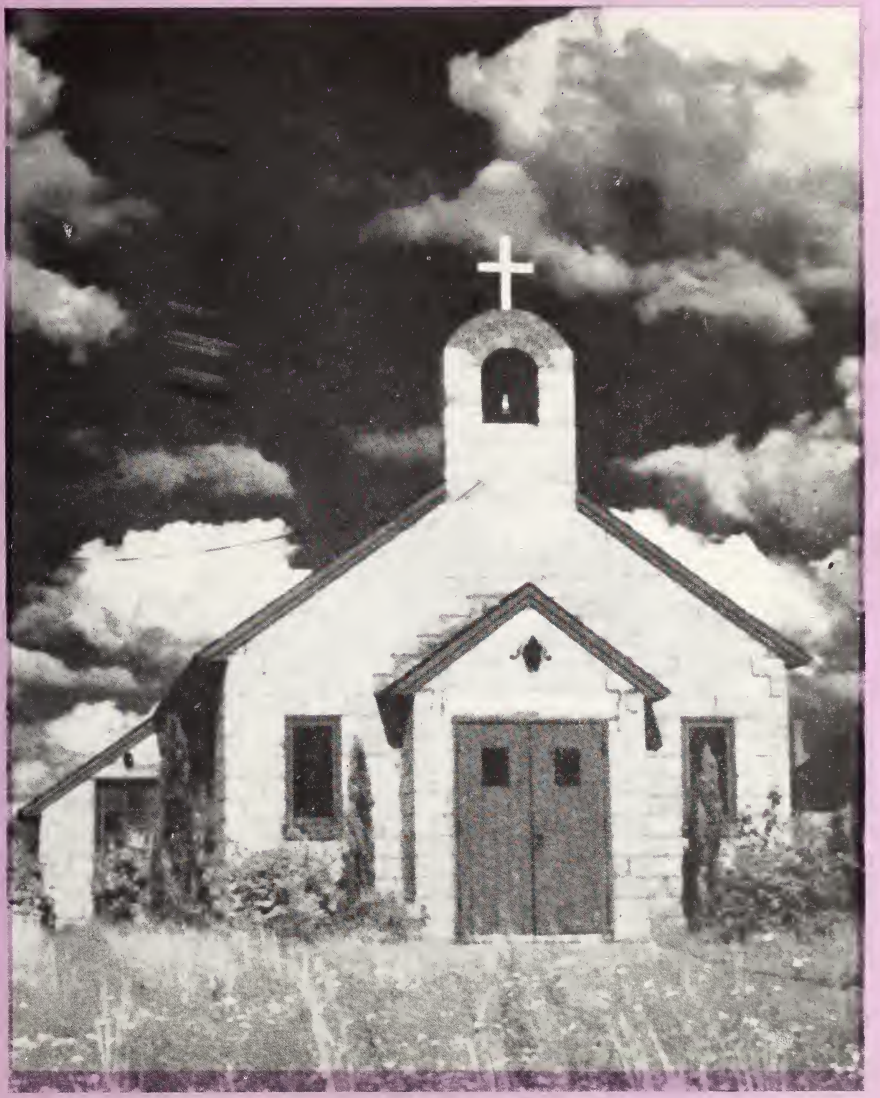
The Journal

a. m. du Pre



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THE Journal

Literary Magazine of Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

Vol. LVIII MARCH 1948 No. 4

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Monthly Memos

After a violent struggle with ice, snow, sleet, and the weather-man, spring has managed finally to overpower winter and bring to us another season of tennis, daffodils, and overall freshness. This freshness is evidenced not only in inanimate objects but also in the student body; not only will the thought of spring holidays give us new life but the very season itself with all its amorous tendencies will cause the already well worn ruts to Converse and other "centers of learning" to deepen. And as an indirect result, this awakening of the average Wofford student's fancy will undoubtedly create a more active interest in observing the arrival and departure of the evening planes at the local airport—ah, the thrill of the wild blue yonder!

But to continue in a more serious vein; our thoughts must naturally turn to the occasion which we celebrate during the coming spring holidays; a period of solemn joy, of quiet exultation. For Easter is a time of mixed emotion: of sorrow for our Saviour's death, but of joy for the resurrection of The Prince of Peace. It is a holiday respected by both God and His servant, man.

In tune with the hallowed thoughts of Easter is the cover photograph; a mission chapel, a pure symbol of the simple undecorated faith which has aided our nation since its early beginnings. This striking photograph was created by the use of infra-red photography, which accounts for the majestic contrast of sky and clouds.

For an intense picture of a wartime hospital ward as seen through the eyes of Mike, an army sergeant, turn the page and read "Distant Thunder," by Peter Karegeannes. The author has carefully recreated for his readers a scene which will stir the soul of anyone who wears or respects the Purple Heart.

Warren Koon has turned out a first-class short story entitled "Bus Stop," which is included in this issue of The Journal. "Bus Stop" is well worth the reader's attention.

"By Exchange," executed by L. Poindexter Watts, is featured again this month. Don't miss the enjoyment of perusing the exchange magazines on display for your convenience in the Library. These magazines give every Wofford student a chance to examine first hand the creative work of students throughout the country.

Three more literary magazines have been added to the exchange list: the Aurora of Agnes Scott, the Review of the University of Chicago, and the Pen of the University of Utah.

For a sample of creative writing from the University of Maine see this month's reprint from the December '47 issue of the **Pine Needle** entitled "The House," by Ted Gridley. This fine work will please the short story enthusiast.

The editorial staff is happy to add to their roster the name of Robert V. Craig, who will fill the position of Literary Editor. His work in the past has been of an essential character to The Journal and we wish him the best of success with his added responsibilities.

We, the staff members are delighted with the material which has been received thus far for The Journal. We believe that your contributions have displayed marked talent and ability.

We are still in need of contributions for the final issue. With your support and effort we will attempt to produce a publication more interesting than any of the preceding issues. Give us your aid toward this end, and we will endeavor to include in the May issue of your magazine the very finest that Wofford College has to offer in literary talent. So don't hold back; give us poems, short stories, and non-fiction; whatever your particular literary talents may be, share them with the student body by submitting them to us.

We welcome any suggestions that you have which will enable us to add luster and enjoyment to The Journal.

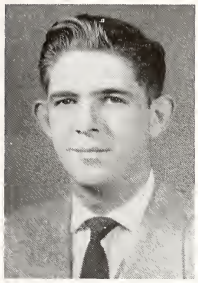
—THE EDITOR

BUS STOP

By Warren Koon

I eased open the swinging door and went into the smoky station cafe.

Hangers-on stared at me curiously as I put my notebook and battered suitcase on the red, imitation leather top of one of the stools and hoisted myself up on the one beside it. I leaned my elbows on the bar and looked around me. The bar itself was warped slightly in the middle, and was too high for the stools, so that to lean your elbow on it gave you an uncomfortable feeling. I looked around behind me while I waited for the disinterested waitress to decide whether to come over to where I was or not.



The entire atmosphere of the cafe was gloomy. The dim light bulbs, hanging on long cords from the ceiling did not add anything to cheer up the general appearance.

In the rear of the big room, near the double doors which led to the kitchen, a heavily-muscled Negro girl was making a half-hearted attempt at mopping the filthy floor with a huge wet mop. As I watched her, a big Negro came out of the kitchen and slapped her playfully on her upturned rump in passing. He grinned broadly as he went by me, winking with that self-assurance which comes of possessing some secret knowledge.

The waitress in the dirty, once-white uniform sidled up to the bar where I was sitting and glanced at me for a full half-minute from under half-closed lids. I looked back steadily and finally—

"What'll ya have?"

"Coffee."

"With?"

"With what?"

"Cream and sugar."

"Thanks, but I'll put my own in," I growled at her. "That is, if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind. But the boss does."

"Okay, okay. Just let me have it."

Sitting there, sipping the luke-warm coffee, with cream and sugar, compliments of the boss, I thought of the times I could be having. Me, Johnny Neale. Sitting here in this crummy, two-bit joint, drinking evil-tasting coffee from a thick cup. Not even a good cup. There was a big crack running jaggedly from top to bottom. I wanted to be back home, in the city. Bright lights, music, friends. These things I was beginning to need, bad.

I'm a pretty fair rewrite man with the AP bureau up in the city, but last week I had had to come down to this one-horse town to nose out some facts on a Seaboard Airline crack-up which had happened just outside of Medford. I had written the story and phoned it in to the desk. I figured that it should wash me up with this burg, but the old man told me to hang around a week and to let him know if anything worthwhile turned up. He had some inside stuff from somewhere, because about two days later, some big wheels from the C.A.B. came down to look at the wreckage which was scattered all over a small cotton field. The only thing that happened was an "unavoidable" report which absolved anything or anyone from any blame in connection with the accident.

So I was sitting in this dump waiting on the daily bus to stop. It comes through about nine o'clock, and you can take it to Pine City, where you can catch a train out. I wasn't fussy which train or where it went. I just wanted to get the hell out of Medford.

I suppose this bus stop was typical of the usual things a guy could see in a small Southern town on a Saturday night, but, brother, I wasn't the type who enjoys the simplicity of it all. The windows, dirty and steam-streaked from the heat of a greasy griddle on which a couple of small hamburgers were frying, were repulsive to me, and, believe me, I'm no timid soul. I just simply don't know why a guy would want to exist in joints like this.

Behind the bar, and the greasy blond waitress with the bold eyes, was the usual silver coffee urn. You know the kind I mean. Shiny, steaming and with a little glass tube on front which shows how much is in it. It was like a million others I had seen and yet suddenly it sickened me.

I lifted a finger toward the blonde and she swayed over to where I was.

"What time will the bus get here?"

"Oh, usually about nine. Why?"

"I'd like to get on it."

"Oh."

I looked around to my left at the magazine rack. Stuffed full of detective magazines and comics, and the like, it failed to interest me, so I swung my stool back around. Usually I'm a nut for magazines.

but it just wasn't there then. To the right of the rack was one of those shelves which contained a small shipload of pocket editions of novels. Murder, bodies, women and pseudo-classics. Nuts!

Across the room from where I was sitting was one of those pin-ball machines, a modern variation of the old one-arm bandits. A gang of tough-looking kids were hanging all over each other in their efforts to watch one bigger kid push the little silver balls up, pull the lever back and shoot the ball around through a series of cleverly constructed traps and rubber cushions. The kid grunted, gesticulated, jerked his body one way or the other, finally won himself a free game and laughed all over himself at his own cleverness. It had probably cost him a buck or so to win one nickel game, and right away he's clever. Cripes!

I lit a cigarette and ordered another cup of Joe. The waitress shoved herself away from the counter and the gink she was talking to and came over sourly to get my cup.

"Gimme a new cup, willya?"

"Why?"

"This one's got ashes in it."

"You guys kill me. Ya think I got nothing to do all the time but wash cups."

"Sister, you couldn't convince me you wash those things you serve coffee in if I saw you do it."

I threw the nickel across the counter, trying to act tough, and feeling like a small boy who had suddenly lost his mother and was trying to act tough till she found him. I glanced at my watch and saw that I had another thirty minutes. I began to think about the thirty-mile trip on the grimy bus to Pine City. I had been on these traps before, and take it from me, stay away from them.

Even at nine o'clock at night, if it's Saturday, the bus would be crowded, I thought, while I sat there drinking the bitter brew. I tried to picture how it would be. I don't know why I bothered, because I knew. I would probably board the bus while the driver went into the cafe to check his tickets, gulp a cup of coffee and kid the waitress a little. They all do. These bus drivers in districts like this have it made when it comes to the women who hang around the bus station. I suppose they are the local glamour boys, or something. You know, travel, the city, and the yarns guys like that could spill to big-eyed women. Or maybe the women just weren't big-eyed. Some of them are just smart and know a good thing. Nothing like flattering the conquering hero, I guess. Me, I like it too.

I was getting lost in my musing of how the bus would look, and I found myself thinking about it more and more. I would settle down into the protesting, well-worn seat and kid myself about going to sleep. Then I knew what would happen, as it always does. About five miles from town, the bus would stop and pick up a few hicks on the highway. You know how they are. Loud-talking, usually a little tight. They are on their way to Pine City to raise a little hell. They will probably scatter all through the coach and then talk to each other in loud shouts, trying to advertise their all too-obvious presence.

I knew too that there would be a young mother with a couple of protesting, too-young kids. Always she is tired-looking. She has that patient, calf-like look in her eyes, and you find yourself imagining that with a different situation she could be pretty. The kids are always dirty and frightened looking, with uncombed hair, and you can't help feeling a certain amount of pity for them or their mother. It makes you want to lock yourself up in your room and forget it all.

I tried to make up my mind whether I wanted another cup of coffee or not, but the decision was made for me when the bus clambered up to the curb outside. The occupants climbed stiffly down the high step and stretched. The activity inside the joint ceased as they all crowded the door and windows to look over the bus and its occupants. I picked up my bag and notebook and walked toward the door, feeling the eyes of the hicks on me all the way. As I passed the blonde waitress she looked at me insolently.

"Hurry back." She snickered loudly at her own cleverness. A few of the other kids giggled at me.

I hurried out of the door without looking back and climbed the step into the bus, hurrying, and yet deliberately slowing down so they couldn't see my fear at staying longer. I relaxed in a worn seat and again tried to kid myself into imagining that I might go to sleep on the trip back to the city. I knew I wouldn't.

I Painted a Scene

I painted a scene
Of mud-colored buildings and people who moan.
My senses were keen,
I painted a scene,
I gave it a sheen,
With a great dash of orange for just the right tone.
I painted a scene
Of mud-colored buildings and people who moan.

—John D. Wilson

MORALITY AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION

By Ralph Cannon

FOR sometime now the younger generation has been going to the dogs. Since Adam's old but sapient eyes looked on with helpless solicitude while Cain killed his brother Abel in a youthful fit of indiscretion, each generation of man has viewed the younger set with much misgiving. As years pass and those who have been the cause of concern become the ones concerned, this apparent moral and spiritual deterioration progresses. So, logically, mankind must now be in a state of almost complete depravity. This current "younger generation" must be well within the clutches of the proverbial canines, and many of our elders would be quick to acknowledge this fact.

Such allegations should cause us to take stock of ourselves. Is man losing his moral standards?

Before forming any opinions, it is well to analyze morality, its purpose, its basis or bases, and its validity.

There are physical laws inherent in the "nature of things" which bring order to the universe. Man's lack of an adequate comprehension of these laws does not lessen their validity; the law of gravity was in operation long before the falling apple startled Newton into realization. Man has not been slow to recognize his impotence before this invincible system. There is also a moral order in the universe, just as powerful and inviolable as the physical order. Man early in his history felt the pressure of this moral cosmos and knew that failure to live in compliance with it brought disaster. Faced with this realization, he began to form codes, or standards, of moral conduct.

Some such code is necessary for a number of reasons. In the first place, life progresses on a network of individual and collective choices; men are constantly faced with alternatives which force them to select a course of action. Without some basis for differentiation between right and wrong or between better and best, decision would be impossible.

In the second place, man is a social being with responsibility toward other beings of like nature. A man living alone in a world all his own would still be forced into submission by the very order of that world; how much more submissive must be the man who finds himself, as in actuality, not alone but surrounded by many others like himself. Men's paths continuously cross; sometimes men aid each other, and sometimes they get in each other's way. They all have common basic needs and limited means of supplying those needs. There must be mutual ideas and standards to govern actions.

In the third place, man must be moral in order to live in a moral universe. The world echoes its sanction of righteousness to its very depths, for it is built on the principle of righteousness. Only a fool thinks that he can make his own rules in regard to physical laws. The rules are there, and whether he likes them or not he must live in accordance with them or die. Yet many a man is fool enough to think that he can formulate his own rules when it comes to the question of the equally strong and equally unbreakable moral laws. And then he assumes an expression of self-pity and wonders why he meets with naught but failure. Eventually the realization comes to him that in attempting to go against the ordained system of judgment he breaks himself, not the rules. Mankind has suffered under this delusion of grandeur for thirty thousand years. For too long man, like Narcissus, has dwelled upon his beauty and his power; it is high time he took a sober and humble look at himself.

Having concluded that morality is veritably written into the "nature of things," we consider some of the common criteria whereby moral codes are established. In doing this we must remember that moral understanding is in the developmental process. Morality remains constant, but moral codes and ethical interpretations change from time to time and from culture to culture. Moral practices are influenced by the stage of cultural development, by the general level of intelligence, and by the knowledge available at that time. What one generation holds as right may be discarded by another as wrong; in the light of new knowledge mores may be proven actually harmful to personality. Therefore a moral code is always in the process of evolution; it is never final.

There are three predominant approaches to the problem of morals. The first is that of authority. To some sincere but shallow-minded moralists, all that is necessary to provoke righteous conduct is the stamp of approval of some authority. This authority may take any of various forms: an historical or contemporary leader, a set of sacred writings, a moral code, an institution, or simply a tradition. Complete adherence to a formal code of ethics is held both compulsory and sufficient. A reliance upon authority is neither bad nor good per

se; certainly the combined and hard-bought experiences of the great past do not deserve to be branded "fogyism" and cast aside uncritically. Nor is the word "authority" unquestionable. At best authoritarianism is an adolescent stage of morality; it takes from the person the burden of decisive thinking, thereby weakening his character. Many would pervert the Bible, using it in this "road-map" manner, substituting it for thinking and judgment. Guidance for any moral problem can be found in the Bible with careful, thoughtful study; but like a road-map, it contains dead-end roads as well as thoroughfares. Even here individual insight must be brought into play. Progress in any field usually comes when some individuals overcome the extreme binding chains of uncritical authoritarianism.

The second approach, just as common, and to my mind far more dangerous than the first, is that of ethical relativism. Revolting from authoritarianism, some philosophers go to the opposite extreme and conclude that there are no moral values intrinsically. The rightness of an act depends on the opinion of the individual or group toward the act. Thus moral interpretations vary from person to person; what is right for one person is wrong for another. I will readily admit that what is thought to be right by some people is thought to be wrong by others. But I will not concede without qualifications that what is right for some people is wrong for others. To a degree, where differing physiological and psychological traits of persons are concerned, this relativism is true. For instance, the rightness or wrongness of dancing depends largely on the psychological make-up of the individual. However, I am convinced that these relativistic ideas, if carried very far, can plunge the world back into chaos. We cannot impress upon the reader's mind too deeply that there is a moral system in the universe which is unaffected by our interpretation or understanding of moral standards.

The third approach, and the most sensible, is that which bases moral judgment upon the criterion of effect upon the person. God has ordained standards, but all of these standards are arranged for the benefit of man. Morality is not adherence to authority; it is not a matter of opinion. It is a concept which holds that the right alternative is that which contributes to human personality. For an insight into what does constitute such a contribution we can appeal to past experience and present observation. This latter approach is in keeping with the teachings of Jesus when He said, "I am come that you might have life, and have it more abundantly." The most divine creature below God is man; that is moral which enriches human personality and leads toward a full realization of the self.

Then are we losing our moral standards? Are today's youth generally immoral?

Judging from the attitude of authority, perhaps we are losing our moral standards. Young people reared in a scientific age where "why?" is the chief word in the vocabulary cannot be expected to accept judgments of right and wrong from some one else's testimony. All must be proven beneficial; we want to see the results before we form opinions. Despite the concern of our elders, this spirit of sincere questioning is a march forward rather than a retreat.

Perhaps critics are right in pointing out the increase in extreme relativism among youth, for it is alarming. Somehow this trend must be counteracted.

When we begin from the view-point of self-realization, we see where we really stand. All men fundamentally have the desire to "live more abundantly." We are divided only in our interpretations of what an abundant life would embody. False ideas of abundance and desires to obtain this abundance bring on personality decay. On the collective basis, there result group conflicts and war. The urgent need of man is a new appreciation of values—a revival of spiritual values to give meaning to material values.

Christian youth, and it is the youth of our churches who constitute the strongest force for good-will in spite of their meagerness of number, are the most concerned and consecrated in the history of Christianity. Their morality is of a new and greater type. They are not content with finding refuge in God in time of temptation and trouble. As a speaker on a recent "Town Meeting of the Air" broadcast said, "They don't want to give to charity; they want to know why there is poverty."

Young men and women are waking up to the social ills, the injustices, of this day. They seek to rid themselves of traditional race and ethnic prejudices. They seek to create a new world order where brotherhood takes the place of hatred. They want to reshape the economic order so that there will be no starving people. They want equality of opportunity for all classes. And it is evident that they do not intend to confine their wishes to talk; they are arrayed for action.

Let the older generation "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"; youth will remember the

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DISTANT THUNDER

By Peter Karegeannes

FOR a while he listened to the uneven hum of a plane's engines as the ship circled miles high over the hospital, gaining altitude for the flight over the mountains.

Just before Miss Thompson came into the ward at seven, he reached over his shoulder and touched the bamboo surface of the wall behind his bed. The wall was damp and that told him that the fog was everywhere. Fog was the advance agent of the monsoon and it wouldn't be long, maybe another two weeks, before both of them would be starting their big show.

He touched his leg and wondered if it would last out the monsoon season.

Miss Thompson, the nurse, was coming in the hall. In the hall she did not smile, but always, just before stepping into the ward and into what she probably supposed was their area of first vision, a smile that was automatic and void of all of the natural incentives by which the human smile is inspired appeared on her coldly beautiful face.

"Good morning," she said to the ward in general.

She was greeted in turn by the men, the heartiness of each response dependent on the particular degree of repair or destruction each of them was at the moment under the influence of.

Without pausing, she went straight to his bed.

"How are you, Mike?"

"Okay."

"Any pain last night?" She touched the cast through the wool blanket.

"Yes, ma'am."

She pursed her lips. "Where?"

He sat up and put his hand approximately where the pain had been. "Right here."

"M-m-mm," she said. "Bad pain?"

"Pretty bad. Kept me awake all night."

"M-m-mm."

She unhooked the chart at the foot of the bed and made a notation on it with her pencil.

Then she took out her thermometer and looked at it closely in the early light. She whipped it through the air a few times and slipped it under his tongue.

He watched the glass tube over his nose until he strained his eyes. Miss Thompson went around the bed, tucking in the loose sheet.

She read the temperature and shook the thermometer in the air again.

"Does the pain mean anything?" he asked.

"Probably not. Let me know if it bothers you, though.

"Okay."

She was about to move off to the next patient when she remembered something. She came back.

"A Lieutenant Bright called about you a few minutes ago," she said. "He said he'd be over to see you later."

"Thanks."

The fog lifted just before noon and then the heat moved in. He slept for a while and after he had awakened, he sat up a few minutes. The blind above his bed had been lifted while he slept and, now, he relaxed his head against the pillow and looked out into an inverted blue sky streaked with white.

Over at the field, the planes were landing and taking off. He could tell the B-25's from the C-47's by the sound of their engines. He heard a 25 flying in and listened to the crack-crack-crack of its individual exhausts.

He was heavy on the bed with the heat and his desire for sleep that wouldn't come except in small doses. A fly buzzed over the bed and he watched it go up, spiraling, into the roof.

The heat dried the bamboo and it cracked in the hot day. From somewhere out on the hospital grounds, voices floated into the room. They were not saying anything and were voices only in that they were the utterances of human beings. He wasn't sure if the language was English; in his tired mind it was anybody's jargon.

He opened his eyes abruptly. A tall woman with dark hair and sad eyes set in an emaciated face was standing by the bed. She wore a Red Cross uniform and held a bundle of ragged magazines in the crook of one arm. She had too much lipstick on her mouth and her teeth were bright white in the crimson frame of her lips. She smiled at him and he made what he believed to be a noble attempt to return the smile.

"Hella," she said.

"Hello."

"How do you feel?"

"Fine."

"You're new here, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Everything awlright? I mean, you're comfortable and awl that?"

"Yes, thanks."

She smiled at him for perhaps a minute.

"Can I leave you some magazines?" she said finally.

"Sure," he said.

She thumbed through the magazines with one hand, holding them close to her body with the other.

"Do you like **Liberty?**"

"That's okay."

She pulled out one of the magazines but it slipped out of her grasp and hit the floor. Mike sat up.

"I've got it," she said, stooping.

She put the magazine at the foot of the bed.

"Any other magazine you particularly like?"

"I like **Esquire.**"

She smiled. "I'm sorry, but that one's out. It's very popular. I'll put you on the waiting list, however."

She took down his rank, name, and serial number and he thanked her.

A medical officer, a captain, who was young and seemed nervous and unsure of himself came into the ward during the late afternoon.

His face was handsome and in the center of it was a small black mustache. A lock of hair persisted in falling over the edge of his forehead and his right hand was continuously in motion, repulsing it.

He stopped to talk to each of the patients while Miss Thompson stood at his side, making an occasional entry on a chart she held in her hand.

When they got to Mike's bed, the captain unhooked the chart at the foot of the bed and looked at it thoughtfully. He whispered something to Miss Thompson. She laughed dryly and the doctor looked at her suspiciously out of the sides of his eyes.

"How's it going, sergeant?" he asked.

"Okay, sir," Mike answered.

"He had a bad pain last night," Miss Thompson said. She smiled at Mike.

"M-m-mm," the doctor said. "Bad?"

"Not too bad," Mike said.

Miss Thompson looked at him quickly. "I thought you said it was a bad pain?"

"It wasn't too bad."

"Then why did you tell me it was a bad pain?"

"I don't know," he said. "I thought it was."

"You **thought** it was? Don't you know?"

The doctor glanced at them both as they talked. He stuck his tongue out and began to lick his upper lip nervously. At the same time, the motion of his right hand pushing back the lock of hair became intensified. He cleared his throat.

"Yeah," Mike said to the nurse. "I guess it was a pretty bad pain after all."

"Young man," the doctor said, "please be specific. How are we going to help you if you aren't specific?"

Miss Thompson's face had turned to warm pink during her exchange of conversation with Mike; now it returned to its normal, tired shade of white.

"Yes," she said wearily. "You've got to be specific."

"Yes, ma'am," Mike said, "it was a pretty bad pain."

"How bad?" the doctor asked.

"It kept me awake all night."

The doctor took a mechanical pencil from his left breast pocket, looked at his wrist watch, and made a notation on the chart.

They moved away, up the ward. Mike relaxed, smiling up at the ceiling.

After a supper of chicken broth and white bread, Mike put a Life Saver in his mouth and looked blankly at the ceiling with his hands folded under his head.

The 47's began returning to the field. They came in at irregular intervals, though not too far apart. He began to see himself as he had been for the past sixteen months, standing behind the pilot and co-pilot, between them and the constantly nervous radioman, Iglowitz.

Lately, it was the same thing always—wondering which of the defects the pilot would put down in the flight form; whether he would stay out on the line all night fighting the bugs and the meager light generated by a portable unit, lifting off the cowling without help and trying to find a bad push rod.

He felt himself like that, up to his neck in black, thick oil and the gasoline biting his hands raw.

He was under the dark belly of the ship which he had named Miss Stardust and which he hated with every bit of hate that was in him. He saw himself kicking into the ship's dark metallic belly, hoping to kick out the plane's guts, the desire to do so intense within his own stomach like a live, clawing thing.

He heard himself shouting curses into the dark recesses of the engine he was working on, their narrow breadth gouging out the skin of his hands in small chunks.

Then he was fighting the cowling on a shaky crew chief's stand, fighting it with his knees and hands and arms, pushing it into position with his knee and chin until, finally, it was all in place and safetied with wire. The bugs would go then with the dead light, which had sputtered out into gaseous nothingness as the generator choked, then fell

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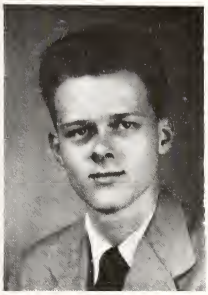
WITH HATRED IN THEIR SOULS

By L. Poindexter Watts

There are some words which have—even when taken out of context—hatred in their souls. The gentleman, the Christian never uses the words. Yet I have heard some of them used on Wofford campus.



I said some of them. As this is not the West Coast, we would not be likely to use the words "chink" or "okie." As the South has long been the poorest section of the nation, she has attracted few immigrants. Her original Anglo-Saxon and Scotch settlers have been left to inbreed and degenerate as they wished. Therefore, with one exception, these words do not express the intolerance of the South, but of the United States as a whole (for the South has only one minority group).

Only in those few Southern states which are still fighting the Civil War do educated gentlemen still use the word "nigger." (At this point I must digress and recognize that the "Civil War" is thought of by many as the "War Between the States" or the "War of Secession," and that those who use the latter two terms find the first abhorrent. I defend myself only by saying that I was not schooled "properly" and have acquired the habit of saying "Civil War." In all fairness, though, I must admit that in New England there are some old diehards who also are offended by the term "Civil War;" they would probably shudder at anything but "War of Rebellion.")

Why Southerners should not use the word "nigger" conjures up a vastly complicated socio-economic situation peculiar to the South on which I must first comment. As we "whites" now have the heavy hand of supremacy, we should voluntarily give up many of our "prerogatives" before they are taken from us by force. This is the pragmatic argument. There is also the Christian argument . . .

In the South the Negro is forced to live in a squalid manner. Therefore he is an object of loathing. Most expressive of this loathing is the hatred that can be injected into the word "nigger." One can easily see that the bigoted exponents of "white supremacy" will betray themselves by the very word they use to speak of a Negro. In order not to be thought of as one of that Ku Klux Klannish group, be careful of the manner in which you speak. This, I think, is the most effective reason I can forward for discontinuance of that prime hate-word.

There is no more excuse for using the expression "kike" than there is for anti-Semitism. The gentile usually excuses any hatred he may have for people of Jewish religion or Semitic race because of their clannishness—and their "conspiracy, since the time of Moses, to dominate the world." I must admit that Judaism is partially responsible for the separation between people of Jewish faith and the rest of the world. Ever since ancient times have the Jews thought of non-Jews as "gentiles"—religiously a lower breed of people. I emphasize that this was more a religious distinction rather than a cultural one. And, it seems to have been a valid one. Which god did Jesus worship? The god of the Jews! And now do we ever write of Jehovah directly without a capital G? There was vanity in this segregation; but far less than that of the Greeks, who termed all non-Greeks "barbarians."

As for the domination of the world—only the most fanatic Messianics would even conceive of that. And then, they would not think of it so much as a political or economic rule as a religious ascendancy.

Because Jews do tend to gather in cliques—to think of the welfare of their own group (sometimes at the sacrifice of the general public)—gentiles think of a Jew as a member of a "race," rather than as an individual. As I said, this is partially due to the vanity of the ancient high priests of Judah, but an equal share of the blame lies on the shoulders of us gentiles. By subjugating them in Europe, we have invoked a principle of selectivity whereby only the hardiest of the species have survived. Darwin, whatever scientists now think of most of his theories, had an apt phrase for it . . . Therefore these "fittest" ones that survived were likely to outshine the average gentile, and the European saw the "necessity" of subjugating the Jews even more. This intensified the process of selectivity and a vicious circle resulted.

In a public high school in the North, where a large minority of the students were Jewish, an aptitude test was taken. The Jews and the gentiles were equally gifted in natural musical ability. Yet when it came to development of musical talent, the Jewish students far outranked the others. I can attribute this to only one cause: the Jews in

this country are still discriminated against and feel the necessity of developing their abilities to the limit in order to enter into competition with others for desirable things. Ben Franklin would admire this!

I give you a two-fold reason for not using the word "kike": the pragmatic and the Christian. (1) If we were to stop thinking of the Jews as a group or race, but rather as individuals who happen to be of a Jewish religion (just as some of us are Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, etc.), Jewish people here would soon stop thinking of themselves as Jews first—American citizens second. (2) As the Christian is never intolerant, he would not use an intolerant word.

"Wop" and "dago": these words convey the same connotation of contempt toward Italian-Americans as does the word "kike" towards Jews. Theirs is essentially the same problem as that of the Jews. As an unassimilated group—residing primarily in New York and Boston—the Italians have incurred group prejudice and aversion because they threaten the standard of living of some in those cities. Some do not think of an Italian-descended person in New York as an individual, but as an exponent of his group—as a pushcart vender, as a "wop."

Italians originally came to this country when famine came to a disrupted Italy—an Italy in the birth-pangs of emerging a united state. The emigrants were the ones who could not or would not support themselves at the famine-level then prevalent among their classes. Upon arriving at the "port of entry"—New York or Boston—they were too poor to try, as a whole, to settle the West, or mix with the people of any underpopulated area. Instead, they stuck together, formed an Italian quarter of their own right in the middle of the metropolitan city, and even now live a kind of life totally at variance with that of the rest of the city.

They must not, however, be blamed too much on that account. The fault was partly ours. I think, mostly ours. Had the original settlers attempted to disperse themselves in large numbers over the nation, life would have been quite difficult for them (assuming that an Italian emigrant would even have been allowed to enter some of our smaller towns). As a large group in a city, they had some "bargaining powers." Does this not reflect more upon the intolerance of our ancestors than upon any "short-sightedness" on the part of the Italian? Then, of course, there was a great language barrier. By forming a nearly self-sufficient unit, they could live indefinitely without having to take the trouble of learning all the idiosyncracies of the English tongue.

Ireland also had a famine. Many Irish emigrated to this country, settling largely in New York and Boston. In Boston the Irish are still race-conscious. Until he was recently put into jail, the mayor of Boston managed to get himself repeatedly elected by the Irish vote, even though it was common knowledge that he was a "crook." The reason: he fed the crowds "blarney" about his being the apotheosis of Irishness. The Irish have no language difficulty to blame their behavior upon, only a cold-shoulder (and originally, great opposition) from Beacon Street. And the Beacon Street set is rapidly losing all its former power. Yet, now that the cause for the Irish bloc is vanishing, Boston politicians are still using their vote-to-keep-us-from-being-persecuted psychology on the Irish population, to their (politicians) advantage—and to the defeat of democracy.

My plea, then, for the Italians in this country's large cities is that we stop considering them a distinct group. If we consider them Americans who incidentally are of Italian descent, they will also begin to think of themselves as such. Then such men as Vito Marcantonio would have no prejudices to capitalize upon, and upset the editors of certain magazines.

This article could be extenuated, naming factors peculiar to each group whose members are thought of as a part of their group before they are thought of as citizens. The Chinese-American, or "chink," on the West coast . . . the Americans of Mexican descent, or "greasers," in our Southwestern states . . . victims of the Dust Bowl, or "okies," in the West . . . the Spanish- or Hispanic-American, or "spic," in parts of Florida and New York . . .

Basically the problem is the same for all of the groups which are not Anglo-Saxon in their ways of thinking and living, for Anglo-Saxonism is the basis of our way of living—not only in the South, but throughout the entire nation. These estranged peoples should try, within reason, to put themselves in harmony with the accepted features of life in the United States. This is not an argument for conformity in the sense that the Anglican Church tried to make the Methodists "conform" in its early days. This in not a statement that all heritages other than the Anglo-Colonial heritage of the thirteen original states should not be tolerated. For Verdi brings pleasure to more people than those of Italian parentage; the poetry of the Psalms is beautiful to more people than those of Semitic extraction; jazz is enjoyed by more peoples than the American Negro—its originator. Perhaps an America having no longer "undigested lumps" of peoples would find its culture enriched and leavened

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AFTERNOON OF AN ECCENTRIC

By Truett Hollis

THE cauldron is bubbling. Wave after mammoth wave beats against the storm wall, spilling foam over its edges. The storm is raging. The young writer is teeming with words to say, thoughts to translate into sentences. Bursting! Bursting! Oh—bursting!

His hand races across the page. Words, words, beautiful, emotional, passionate words. Adjectives, delightful, scintillating, kaleidoscopic, abrasive adjectives. Expressive! Oh—expressive!

Hold back the reins of galloping Time. Hold, stay! Life to be expressed in fleeting moments. Stray passion. The world is only Time. Words are Eternity. Hold, cruel Time! Struggling, assiduous youth ablaze (cheap liquor), afire with a crescendo of words to revolutionize the Universe. Oh—candle of youth, burn brightly! Oh—blowtorch!

Oh—thundering, mad, beating, storm. Hurricane, vortex, lost only to be found.

Rhythms, pulsating, sexy, driving rhythms.

Beat, beat, beat—
Roll on, roll on, roll on—
Ring out, wild bells—
Boom, boom, boom—

"You damn fool, open the door!" A voice rages outside the door.

Oh—reality!

Meekly the crushed young writer replies, "Just a second, Horace."

A dash for time to tie the loose Keats shoe strings, to rip off the Byron tie, to throw a dash of Sen-Sen to his Coleridge breath. Ah—unlocking the door, beaming with flushed innocence.

"What the hell have you been doing?" Horace is angry.

Dropping his eyelids sleepily, and in a wild, rasping voice the blushing face replied:

"Oh, nothing. I've been sleeping."

"With the light on?"

"Yes," the young writer lied, dimpled.

"And with the phonograph going full blast?"

Trapped, he said nothing.

Horace saw the incense burner smoking on the desk.

"You've been writing again." Horace flung the words accusingly at the youthful writer.

"Well?" he replied belligerently.

I don't complain about that, but I'll be damned if I can listen to "Bolero" nine times in a row!"

Horace clicks off the phonograph which was on its tenth time, throbbing frensically.

"Mind if I read it?" Curious.

"No," eager to share his masterpiece with broad-minded humanity. Horace was broad-minded.

Horace read the purple-inked passages.

Finished, he looked up queerly and said:

"I don't get it."

The writer's face sagged wearily. He explained, "I haven't finished it yet."

"Why don't you start all over—sober, this time. Oh—I'm sorry. But sure 'nough, this isn't realistic. For instance: 'Nude, he ran down the white beach and embraced the dark blue ocean.' Me, I usually wear a bathing suit and run and dive into a wave."

"I see you're not a romantic," replied the writer, hurt.

"No, realist." Horace quickly remembered he was a student of psychology, quickly changed his attitude. "But I thoroughly see your viewpoint as a romanticist."

"You do?"

"Yes, but there are a few important details to consider. We're at college, you know, and we're supposed to be rational beings, not beasts of passion unrestrained. You must direct your emotions, which everybody has—don't feel alone—into a socially acceptable channel."

Horace was well pleased with himself and so chatted on.

The young assiduous writer, being bored, started thinking (in Italian) the words of "Don Giovanno." "Vorrei, e non vorrei, me trema un poco il cor, felice, e ver . . ."

Horace droned on, "You should read some of Freud. He has some very astonishing theories."

Italian was too hard to remember. The youthful writer started reciting "Lohengrin" mentally. He had finished the second act and started on the Bridal Chorus of the third:

"Treulich gefuhrt ziehet dahin, wo euch der Segen der Liebe bewahr'!"

Horace rambled on: "You mustn't be discouraged by people not understanding your writings. You can't expect to write great things yet. You haven't the experience to say great things like Byron, for instance:

"'Love is just a part of a man's life, all of a woman's.'

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WOFFORD'S ATHLETIC ADOLESCENCE

By Bill Rone

A BRISK December wind swept over the field as the football teams of Wofford College and Furman University lined up for the opening kickoff. The whistle sounded and G. Rouquie, Wofford back, moved forward and laid his toe to the leather oval. That kick made history because it started the first intercollegiate football game ever played in South Carolina.

The year was 1889—December 14, 1889 to be exact—and the Methodists won by a score of 5 to 1. (Each touchdown counted only one point.) The following account of the contest from the January, 1890 issue of the WOFFORD JOURNAL is worth noting:

"On Saturday morning, December 14, the football teams of Furman University and Wofford College played a very interesting and exciting game at the Encampment Grounds, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

"The Wofford team wished Association rules, but Furman protesting, it was decided to play the old rough and tumble game.

"Professor J. H. Marshall umpired with great satisfaction to both teams. The game lasted one hour and a half and was won with ease by Wofford, the score being 5 to 1.

"Much of Wofford's success was due to the instruction of Edwin Kerrison, Esq., a graduate of Yale, who kindly trained the team and acted as coacher during the contest."

Even more interesting is the account of the game from the BAPTIST COURIER, a Greenville publication. It said:

"About twenty-five of Furman's students went over to Spartanburg on Friday afternoon last, and on Saturday eleven of their number engaged in a match game of football with an equal number of Wofford students. The game was a spirited one and resulted 5 to 1 in favor of the Wofford boys. It is a credit to the Furman boys, however, that they give more attention to the cultivation of their heads than to their feet."

Of course Wofford had some sports a long time before 1889. According to Dr. D. D. Wallace, a baseball team called the "Pioneers" was organized on the campus in 1869, and intercollegiate baseball games were played by Wofford teams in the early 80's. Mr. H. B. Carlisle, present-day Chairman of the Board of Trustees, pitched on the '82, '83, and '84 squads.

Tennis, bare-hand boxing, gymnastics, and rugby were also popular sports at the college during the pre-1890 period. The latter sport, an importation from England, was introduced at Wofford by Professor Frank C. Woodward around 1882. A large field was laid out which extended from about where Dr. A. M. DuPre's house is today almost to Dr. Trawick's house. Rugby, which was played with about forty men on a side, proved to be a little too rough and it was soon discontinued.

The previously mentioned Professor J. H. Marshall, who was the great-grandson of the famous Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a professor of modern languages at Wofford for a few years beginning in 1888, was so active in the promotion of a unified athletic program at the college that he may be properly called the "Father of Wofford Athletics."

He was made Faculty Manager of Athletics in 1889. (There was of course no paid coach or director of athletics at that time. The players usually trained and coached themselves under the supervision of a member of the faculty.) In that position he worked tirelessly to establish an all-round sports program. His interest and energy stirred up new student enthusiasm, and as a result, the first great era of Wofford athletics was begun.

In the spring of 1889 he used his influence to cause the reorganization of the college baseball club which had been slowly dying from lack of interest for several years. One example of his unselfish interest was recorded in the April, 1889 JOURNAL which reported that "Professor Marshall, manager of the baseball club, has had a fine ball field cleaned up just back of Dr. Gamewell's dwelling (present Infirmary). Our manager called the club out one or two evenings to grub stumps, he being the chief workman."

The next fall he encouraged 16 interested students to form the "Star Tennis Association" with the purpose of "introducing and perpetuating the game of tennis in Wofford College." Tennis, incidentally, was the only sport that Marshall, a small man, played well.

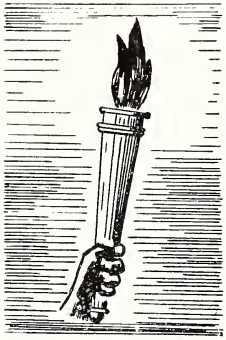
Professor Marshall had presaged this athletic revival in an eloquent article in the JOURNAL of March, 1889. This liberal-minded and forward-looking teacher wrote:

"Everyone who has read the papers must have noticed that in the past few years college athletics have acquired a much more dignified and honorable place in the public estimation than they formerly

occupied. Prominent members of foot-ball, base-ball, and boat clubs now share the honors which formerly pertained exclusively to valedictorians and essayists; gymnasiums are endowed like chairs of Latin and Greek; and the press reports the exploits of this or that swift or strong man with as much interest, if not as great gravity, as though he were a Greek medalist.

"I should most decidedly be in favor of every encouragement of athletics in Wofford. Her gymnasium should be well-equipped and well-organized . . . and she should have a base-ball club prepared to play at home or abroad with the nines of any or all of the other colleges in the State."

Professor A. G. Rembert, then Head Master of the Wofford Fitting School, heartily disagreed with Marshall's stand and he replied to the article with a bitter attack on college athletics which was published in the May edition of the JOURNAL. Professor Rembert, who incidentally later became a firm advocate of athletics, said among other things that Southern colleges should "strive, before it is too late, to set a proper limit on the sports, and especially to repress any tendency to inter-collegiate contests." He believed that inter-collegiate sports tend "to reduce the student to the level of the black leg and the gambler and tend to undermine the manly earnestness of the student by fostering of childish frivolity and boyish rivalry."



Despite this and other powerful conservative opposition, athletics flourished at Wofford as long as Professor Marshall remained at the school and never did they return to their former unimportant position. Unfortunately Professor Marshall condoned and encouraged other "horrible" activities such as dancing and his stay at Wofford was not prolonged.

Shortly after his departure the college issued an order against inter-collegiate athletics, and although intramural sports, particularly tennis and baseball, continued, interest in sports naturally waned. One disgusted writer in the JOURNAL wrote, "Breathing—the only exercise at Wofford. Foot-ball and base-ball are no more."

The ban was destined to be short-lived. Student agitation and the arrival on the campus of the first really great athlete in the school's history brought about its early repeal.

In 1892 Gus Chreitzberg, a big boy from Spartanburg, registered at the college. Two years later his name was so feared in college baseball circles that Wofford had a difficult time getting games. Batters fell before his blazing fast balls and sharp-breaking curves like mosquitoes before DDT. In his entire college career, he never lost a game. In addition he was a hitter of note and a top-notch third-baseman. Major league scouts buzzed around him with lucrative offers to turn professional, only to be continuously refused.

Nor was Chreitzberg's amazing ability restricted to the diamond. For three years he was the spark-plug of the Wofford gridiron crew from his fullback position. He played in the era when the so-called flying wedge, a bone-crushing offensive play, was not only legal but popular. Furman beat Wofford using it in 1893, but two years later with Chreitzberg carrying the ball Wofford smeared the Baptists with the wedge as their chief weapon.

President Emeritus Henry N. Snyder, who was Faculty Athletic Manager in the middle 90's, named Chreitzberg as one of the two greatest athletes in the school's 62-year history of inter-collegiate competition. His other choice was the late Aubrey Faust. "Both Gus and Aubrey," Dr. Snyder added with a twinkle, "were not only great athletes, but also excellent students." (It is interesting to remember that Chreitzberg's son, Gus, Jr., of last year's graduating class was one of Wofford's finest tennis stars.)

By way of mention, the college hired William Wurtenbaker of the University of Virginia as football coach in the fall of 1895. Wurtenbaker, who was very much of a success in his one season at Wofford, is believed to be the first man ever employed by the school to devote his time exclusively to the athletic program.

In 1896, the Wilbur E. Burnett Gymnasium (the Recreation Hall of 1948) was constructed, thus greatly increasing the college's gymnastic facilities. Previous to that time a small gym had been maintained in the present furnace room. It contained a few mats, a gym horse, a horizontal bar, etc., but it was dirty, stuffy and completely inadequate. When the new gym was completed, an instructor in gymnastics was hired. Gus Chreitzberg served in this capacity for a while, but in 1900 Hugh T. Shockley, a later day Professor of Economics, took over the job.

The years of 1899, 1900, 1902, and 1903 were great baseball years at Wofford. In those seasons the Methodist nines won 30 games while dropping only nine, and the University of South Carolina,

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THE IRONY OF IT ALL

By Richard K. Isley

TED had often thought about the bill and wondered if the grocer would take steps to make him pay. The bill had gradually accumulated when he and Evelyn had lived on Maple Avenue. At that time they were still suffering the intoxications of young married people and the prospect of a large grocery bill did not frighten them. They passed the place often when they went to visit her folks and almost every time would joke about it but each knew without telling the other that a $76.55 account, now a year in arrears, was no joking matter. They had been forced to move away from the little apartment on Maple and rent one of the low-cost Federal Housing Apartments just out of town when Fred lost his job at the hardware store. They both loved the friendly atmosphere of the little neighborhood. Evelyn had cried, and he remembered the words he had said to her. He would make it up to her somehow. He must. But the grocery bill had to be paid. But when? They should have dropped by and talked to him about it, at least. Actually all they had done up to now was make resolutions and share a mutual sympathy on the sordidness of their procrastination.

Now things were beginning to brighten up. Six months ago Ted had landed a job as Shipping Clerk with Monarch Wholesale. It was the company's policy, in the event of remarkable dexterity on the part of the employee, to raise him at the end of six months. Sometimes they did not raise but gave a generous bonus instead. They were both confidently looking forward to this for a special reason. It would coincide with their fourth wedding anniversary.

One night, a week before the anniversary, they drove uptown for a window-shopping fest. Just as they were going to get out of their 1937 coupe, Fred saw a familiar figure approaching; there could be no doubt of the identity of the figure when he glided into the glare of the neon sign at Cranston's Drug Store and was bathed in its kaleidoscopic glow.

Catching Evelyn by the coat sleeve he yanked her back on the seat beside him and hastily lowered both sun visors. She gasped as the figure came into view. It was Mr. Becker, the grocer.

Apparently he had not seen them for he continued on his way without looking to either side. With a sigh of relief they got out and started up the street in the opposite direction from the one taken by the grocer.

She pulled him in at every woman's shop and felt with each tug the patient and commensurate understanding of a married man. He knew his wife to be a woman of definite likes and just as definite dislikes with the result that when they finally arrived at the Vogue he could tell by her exclamations of sheer school-girl delight that she had found something exactly to her liking. The article in question was a green dress; not too light, not too dark. It embodied all the requirements of the "new look" as the hem terminated at a point half-way between the ankle and knees.

"Look, darling, I'd like to surprise you and all that, but I want you to get something you really want. How would you like the dress for our anniversary?"

The look mirrored from her eyes was sufficient. But seeing the satisfied look and the air of finality with which her look had led him to thrust his hands in his coat pockets, she began a half-hearted remonstration prompted by a vanishing caution light she had tried to keep alerted for such extravagant ventures.

"Ted, honey, if only we **could** afford it. But . . . oh, gee! Well, just look at that price tag."

He cast a disinterested look for her benefit; he had noticed it when he first saw her looking at it. He stroked his chin, "Well, I don't think $74.95 is too much to pay."

She looked up at him for a second, then, linking her arm in his, pulled him away. "Oh, maybe we'll be able to afford it later on. And if you keep on doing so well down at the place it shouldn't be more than a year."

All the long drive home he pondered the dress matter over in his mind, and it was not until he pulled the switch on the little bedside lamp that he could come to a definite decision.

* * *

Friday was pay day for Ted, a day anxiously awaited by both of them. When he went down for lunch, he stopped at the book-keeper's office long enough to inquire if the checks were ready. Paul Dullion nodded in his off-handed way and disappeared in another room to emerge half-a-minute later with the familiar manila envelope. As he handed the envelope to Ted, he smiled obtusely, "Think you might find a little something extra this time."

As he hurried down the steps and through the lobby, he slit the end of the envelope and slowly

pulled the papers out. There was the usual check for his week's work, but clipped to it was a pink one. It had been made out in long hand by the book-keeper and signed by the manager. It was for fifty dollars. This was the bonus they had both looked for. Everything seemed brighter now that he could give her the dress for their anniversary. When he told her that night he would get it, he was not at all positive the check would come at all. Now, he sighed, he had plenty of time . . . that is until eight o'clock the following night.

* * *

He worked around the apartment from noon until nearly four Saturday afternoon. Finally at ten minutes after four he went in the kitchen where she was peeling potatoes for supper. She heard him a little later dressing and slamming around in the bathroom, ostensibly getting ready to drive back for some whipping cream to cover the pine-apple upside-down cake.

Her heart was pounding with the excitement of his mission. She knew well enough what he was going after, but after four years of married life, she knew well enough not to disappoint him.

As he turned out of the drive into the road his first impulse was to head the car in the direction of town. On an impulse he could not very well account for, he turned the car at the first stop light and went toward the west end of town. Inwardly he questioned what prompted him to take this unpremeditated course; perhaps he had been under too much of a nervous tension and could relieve it somewhat by riding around. Mechanically, as he drove, his eye was alerted for the familiar streets, Plume . . . Hannon . . . Sawyer . . . These were the streets they had walked on summer nights when they lived on Maple. At last he passed the Brown's house where their apartment had been, and catching a glimpse of their former landlady, he waved. She did not see him until he had almost passed from view at the next turn. Now he turned to look in and see who was in Sheridan's Drug Store. Only Bill Lancaster was visible. With a sudden sickening in the stomach, he realized he was at Mr. Becker's Store. With a tightening in his throat he felt the leather wad in his inside pocket and thought how noble it would be to pay Mr. Becker instead of getting the dress for Evelyn. But, after all, he reasoned, this was their anniversary. He was due some dispensation in the matter. He made a sudden resolution—they would pay Mr. Becker a little all along, starting next week.

As he neared the store itself he allowed his eyes to wander over the surrounding area in the event the grocer might be outside and see him pass. So intent was he on looking for Mr. Becker he did not see the man running across the street from the store's side entrance. Ted was on him before he could apply the brakes. The fluid in his hydraulic brake lines was so low he did not have time to give them their customary pumping but mashed them to the floor in a sudden frenzied effort to stop. The man struck his grill with a glancing blow and, hastily recovering, gathered himself up and kept running. Hurriedly opening his door and making a valiant effort to walk, he collided with Mr. Becker who came running from the store with another man. Seeing Ted, he paused a second to shout back, "Wait around a few seconds, will you Mr. Garner, I'd like to see you."

Now, he reflected, he was really in for it. He couldn't just drive off after the man had asked him to stay. It undoubtedly had something to do with the bill. And now he remembered bitterly, he couldn't get her the dress. Why couldn't he have gone on to town as he had originally planned; then he would have averted this. Resignation apparent in his face, he made his way to the store. Mrs. Gossett who worked there, greeted him at the door.

"Tell Mr. Becker here's a little something I owe him," he said quite simply as he flipped the money on the counter. He started out the door and came back, "As long as I'm here, let me have a pint of cream."

She looked at him sideways for an instant and then walked back to the rear of the store where the step-in freezers were. He propped himself against the counter and lit a cigarette. Suddenly he began to wonder what had made that man run into his car. Clearly he wasn't at fault for he had been driving slowly. And why was Mr. Becker running after him and where did the other man fit in?

Then feeling in his pocket, he found that he didn't even have the money for the cream. "Mrs. Gossett," he called back, "just skip the cream, I suddenly remembered I don't need it."

As he made his way to the car he felt a strange feeling of disappointment and relief.

* * *

Supper had been unusually appetizing, and he had explained the absence of the whipping cream in an admirable way. Going into the living room he picked up a magazine to finish the detective story he had been reading. He read only half a page before he put it aside to think up the exact way he was going to explain everything to Evelyn. If only there were some way for him to get the money. He still had an hour before the store closed.

He had started reading again when there was

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A DEFINITION OF ART

By John W. Stevenson

Someone ventured the question a while back, "What is Art?" At first it seemed like an ordinary enough question for we have always heard the term, and, in our own mind, we have satisfied ourselves that we understood it. But it defies any cut and dried answer. It's not like a question in mathematics or physics where certain laws have been laid down, and while you may not understand the law, at least the answer can be known. But asking "What is Art" is like asking "What is poetry," or "What is religion," or any number of abstract terms that have called forth different definitions with each passing generation. One thing is certain, there is no prepared definition of art; it must be defined from several directions and from as many sources. If we were older and had more knowledge, and more commonsense, we would refuse to stick out our neck or commit ourselves to a meaning of art. In all probability, this peurile attempt will come back to haunt us in some form, like a boomerang, and sadly make us regret the impulse of youth. But, no matter, we must make the attempt.

By art we mean the conscious result of creative minds as it is applied to literature, painting, music, and the related fine arts. We will limit ourselves to these branches, for it is easily possible to carry the creative impulse to almost any field, and, as it is, the problem set forth is too large to cover in this brief treatment. To ask this question is to follow with another, "Does a work have to be good to be art?" and then we must certainly make clear what we mean by "good." Someone also raised the question, "Does art have to be moral to be good art" and we hesitate to answer that qualification with a flat yes or no. But that raises an interesting point, and we could answer it by posing this problem: If a man writes a poem about God, does it make it a good poem? In other words, how important is an artist's subject matter? We can't convince ourselves that because a man selects God as his subject he is assured a place with Milton. We have no doubt that there are many poor poems about God. Another example might be motherhood. Like Divinity, it is a delicate subject, and we are prone to justify the work because of that and overlook the craftmanship, and, more important, the sincerity. We think we've seen more terrible poems about Mother than any other subject in English Literature. The tendency here is to turn towards rather mawkish sentimentality with the result that the reader becomes embarrassed and yet is afraid to admit a negative reaction for fear people will look on him as a monster who denies the sacredness of motherhood. Did you ever notice those appalling pillow covers that were in such demand in the Army Post Exchanges with their tribute to Mother or Sweetheart? They were an insult to the persons to whom they paid tribute. We often wonder what deranged monster used that product to exploit the emotions of an America away from home. However, an artist's subject is an important quality. But it is more important how well he arranges his subject, how consciously he strives for artistry and creative perfection. This is what we mean by "good." A great artist usually takes years to perfect his art, and all of them produce mediocre works as well as masterpieces. Certainly inspiration is necessary, but it isn't a spontaneous inspiration that suddenly illuminates to an artist his work so that he rattles off a poem or a sonata or a play in a few hours—desperately trying to recreate the vision. We maintain that inspiration is a prolonged force and motivates the artist to tedious recreation and continuous effort. There are exceptions, of course, the most notable being Coleridge but then he had the aid of a physical stimulus.

We are afraid that we have wandered somewhat from the question of moral quality in art. It has been said that all art, to be great, must teach a moral lesson. We would rather transpose that and say that all great art, art that is already recognized, is essentially moral. And immediately we point to Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth. Which would imply that the didactic in art, or in literature if you will, is a necessary requisite. We believe that to be so, for if any great culture, or any great literature, is to survive it must challenge the force of evil and proclaim the virtue of goodness. For, if any common problem exists in any civilization, it is the problem of good against evil. So that, if art is to mirror nature, it must teach "the good, the true, and the beautiful."

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DAWN

By R. E. Cuttino

IT WAS funny, if anything could be funny any more, that after four long years of war and waiting he should get his first sight of the Statue of Liberty from the foredeck of a transport ship at 5:30 on a Sunday morning. Yeah, funny that after four years of wondering if he would ever see again, and what it would be like to see "Miss Liberty's" proud form, of all times of day and night he should get his first glimpses of her looming out of the darkness as the early, sleepy rays of the sun began to illuminate her majestic figure. Maybe this was one of God's little jokes!

Funny feeling? Well, if you could call mixed emotions of hate, defiance, confusion, doubt, and greatest of all, a desire to know what the heck this creature called Man was good for, funny—yes, then it would be a funny situation. A better description, however, would be to say that this fellow, with eyes deep, sad, and troubled, and mouth set in bitterness, was living in a mental hell.

His eyes narrowed, his facial features took the shape of a sneer. Lady Liberty! Ha! the great Statue of Liberty!! Liberty? Bah! Could there be such a thing as freedom and liberty among mere human beings when there seemed to be no liberty or justice between Almighty God and Man?

His thoughts wandered from the mist of New York Harbor back a couple of years where in his mind's eye he could almost see a muddy, stinking group of Pacific isles called the Aleutians. Shells were whining overhead; planes, heavy artillery, yells, curses, and a lot of dirty-faced, mad and scared guys were scattered all around the place. They were just another bunch of Americans; yeah, a loud-mouthed braggart here, a cursing, never-satisfied bunch close by, and a scared-looking little guy "digging in" as fast as he could. O.K., just another bunch of Americans, but there was one guy up near the actual fighting, a quiet, clean-cut lieutenant who really wanted and tried to do his job. He wasn't cursing or wondering too much why things were so messed up, but he took whatever came and tried to make the best of it. All around and behind him, outside of a few real decent chaps, were liars, gripers, the lowest sinners, and guys that had very little if any interest in humanity outside of their own selfish desires.

Then, a piercing whistle, an explosion, and a piece of shrapnel found its way—not to a drunkard or a would-be criminal, not to one of the fellows who when given the chance would voluntarily sacrifice a finger for the good of humanity—but into the young lieutenant's stomach. Then, a few weak commands, deep breaths, and a silver star to once proud parents—his own parents. Out of all those guys, why did it have to be his kid brother? Why? Justice? Ha!

And from the Pacific his thoughts wandered back to German battlefields he had just left. He thought of another young officer who had been a favorite, not only among his men but among his life-long acquaintances as well. Yes, he was a lot like the lieutenant in the Pacific, he was his brother, too. Loved and admired, a God-loving, clean American boy, he had stood for the good things in life. And what happened? With a life of service and helpfulness to his fellow man before him, three days after V.E. Day he was killed by a German "booby" trap. So this was the reward for two guys who had been brought up to "love thy neighbor" and to "live the Good Life," sons whose parents had prayed and thanked God for so many times! Justice!

As the transport moved on by the great statue, the sight of New York Harbor, American buildings, American life, and a number of unexplainable things pushed away thoughts of battlefields and brought his memory back to days before the war when the three brothers had been together. Off and on for the whole duration of the war, one of his most cherished and unforgettable memories of home and his family was the memory of a habit the almost inseparable brothers had developed and continued from early high-school days until the very last day the brothers were together.

Some of the bitterness left his face, and longing replaced the bitterness as he thought of a certain high-school football game many years ago, when before the teams went on the field, the three brothers and the rest of their team had huddled on the sideline in a small circle, and with all the players' hands piled on top of one another's, with voices shaking from anxiety and determination, they had prayed the Lord's Prayer. Since that day they had never played a game without having the hand-piling, team "one for all, all or one," and the "Lord's Prayer." Then the last day the boys were together, those last few minutes when words count most, and when they were all lost for words, the three had huddled as before a "big game" and prayed the Lord's Prayer. He knew he would never

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THE HOUSE . . .

By Ted Gridley

University of Maine *Pine Needle*

Editor's note: Mr. Gridley, a 24-year-old Junior from Upper Montclair, New Jersey, majors in English. He is an officer in the University of Maine Press Club and a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity.

Russell, Easton and Barrows had the most dignified, reliable name in advertising. Partnership in the firm was no mean accomplishment.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"The House," Russell answered.

The House. He made a brief comparison. It was all too senseless to visit The House again. Who would call a hovel The House? he thought. The House was a dim memory. Imagine the look on Eaton's face if he ever saw this place? Or Mrs. Barrows riding in the back seat of this "taxi" with a spare tire to rest her feet on. Russell snickered to himself. Yes, his Short Hills home on the upper side of Wyoming Avenue was somewhat different, wasn't it? The grubs had eaten the new lawn by the south vista, and Mrs. Faulkner's school had failed miserably with the children, but it was hardly comparable to life in Truro. Witch grass lawns, and the stench of seaweed at low tide.

"Don't live around here, do you?" said the driver.

Hardly. It would be wasted breath to acquaint this taxi driver-lobster fisherman with 58 West 60th Street; with walnut tables, venetian blinds, and executive meetings. Evidently a double-breasted English tweed had made its impression. New York was in another hemisphere for these people, anyway.

"Been here before?" said the driver.

"Yes," Russell answered. It had been quite some time ago—42 years, to be exact. Living a ridiculous life in this ridiculous place. School taught by a woman who never went beyond sixth grade herself. Dungarees, lobster traps, and the cluttered general store window.

"Here y'are. The House," the driver announced.

Russell climbed out and with a curt "Wait for me, my man," he turned to face The House.

It was no worse and no better than he had expected. It still crouched on the rocks with the spruce grove behind it. It still had sand around it to hold the eel grass. The gray, salt-spattered shingles, the gray roof, the rocks. It was all familiar, all the same, all so different. Had anyone seen him standing there in the late afternoon shadows they would have stopped, looked, looked again, and wondered what he was doing there. He was a man of the world. He stood and looked. A sea breeze kicked his thoughts away. He shrugged, tightened his ascot, and walked over the smooth rocks to The House.

Gossamer clouds enveloped him once more. The hurricane had caught The House and shaken it severely. The wind had tested its beams, found two shutters unfit for survival, lashed the roof, and toppled the chimney. The day after, as The House rested wearily, they had repaired it. Since then it had settled and one side tilted toward the sea.

"Excuse me, but are you looking for someone?" The voice belonged to an elderly woman, obviously a native. She was wrapped in a leather jacket, her hands stuffed in her pockets.

Russell turned.

"No, no," he said. "Just walking."

"Pretty dull walking," she said. "Used to be nice here."

"That so?"

"Yes, before the owners died and their only son ran away. Left when he was only ten. He hated this life and blamed his folks. Wanted the city. People say he's a big man now, rich and successful." She changed abruptly. "High wind blowing. Storm."

He remembered the wind that throttled The House so long ago. He had tried to save the rowboat. Evelyn Mason and Tommy Thompson were there. Odd how names would recur like that. Forgotten them for years, and now the wind and sombre clouds put them on his tongue again. The storm struck so quickly they had been unable to save the boat. The three had just stood there, leaning on the wind, and watched it smash out its helpless life on the rocks.

Afterwards Tommy had salvaged a catboat and bought it from its owner. That was when the lobsters crawled thicker than pots could be made. It was when people made a lot of money for a while. It was when hushed winter nights were spent inside The House preparing lessons for Miss Boyle. It was before Russell knew Miss Boyle had gone only through sixth grade. It was before he lost respect for her, for his folks. It was when the alder fire crackled, smoke curled into the winter sky, and the days were changeless.

"Good by," said the woman. She walked away and disappeared behind the hump-backed rocks as quickly as she had come—and as quietly. Queer

people anyway, Russell thought. Never were very sociable. Live their own secluded lives hoping the next season will be better. It seldom is, but they keep digging quahaugs and hauling pots. Digging, and hauling, and dying.

Russell glanced down where the rowboat used to be anchored. There was a man bent over some old traps making repairs. He hadn't been there a few minutes ago, but there he was in a thick, gray sweater trying to make his pudgy hands straighten the lines. He worked silently, oblivious to anything around him. Russell went down the mossy rocks, watched him for a few moments, and then spoke.

"Hello, there," Russell said.

"Hello, son," said the old man.

"Those your traps?"

"Yes, they're mine."

Russell knew better. The traps had been left there years ago when The House had fallen into disuse. Now another fisherman had taken them—too late—and tried to press the relics into service again.

"You live around here?" Russell asked.

"Lived here all my life."

"Have any help?"

"Used to. Work alone now."

"But you're past that age," protested Russell. This is a younger man's work."

"So it is, my boy, but the younger man seeks fortune elsewhere."

"Don't you have a family?" Russell asked.

"Used to. Just my wife now."

"Your wife?"

"That's right, lad. You were just talking to her up on the bluff by The House."

Russell stepped back. He looked up at The House where the woman in the leather jacket had spoken to him. The spruce trees, the crippled House, the missing shutters. All was in disordered order. All was quiet.

"Good by, my boy," the old man said.

"Good by."

The man shoved off and disappeared behind the rocks.

Russell glanced at the rocks, then at the traps. They looked the same as before—the splintered staves, seaweed, a tangle of line dangling from them. The old man had accomplished nothing, and he had left the traps as they were—useless, beckoning the wash of another tide.

"Hello," said a voice. It came from a little girl sitting in some damp sand between two rocks. She wore dungarees and had natural brown curly hair that hung down over a dirty yellow jerkin.

"Hello, little girl," Russell answered. "I didn't see you.'

"I've been here all day," she said.

"What do you do?"

"I go to school. This is vacation."

"What do you do during vacation?" said Russell, making conversation.

"I used to play in a boat—a rowboat—but the storm smashed it."

"When was that?"

"You don't come from around here, do you? It was just yesterday."

And in the same breath the little girl offered "I have a boy friend, too."

"You do?" said Russell.

"Yes, but he doesn't like it here. And I know a secret."

"What is it?"

"It's a secret. I can't tell."

"You can tell me, said Russell, bending down to listen. "I'm old enough to keep a secret."

"He's going to run away," said the girl.

Russell shuddered. The wind seemed to have caught every limb and frozen it at once. He turned up his collar, turned to look at The House, the traps, the girl. She was gone.

The woman by The House, the old man with the traps, and the girl in the sand. It was too fantastic, Russell thought. What were these people doing by this desolate spot late in the afternoon? There was nothing here. Why did they appear, talk, and leave so suddenly?

But look!

There was yet another. A small boy ran up the beach to him. He wore knickers and a brown cap. For a moment Russell thought he recognized the boy. He looked somewhat like his own son.

"Hi, mister," the boy said.

"Hello."

"What are you doing here?"

"Just looking," said Russell.

"Nothing to see here," said the boy. "I'm goin' away."

"Why?"

"So I can be somebody."

"What about your folks?" asked Russell.

"They'll get along. I'll send money to 'em."

"Are you coming back?"

"Maybe. When I'm rich I'll come back. I'll ride up in a taxi and I'll be somebody."

"Is that good?" asked Russell.

"I'll have a house — a big house — and rich friends."

"You have a house and friends here."

"I've made up my mind, mister. So long." The boy ran off down the beach.

Russell walked up the rock ledge to The House. The door was half open and slammed as the breeze demanded. Russell felt the shingles, rubbed a few remaining particles of paint between his fingers. It had been a long time ago, he remembered. Days when they painted, painted everything in sight: the boat, the shed, The House, these shingles.

"Hey, mister! Goin' back? It's getting dark!" It was the driver shouting from the taxi.

"Yes, I'm coming," said Russell.

"You've been standing out there about an hour. Lonely place ain't it? Not a soul around."

"Yes, it is quiet."

"Back to town?" questioned the driver.

"Yes."

Yes, back to town. Past Fernald's General Store, Mrs. Crockett's house, and the graveyard. Past the cove, Haley's Inlet, and the Salt Pond. Best herring run around here, Russell knew. The day's school was missed to drive minnows. The "baby blue" season every September.

"You work in New York?"

"Yes," Russell answered.

He was a partner in Russell, Easton and Barrows—a "name" in advertising. He sat at a walnut desk where people rushed in, people rushed out, and the air was full of smoke. He thought. Up the elevator at 9 o'clock, stop at 17th floor. . . . "Good morning, Mr. Russell." . . . "Good morning, Miss Davidson." . . . Into the private office . . . Easton in Chicago on Lucky Gum deal, $500,000 or nothing . . . important . . . Barrows in next office . . . now he's on the wire. . . . "Yes, Barrows, I'll see him." . . . coffee . . . more coffee . . . a cigar.

"You live in New York or you commute?"

"Commute," said Russell.

He commuted five days a week. Saturday was a day of golf by doctor's orders. Sunday was a day of rest, a time when he wrote a weekly letter to the children at Mrs. Faulkner's school. He thought. Commute . . . breakfast . . . Lackawanna Station Hudson tubes . . . subway . . . five cents in the turnstile . . . push your way in . . . jostle with the crowd . . . man on the left looks like a pickpocket . . . woman on the right is asleep, night worker . . . 60th Street, get out . . . newspaper from Johnny . . . into the building . . .

"Live in New Jersey?"

"Yes."

Yes, he lived in New Jersey, northern New Jersey. Ninety miles from the Poconos, fifty miles from Ocean City, twenty-five miles from Newark, thirty minutes from New York. He lived in a beautiful town, on the side of a mountain. A beautiful town with cultured people. He thought. Beautiful town . . . except in summer . . . heat, oppressive heat . . . like the Carolinas . . . humidity . . . smoke from Paterson, Clifton, and Newark . . . soiled everything . . . winter . . . "clean your own sidewalks" and nobody did . . . no snow removal . . . kids miss out on skating . . .

"Here we are," the driver announced.

"Thank you."

"Train be in in about five minutes. Cape Codder. Straight through to New York."

"Yes, thank you."

Russell of Russell, Easton, and Barrows had seen The House, the ridiculous people, the ridiculous life. A porter, shower, and some filtered air would take the salt stickiness out of his hair. A cocktail in the lounge, a good cigar, the evening Sun and solid comfort. Good by, eel grass; hello, New York. Good by, House—worn and battered. Good by. Yes, he thought, good by.

The train whistled.

Ghost Town

Slowly I wandered down streets with no people,
Peered at a church with quaint leaning steeple,
Stopped at a shop, where now were no vendors,
Looked in stores with rock-broken windows.

I thought of the people who lived in this town,
Thought of the joys and the sorrows they found,
Thought of the years of an endless toil,
That had built a town upon uneven soil.

First on the street was a barber shop,
Where man had met man and talked of his crop,
Then came a grocery, with little green door,
That bowed not to rich, but gave to the poor.

And then I saw (and my heart stood still)
A movie that lovers had long ago filled;
I wondered how many had years ago parted,
And wondered if any had gone away married.

I saw this, and farther I could not go,
For it made me think of the girl I loved so.
We too sat in movies and quietly held hands,
And now she had parted—to far away lands.

—James W. Johnson

AS I SEE IT . . .

By John W. Stevenson

The New Look.—In an effort to keep up with current interest, we rashly decided to investigate the mysteries and formulas of "The New Look" and sent a man out to pry into the knowns and unknowns of campus life for any information as to requirements and qualifications. He returned, needless to say, with a whole raft of "dos" and "don'ts" for the sophisticated college man of 1948 who is intent on acquiring the "new look"! No longer, dear friends, must the classroom wardrobe consist of blue jeans and a confiscated field-jacket. Forbid it that a Wofford man should be guilty of khaki shirt or trousers. That is out! The style-setters now advocate as the up and coming article—a corduroy jacket, that is the hub around which the wardrobe is built. Slowly emerging from the obscurity of prewar days is that almost forgotten possession—the neck-tie. The more varied the type, the better; but what is revolutionary is not the old-fashioned straight tie, but the bow-tie. Still popular and still approved are the old stand-bys, grey flannels. And, if you are the four-eyed type, it is necessary to get a pair of those horrible horn-rimmed spectacles that supposedly give one the artistic or scholarly air. No hat, though, that is out except for inclement weather, for one must not hide the curly locks and the helpless Van-Johnson look that is so necessary for feminine approval—tragically lost with the wearing of a hat. And, above all, don't look intelligent, for that defeats the whole purpose of the "new look." There it is, straight from our man, and he claims to have received his material from reliable sources. . . .

A Trim Reckoning.—During the past examination period there was aroused quite a controversy over the existence of an honor system. We felt that some comment from this column might add to the already-growing amount of discussion around the ticklish subject. Like any virtue, honor can be approached from the negative side. That is, the emphasis placed on "no cheating." Why not try a different tack and appeal to the student's sense of honor? In other words, why not emphasize honor and its merits and possibilities. . . .

Emphasis on Worship.—Nothing has been more refreshing and encouraging in a long time to this writer than the recent change and improvement in the chapel program. We particularly liked the change in service procedure with the addition of the Doxology and benediction as a close rather than the old method of announcements and abrupt dismissal. From the start there was a noticeable improvement in the attitude of both faculty and student body in attention and possibly spiritual benefit. . . .

Feet of Clay.—It is interesting to note that our serious-minded professors have, at one time or another, indulged in fields quite alien to their present positions. For instance, there is the able professor of one of the Humanities who passed as a votary of the Muse Terpsichore, and a co-worker who spent sometime in the offices of a southern railroad. . . . We would be glad to bring to your attention in a later issue any other extra-curricular activities of our ruling members that you know about. . . .

The Fruits of Higher Education.—One of our favorite pastimes, in odd moments, is the perusal of college catalogs, and especially fascinating is the subject list of Doctor's Dissertations in Graduate School catalogs. We ran across this interesting little item in the University of Virginia Record, which we would like to pass on to all those happy aspirants in Biology 1 and 2: Dissertation: "Investigation of the Genetic Nature of Fasciation in the Tomato with Specific Reference to Inter-varietal and Inter-specific Difference as Indicated by Dominance Modification and the Significance of Fasciation on the Origin and Evolution of the Modern Tomato."

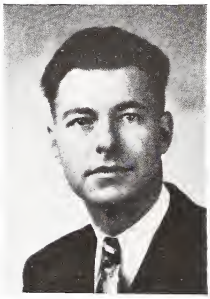
On Sentences.—The Student Body was exposed to three rather graphic phrases of George Bernard Shaw that we felt needed some comment. "We are not wealthy; we are just rich. We are not dignified; we are only well-dressed. We are not educated; we are only schooled." (Our apologies to G.B.S. if these lines are not quoted accurately, but the general thought is there.) This rather caustic playwright and critic had at least seen through the superficiality of our modern life and pointed out that we are mostly veneer and outward show. Too often we are more concerned with what people think of us than in what we think ourselves. A sham exterior, like Spenser's House of Pride, is infested with avarice, selfishness, vanity, and a host of small negative virtues. We may be well-dressed and polished, but do we have the dignity of soul to match the outward appearance? Briefly, it is a lesson in introspection, and we need to look into ourselves and see whether or not our great dreams and hopes match the outward appearance we put on.

THE UNITED NATIONS—A NECESSITY AND A CHALLENGE

By Chris Schlobohm

Editor's note: Chris Schlobohm was born in Brookings, S. Dak., and entered Wofford College last summer. An editor of the 1948 BOHEMIAN, he first came to Spartanburg in 1941 when he was stationed at Camp Croft with the Army.

What changes have come about in the life of mankind that demand a United Nations? The world's ten thousand centuries of human history are divided into two great periods: The preliterary period, or the age of primitive cultures; and the historic period, or the age of civilizations. What kind of culture did man of the preliterary period have? A spoken language was developed. Its existence is attested to by the structural features of a Java man's cranium. The objectives, goals and ideals of the early man were few in number. They were concerned about food to satisfy their hunger, protection against the severe elements of nature, and death. It is not difficult to imagine the poverty of man's earliest culture. Methods of communication and transportation were limited. Wherever man was born during this very early period, he had to remain within close proximity of that place. Therefore, he knew nothing of his fellowman who existed on lands which separated them by water, mountains, deserts, or other barriers.



In each section of the world there has always existed destructive forces of nature. The first human beings on all parts of the earth grew fearful of the then unexplainable forces such as fire, wind and storms with lightning and thunder. Thus, fear motivated man to action, and a form of education developed. The people beheld these powers of nature with trepidation. Because these early inhabitants of our earth grew into a state of anxiety over the unaccountable matters which brought them fear, they thought of ways in which they might propitiate the unseen powers supposed to be active in nature. They had come to believe that there existed a spirit or soul. Inanimate objects were usually regarded with more apprehension than animate objects; a religion of "animism" developed. This religion was intended to placate the evil spirits which were thought to exist in rocks, trees, storms, fire, et cetera. The primitive man entertained the idea that there might be friendly spirits, also. Security from the "dreadful unseen spirits," and intentions to keep the "kind spirits" complaisant, came when he conceived the possibility of exploiting the spirits through ceremonies and rituals. There were customs, taboos, and restraints imposed upon the people for the purpose of achieving security. Men grouped themselves together for more strength and self-preservation. Here we have group consciousness over individual consciousness. The young people were taught how to live with a group, clan or tribe. Bands of people were formed wherever men were living.

During the entire preliterary period, men had to remain near their places of abode. It is nearly impossible to imagine the primitive people going on long journeys. Records prove that they were of a nomadic nature, but let us not forget that oceans, mountains, and deserts were barriers to them.

According to historical records, the four cultural stages of the preliterary period were Eolithic, Lower Paleolithic, Upper Paleolithic, and Neolithic, covering an age from 1,000,000 B. C. to 3,000 B. C. Man had accomplished much by the close of the Neolithic age, and the beginning of the age of civilization. The culture of the Neolithic man is the first culture to be distributed over the entire world. It was taken into the Arctic wastes, and the tropical jungles. The Neolithic man made his way from northern Asia across the Bering Strait to Alaska, from there to every corner of the Western Hemisphere. Eventually, every island of the South Pacific was inhabited. The advancements which have been made in transportation by this time have been phenomenal. Man was now able to leave his place of birth and travel to other parts of the world.

During our historic period, there have been countless numbers of tribes joining forces for the purpose of conquering other tribes. The bands of people in one section of the world and the tribes in other portions of the globe varied in taboos, customs and dress. Habits and speech of one clan were unlike those of other clans. Climate and geographical differences assisted in bringing those changes about. It is only to be expected that varied languages should evolve between the peoples of the many climes.

Often when a band of men started on a journey

over unexplored lands, or several ship loads of seafarers ventured out over unknown seas, their ambition was to capture groups of people encountered, and claim their land or water as their own. There were many tribal wars. Invariably the chieftain of the victorious band would try to force the customs of his tribe upon the defeated clan. There existed much jealousy and hate among the people of the many sections of the country.

Since the advent of fast ocean steamers, railroads in all countries, bridges over every stream, airplanes soaring to any part of the world in a matter of hours, radio contact with people everywhere, and roads criss-crossing all continents, isolation is a thing of the past. We now have contact with people in the most remote corners of the world. Business and travel have been extended to all countries, and what concerns a man in China or India today, affects the citizens of Russia and the United States. The racial differences which exist in human beings must be accepted by everyone before peace comes into the minds and hearts of all.

We are not going to live in a confined area as the primitive man did. We cannot wage wars on one another as we have done in the past 3,000 years without bringing destruction to ourselves, especially, since there exists the atomic bomb and biological warfare technique. Centuries ago, the chiefs of the North American Indian tribes met to form a council. They succeeded! This council developed a universal sign language for all the Indians in North America. The chiefs formulated plans for peace, as well as for war. If the early Indian leaders were successful in such an undertaking, surely the diplomats of the world today can assemble to smooth out the grievances which exist between them, for a salutary effect on all mankind.

Consequently, the United Nations must be strengthened, and become a power whereby the conduct of man may be governed, and directed toward peaceful and loving pursuits of life. We cannot give up! We shall have to correct the imperfections of the United Nations as we go along. Let us bear in mind the years of patience, toil, compromise, and endless conferences which were necessary to give birth to our great Constitution of the United States. The task now is more difficult because of the world-wide scope and conflicting ideologies. Greater firmness and more patience must be exercised. When one group of statesmen are worn down, we must put in a fresh team. We must forget partisan politics and appoint our best trained men to take over the long up-hill struggle. The results will be worth whatever the cost.

It is obvious that we shall have no peace in the world until economic conditions are bearable and backward economics are aided to the front. I believe that the World Bank and the Marshall Plan are means to that end.

It is also quite clear that we are not going to be able to regard Russia as a partner in world affairs for many years. Thus it becomes increasingly imperative that we strive to cope successfully with our own National problems, thereby creating the impression throughout the world that we have a purpose and that our strength is not on the wane. We shall need great spiritual vitality for discharging the responsibilities of world leadership so plainly intended by God for our nation to assume. Privileges always carry responsibilities. As the most privileged nation and the most fortunate people, we must work in the United Nations organization with unwavering determination toward that precious goal of Peace.

It is an inexorable challenge for which to be grateful!

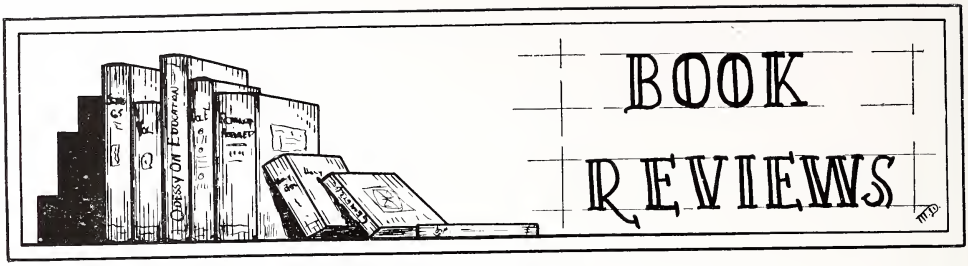
I Am Unafraid

Our bodies conjugate and become one body
And I am unafraid.
I stir in my completeness at the touch of your arm
against mine,
Stirring with all the spent-out ecstacy and all the
pent-up feeling of which I am capable.
I am filled for an instant with only that peculiar
tingling I have when my hand touches the
round of your shoulder.

Who deems it rationalization when I say that all
people are wrong and we are right?
For, after all, are they not corrupt in every other
way, even in their goodness?
It is only a fleeting instant out of the sum total of
our days and years,
And if we don't requisition ours, we shall be
cheated.

You make me pure with your caress and I make
you pure with my caress.
All things become distinctly good or distinctly
bad, and my mind is clear.
We are different, we are right.
We are in love, and I am unafraid.

—John D. Wilson



EAGLE AT MY EYES—Norman Katkov; Doubleday & Co., New York, $2.75

One of the most controversial novels of our modern literature makes its advent with **Eagle At My Eyes** by a veteran newsman, Norman Katkov.

The publishers of the yarn admit that the relative merits of the book have been argued violently, pro and con, by many critics and laymen, even before publication.

The story of Joe and Mary is one of the most potent and thought provoking tales I have read in recent years. Yet the novel itself is no unusual book or world-shaking in its scope, nor does it make rapturous pronouncements. True and admittedly, the absorbing story holds one's attention through to the bitter end, but finally and in the last analysis, nothing is gained from the careful attention one would ordinarily pay such a book.

It takes as its theme the love of a young Jewish newspaperman for a beautiful, cultured gentile girl, and the trials and tribulations which assail such an ill assorted pair as they try to live a life all their own with the normal amount of happiness which any young couple feel themselves entitled to.

The theme is not new, nor is it paticularly an interesting one for the majority of average readers. It was milked dry with the publication of the famous **Gentleman's Agreement**, which splashed the front pages briefly before it found its way into the Valhalla of pseudo-famous best-sellers, Hollywood.

Racial intolerance is a vitally important theme today—this I admit. Yet it seems to me that it is an overworked field, and this is one reason author Katkov should have chosen another, less-crowded field for his obviously phenomenal talents.

The story is written in the spare, cruel prose of the present-day novelist, with no shortcuts or pretensions to nicety. Mr. Katkov is first of all a newspaperman and he has written his story in the veteran news style—brief, lucid and to the point. There are no wasted passages in **Eagle At My Eyes,** and no superfluity of meaningless words.

(Turn to page 36)

ATLANTIC HARVEST—Ellery Sedgwick (Editor); Atlantic—Little, Brown, Boston, 1947

This is a delightful book! It is an anthology of forty-seven "best" stories and articles to appear in the **Atlantic Monthly** in its ninety years of existence — "Memoirs of the **Atlantic.**" Its editor, Ellery Sedgwick, served a fitting apprenticeship—he was editor of the **Atlantic** for thirty years.

Mr. Sedgwick has a gracious, almost Old World style of writing that is as pleasurable to read as the prose of Washington Irving. He presents a sort of interesting challenge to me; as an editor he has developed an acute critical faculty, and upon discerning striking ways of stating a thought, he absorbs some of the best of the form into his own style. One of his sentences bothered me; it began: "Something there is . . ." I knew I had seen this structure elsewhere. Not until two days later did I remember my "Mending Wall."

An example of Mr. Sedgwick at his best: "The comfortable fortune which cut him off from material anxiety made him little charitable to other men's difficulties and temptations. That was his misfortune. God gave him talents. He did not lay them in a napkin, yet he never used them for the work he might have done. Wide wisdom is the salt of life. That was denied him. He kindled many bickering flames. He never lighted a bonfire and now the light that once seemed so brilliant is out almost to the final spark."

Another: "When I was a boy at school with a white collar and a winter soul I used to sing with conviction—

> So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
> In the pure whiteness of that holy land?

and believed it. Ten years later I doubted the vileness as I doubted the pure whiteness ahead."

The influence of Boston, Emerson, Harvard and Henry James can be sensed throughout the entire work, even when the influence is not tangible. Therefore, I was astonished—even horrified—when

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A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

By Curly Earley *and* Rab Braddy

"Damn! Sam. My teeth feel like they have sweaters on them. The next time you let me sleep those extra three and a half minutes and I don't get time to brush my teeth, I'll ——"

"Aw, dry up, you and your sweaters," Sam replied, his tone supplying what his words lacked in proof that he was completely uninterested—that he had troubles of his own.

"Well, don't just sit there. Go get us a bottle of milk."

"Get it yourself, madman! I was out at the Skyway Club, too. Remember? And, besides, I went and got it yesterday. Tommy, sometimes you make me tired."

"All right, all right, you don't have to throw up your hands and cry about it. I'll get the milk. Just take it easy."

Tommy got up from the table and wormed his way through the teeming, cackling crowd of college students of both sexes, shouting "Woman with a baby. Make way for a woman with a baby. Dumfounded, the crowd parted to make way for him.

"Looks like there'd be more good-lookin' women in a place as big as Memphis State," Tommy thought, as he scanned the feminine faces that turned toward him. "Well, I suppose there are lots more running around here than happen to be slummin' down in this PX—I mean Dope Shop—at the moment."

Tommy returned to the table where Sam sat with his face cupped in his hands, enveloped in a black cloud of lethargy. "Here, damn you," Tommy said, as he slammed the milk bottles down on the table, startling Sam more than he hoped he'd shown. "Now, sit up, shut up, and promise to dance at my wedding. And remember this tomorrow when—well, hey there, Sweet'nin'."

For all the response evoked by this friendliest of friendly greetings it would appear to have fallen on deaf ears. The youngish looking, somewhat freckled young lady remained poised, unruffled, and unresponsive.

"Well! A furriner, no less. Whadda ya know, Sam. You're sittin' right next to a gal that doesn't even speak English. Good training for overseas duty, by dern. Let's see if we can make her understand. Hey, Parley vu Francay? Er, ah, SprichenZeDeuch? What's some more of those things, Sam?"

"Take it easy, Tommy. You've frightened the po' little thing. I'll bet she can speak English, it's just that that face of yours is enough to scare a first sergeant speechless."

"Aw, quit it, Sam, you're kiddin' me again. Hey, stop distracting me from my milk. I don't like it hot as it was when it came from the Mother Moo Cow like you do, country boy. Hey, hon. Want a bottle of milk?"

Still no response. "Aw, leave her alone. She's from Tennessee. I'll bet she plays a gietaar and yodels."

"I do not!" was the supposed-to-be offended, completely feminine response. But there was a flicker of a smile.

"Aha, the fair lassie speaks!"

"Well, that's a relief. Cat ain't got her tongue."

"Silly," she replied, blushing slightly. "It's just that I don't go around flirting with soldiers."

"Soldiers ! Huh ! You're flirting with future officers—Bluebloods. Here, lemme get you a coke, so everything'll be all legal." And Tommy weaved off once more into the crowd.

"Aren't you supposed to be in classes or something?" She turned dark brown eyes toward Sam, who had a fleeting mental quiver that was nice.

"Well, I'll be doggone. So we are. Hey, Tom, did you know we were supposed to be in class? This last was flung at Tommy's returning figure in the way of a greeting.

"Sho. So what?" And he placed the bottle gingerly before the girl beside his friend.

"Well, how can you manage it—not going, and all? Don't they mark you absent and give you demerits and all?" The girl was genuinely concerned.

"It ain't easy!" was Tommy's grinning response. "Of course, the fact that we caught the Flight Leader coming in after bed check last night wouldn't have anything to do with it. I don't know, as a matter of fact, how we do it. How do we do it, Sam?"

"Pipe down." This from Sam. "You wanta give all our secrets away? By the way, why aren't you in class, or Cotillion Club meeting, or something? How do **you**"—he nearly said it—"work it? Won't you have to stay after school, or something?"

"Oh, my goodness! What **am** I doing here? I'm supposed to be practicing voice. Oh, I just know I'm late now! Do either of you have the time?"

"What time is it, Sam?"

"Lemme see. It's exactly ten till."

"Ten till what, stupe?"

"Don't know. I lost my little hand."

She laughed—a funny little giggle. Then she remembered, and was serious again. "I really must go now. I must be fifteen minutes late already. Well, goodbye—"

"Say, Sam, let's go too. We've hidden down here long enough."

"Twist my arm. Opps. That's enough. Lead on, Pons. Lily, that is."

Well, if you'd really like to hear," she responded, hesitating a little, "I suppose it would be all right."

They left, Tommy leading the way with his crowd-opener, "Make way for a woman with a baby."

She set the pace up the three flights of steps that led to the practice room.

"Come on, slow-pokes," she called. "You want to make me later than I already am?" Then she wheeled and walked toward a door across the hall to the right. Inside there was a run-down-looking piano, one chair, and a window. And that was enough to occupy the majority of the space afforded. Sam and Tommy squeezed their large frames into one corner, folded their arms in mock concentration, and prepared to listen. She struck a note, and her shrill, pleasant voice found the pitch and ran the scale. This was repeated twice, then Sam burst forth with—

"That's enough of that, hon. You've got it perfect. Look, can you by any chance sing "A Little Bit of Heaven?"

"Yeah. Can you sing 'A Little Bit of Heaven' "? Tommy joined in.

A smile, a nod, and she sat down at the piano. What followed drained all the lightness, the nonchalance from the faces of the two young cadets. "That's about the prettiest thing I ever heard," and "Sing it again" was all that either could think to say.

An hour passed. The girl sang the songs they wanted to hear, and an atmosphere of reminiscence and intimacy enveloped the little practice room like a fine spun mist. Sam and Tommy didn't say much. They just smoked and stared out the window, and sometimes hummed a little.

Tommy was the one who at last broke the spell. "Well, if we plan to get in a game of pool before chow, Sam, I guess we'd better go."

"Yeah, I wouldn't want to be unsportsmanlike about it. I owe it to you to give you a chance to win back a little of what I took you for in yesterday's session with the pretty colored spheres. By the way, what's your name, most-wonderful-singer-I've-ever-heard?"

"My name's Jenny," she replied. "Jenny Marshall." And she smiled that special little smile that made her nose wrinkle up.

The two cadets carried out their half of the introduction with great flourish and ado. They told her once more that they had enjoyed her singing an awful lot. They had. Then Jenny was alone, and, somewhat reluctantly returned to her scales and exercises.

As you've probably guessed, that was only the beginning. Sam and Tommy met Jenny more and more often in the college canteen during lunch hour, and persuaded her to go up to the practice room, or over to the auditorium and sing for them. None felt the need of conversation. It was clear they had come to understand each other very well. Sam and Tommy often met Jenny on the campus after she finished her classes, went for walks with her and bought her sodas. And through it all, both boys became more and more fond of the little freckled-face kid who had come to look upon the two of them with an infatuation that was almost pathetic. You see — well, it may sound a trifle corny—but Jenny had become a kid sister for the two boys. To Tommy she was the Sally he had left at home with Mother and Dad—Sally, who was yet to have that first big date, who was still looking forward to that moment of maturity that her first application of lipstick would afford, who was the "baby" of the family, who was his only sister. To Sam, Jenny represented, simply and clearly, the sister he had always wished for, the one he would have taught how to deal with boys, the one he would have made certain grew up to be a perfect lady. And Jenny had come to be all of this. Of course, Sam and Tommy never talked about Jenny to the other cadets; in fact, they seldom talked about her between themselves. But both secretly looked forward to the lunch hour each day when they could spend a few minutes with Jenny. And time and again throughout the day one or the other of them would find himself humming the tune to "A Little Bit of Heaven." For that had come to be their favorite song; it was their bond of understanding.

Then came the day when Sam and Tommy met Jenny in the canteen, took one look at her, and then looked at each other, puzzled. It must have been her smile that gave her away. Oh, she was smiling, all right; she was smiling for all she was worth. But it wasn't the smile that made her eyes light up and made her freckles appear about to pop off her cheeks like buttons on a too-tight vest. It was a brave smile. But there was nothing else, and neither of the boys felt that there was sufficient reason to ask if there was something wrong. Thus it was that it was almost time for Jenny to meet her voice lesson before they had an inkling of what

had come about.

"Well," Jenny began as they were leaving the practice hall, "a month from now and I won't have to worry any more about voice lessons, or studying or anything else. Just plenty of good home cooking for me from now on." And her tone was made by sheer will power to be light and nonchalant. "You see, I'm leaving at the end of this semester."

For the first time in their acquaintance the silence was heavy and charged as Tommy waited for Sam to say something, and Sam waited for Tommy. Sam drew in his breath to say, "But why, Jenny?" But the words died in his throat unspoken. For they had reached the music building, and Jenny was turning into the walk. She turned to flip them a light "See you tomorrow," then ran up the steps of the building, but Sam and Tommy saw that her eyelashes were wet and her mouth was quivering a little at the corner.

"Why, do you suppose, Sam?"

"Well, gee whiz, how should I know?"

But they had a pretty good idea of the reason for her leaving. Jenny's dresses weren't like the other girls'. Oh, they were always clean and neat, but they were just a trifle coarser in texture, not quite so elaborate in design as those of her classmates. Jenny ordered a glass of plain milk and a package of cheese crackers for lunch; whereas the other girls would order chicken salad sandwiches and milk shakes and ice cream. Jenny claimed she didn't like movies, said they gave her a headache. Jenny didn't have a different pair of shoes for every outfit. Jenny needed the money to stay in school.

"Bet five he'll come!"

"Five he won't!"

"Covered."

"What's the point?"

"Four, a Little Joe. Git 'em double two's. Double two's or thirty-one."

"Hot damn! He crapped out. Gimme those galloping domnios! Five skins!"

"Covered."

"Seven come eleven—gotta send my po' Maw some money. Seven she is. Fade it!"

"I got five."

"Here's five more."

"Git on 'em, baby. Be thar, fifty-one. Here comes four-two. Ho, now. There she is. Biggest prettiest damn six I ever saw. Shoot the twenty."

"Covered."

"Oh, you ten. Ten's the point. Gimme a cigaret, 'cause I'm gonna have them double fives . . . Be there! Ha! Okay, I'll settle for a six-four. Shoot the works. Shoot the whole damn forty."

"You're covered, horseshoe boy. You're just crappin' out, by damn."

"Crap, hell! Watch this eleven. Oh-h-h, that's the good dice!"

Sam picked up his eighty, laid one back down, and promptly shot a six, then a seven.

"Damn, Sam. You're hot tonight. Gimme a feel of those things." And Tommy kneeled down in the place Sam had vacated in the circle, and knocked the dice together in the palms of his hands.

"How much'd you win, Sam?" The two were standing under the street light just outside the dormitory counting wrinkled, but still crisp bills. Each had a sort of sheepish grin on his face.

"Looks like I musta cleared $186. How about you?"

"Mine'll run around $160 or $165. I don't remember whether I started with seventy or seventy-five."

"Shall we hit the Skyway again? We're rich, you know. Besides, it's early yet. We wouldn't have any trouble slipping off."

"Naw, let's stay home tonight, Sam. You know if we go up there, we'll spend thirty dollars before we're through, and have nothing to show for it tomorrow. Let's stay home tonight."

It wasn't many nights later that Sam and Tommy were ordered to leave Memphis State. They only had two days' notice, but they managed to find time to spend the afternoon before they left with Jenny. The three of them prepared a picnic lunch and found themselves a quiet spot in the campus gardens where they could munch their sandwiches and talk.

The afternoon was spent in a devil-may-care attitude up to the very last, but when it was time for them to say good-bye the gayness left, and a sort of ache came to take its place. Jenny cried as little as she could, and promised time and again to write. The next morning Sam and Tommy were gone.

"Hey, Sam, here's another letter from Jenny."

"Well, open it, dope. What you think you are, an X-ray? Read me what she says."

"O.K. Boy, this looks like a long one. Lemme see. 'Dear Sam and Tommy, I just had the most wonderful surprise I ever had in my life. Honest, I feel just like it was Christmas morning. You remember I told you I thought I was going to have

(Turn to page 38)

BY EXCHANGE

By L. Poindexter Watts

The Fall 1947 issue of the **Aurora** of Agnes Scott is lying on the arm of the chair beside me; I have finished reading it—all of it. Many of the literary magazines from girls' schools have a lost quality in some of their stories: That is, many of the girls try to imitate the now-fashionable realistic style while they actually are not allowed to print anything stronger than a very rare "damn."

The **Aurora,** however, was delightful. The subjects picked were ones with which the authors were evidently familiar. And the one (in particular) which could not have arisen from actual experience was handled in a restrained fashion, with verisimilitude. Not only that, I could understand (emotionally, if not intellectually) the poetry, which was in three of the six poems printed, free verse.

Most of the fiction in the magazine was of the type that is becoming increasingly popular in the exchange magazines we receive. The best name for the type that I can think of is "sketch," but as most of them have definite plots (though necessarily rudimentary because of the brevity of the stories) perhaps "short short-story" would be more fitting. Is this form a new literary genre, or is it a drastic compression of the conventional short story? I would like opinion on this.

A very different magazine is the Mississippi State **Mis-A-Sip,** which is, with **Columns** of the University of Washington, perhaps the most read exchange magazine placed in the library. This stems from the quite full joke section in the book. One of the least risque: "How was the party last night?" "Oh, it was a nice party, so we left and went to my apartment." It also reprinted the oft-repeated joke about the olive—in the form that did **not** appear in Mr. Earley's "Strictly Censored." (I hate the punctuational rule which makes you enclose the period by the quotation marks in **all** cases.)

There are two issues of **Columns** that will be placed in the library upon the distribution date of this issue of **The Journal:** That of January and February, 1948. The first is standard **Columns,** distinguished by this editorial note:

> For those who believe Columns humour to be too lewd, lascivious and disgustingly vulgar for the college student, may we refer them to a few lulus in the Dartmouth Jackolantern or the Yale Record, to mention only two. Just come around to the Columns office about the first of the month when the exchanges roll in, seat yourself in the floor and start drooling with the rest of the staff. We know. We've been stealing them for Columns for a year and a half. It's getting so they're all too rough to steal. If we're not careful, we might have to stoop to originality.

P.S.—We do not have an exchange with the above-mentioned publications—yet.

Washington's February issue has been temporarily rechristened **Truly Defective;** the entire number is a burlesque of a well known detective magazine.

The hour is very late. (I seem to want to use the word "very" too much; I usually carry a half dozen synonymous superlatives around in my head and chunk one of them in when I feel the desire to burst out and "express" myself with a "very," but I am tired and cannot remember anything so tedious.) Deadline is tomorrow! Were it not for this, I should probably rewrite this feature. For, to my rather drowsy horror, I realize that I have "bulled" through about one-half of the space allotted for the column, but have reviewed only four magazines.

That I do not rewrite is rather (I **do** use "rather" too much) unfair to the remaining exchanges, and some of the ones left are my favorites. Were I to rewrite, I should devote the same number of lines (with variable application) to each magazine to forestall jealousy. And in the manner of my first two reviews, I would tell you the issues that I liked, and "subtly" not tell you the ones I did not like . . . all this without prostituting my intellectual honesty or integrity. Quite a feat! But that requires wide-awake thought, and therefore this will be printed in its rough-draft form—unless the editor intervenes.

Briefly, the magazines remaining to be reviewed are ten in number. Lovely satire, "Mice That Laugh," by Lisbeth Jensen, appears in the **Owl** of Ohio Wesleyan. It is not satire, technically, but if I called it "hyperbole" would you know what I meant? I hardly do myself. The reason for the confusion is that it is about life at college, and even the most fantastic sounding statements in the article are probably 90% truth—not satire. Also in the current **Owl:** "The Hell-Raisers." Realistic and with a not unnatural ending.

The University of Chicago's **Review** is an esoteric literary-criticism-mostly magazine. However, there was in it an excellent stream-of-consciousness prose selection by Denys Val Baker; I was going to suggest to the editor that it would be a good reprint for this issue. Then I noticed this comment on the back cover: "Denys Val Baker is the editor of the British poetry journal **Voices.** His first novel, **White Rose,** was printed in this country by Appleton-Century."

In the University of Utah's **Pen,** read "Tragedie by John Melton"; it helps if you can translate Latin.

I was surprised to read Elizabeth Brown's "I Prefer a Beard" in Lander's **Erothesian.** Such a story would cause a furor at Wofford. As usual, the Greenwoodites excel in their poetry.

The **Nassau Lit** of Princeton has changed its format. Less "white space." Three columns per page instead of two. Forty pages. Good balance between fiction, drama, poetry, and articles. Enjoyable to read . . . all of it!

There are three delightful drawings in this issue of Smith's **Outlook.** One is the frontispiece, the others are on pages six and ten. Oh! There is more: pages twenty-seven and thirty. "The Bearded Weird with the Zoological Leaning" and "Spherical Sightseeing of Torrid Tumblers" . . . who wrote these two poems?

I am fascinated by Clarence Brown's center spread in the Duke **Archive.** He even had archie there. But some of the other distinguished authors I did not recognize. "No Newsboys Allowed" scrupulously is realistic, down to the last scrap of poolroom conversation.

Jeff Bennett's "Bus Stop" in the University of New Mexico's **Thunderbird** has this paragraph presenting an obtruding conversation:

> ". . . of course, Richard, that's my youngest son, married when he was only seventeen, and I said at the time, 'Richard,' I said 'now you know that—' "

The magazine sets for itself—and reaches—a high standard.

The Virginia **Spectator** is not as full a magazine as usual. However, the University Legend section of the number is quite interesting, telling about the University of Virginia during the Civil War. How the faculty formed a reserve guard. "Exchange Humor" is to be found on page thirty-six.

I do not have a copy of the University of Maine's **Pine Needle** here. The reprint story is coming from that magazine. I remember, though, that it was a lively issue.

. . . And now, please, Editor De Luca, do not tack on a "the magazines reviewed here will be placed in the library for . . ."

The sky is the daily bread of the eyes.

—Emerson

Morality

(From page 6)

other six days, the days of heavy toil, where men are forced to labor in conditions unfavorable to their health. Let the older generation continue its crusade against dancing and card-playing; youth will continue its crusade for peace and brotherhood, things about which the last generation seemed little interested in. Morality? Yes—both of these conceptions. The difference lies in the fact that young people are coughing up the camel which the adults swallowed while straining at a gnat.

Finally, I believe that this generation is moral-conscious, because of the sheer, utter necessity of its being so. Through endless years of evolution, from an amoeba there emerged man, the creature at present most akin to God. He has made giant strides in progress in but a second of eternal time. He once was a rather helpless creature, having to do his traveling by foot, hunting his livelihood with the aid of only crudely shaped instruments. Then he felt pretty resigned toward the moral demands of his universe. But now man has grown up. He can get along by himself; he can make his own rules. All in all, he is a very handsome, powerful fellow.

Another year or so without changing his ways and that handsome, powerful, independent fellow will drop a few bombs and turn himself back into the amoeba. This orderly universe ordained of God can be disobeyed by man in his hatred and selfishness and lust only so long. Some scientists tell us that the back-breaking straw is fast being placed upon the camel's back. I would like to believe them too pessimistic; as a matter of fact I know they may well be right.

Are we losing our moral standards? I answer emphatically, no. The evidence is overwhelming. This generation will be the most moral generation in history, or else it will be the last one.

Infamous Lady

Rounded face, white parchment
Daubed there and here with
Brilliant red.
Crossed legs, clever knees
That smile and talk of
Storms ahead:
("They best be weathered
On seas well-feathered.")

—Peter Karegeannes

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TIRES EATS

Distant Thunder

(From page 8)

quiet radiating only its own body heat.

Afterwards, he was walking to the living area through the dark, sometimes falling in step beside another mechanic, both of them silent, cursing inwardly the war, and feeling the rawness of their hands saturated with the gasoline that now seemed 90 percent of the blood's content.

He was full of self-pity and felt he deserved to be so.

Outside, the night was absolutely black against the ward. The heat was gone and it was cool enough to draw up the banket. The lights inside the ward burned dully and the men talked in low voices.

Somewhere high and far out, the sound of heavy thunder rolled the length of the mountains. Away on the field, he heard the mechanics working on their engines; he could tell by the way the engines were being revved-up that the testing for bad push-rods and intakes had begun.

Miss Thompson came into the ward and walked slowly to his bed. She was carrying a glass of water in one hand.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Okay, Miss Thompson." He tried to make his voice sound friendly.

She came closer and stood over him.

"I want you to take this sedative," she said. "It'll help if your leg pains again tonight."

He washed down the two pills and gave her back the glass. In the dull light, he found her comfortable to look at. Her face was to him with the light to her back; it shown golden through the outer fringes of her hair.

"I'm sorry that your friend didn't come," she said.

"Who?"

"That Lieutenant Bright."

"He's no friend of mine. He's the adjutant. Probably wants to bring me the condolences of the squadron."

"Why did you tell Captain Traine that your leg hadn't pained?"

"I don't know," he said, "but I'm sorry I made you sore."

"I'm not angry. But please don't tell us something that isn't so. We're trying to help."

"Nobody can help."

She was silent for a minute.

"I know," she said. "You were thinking about the three men that crashed with you."

"Maybe."

"Goodnight, sergeant. Let me know if you have any more trouble with that leg."

"Goodnight, Miss Thompson."

She walked toward the hall, turning off each light in the ward as she went. The room turned black piece by piece behind her until there was only the light left at the head of the ward. Before pulling the string, she turned slowly in the circle of dull-yellow light and looked into the dark, her face expressionless.

"Goodnight," she said.

Then, with a tiny, metallic click, the ward became a solid mass of infinite blackness.

Hatred in Their Souls

(From page 10)

by new and exotic flavors, hitherto contained in undissolved cultural globules.

Indeed, we little suspect the richness and vigor our society could attain were we to embrace all the now "alien" elements of our country's culture—integrating the best features of their society with our own.

The general economic standards of our country would doubtless be improved by the elimination of "poor" races in our midst. If we were to become conscientious and think of every person as an individual to be judged by his own ability, not his race or religious affiliation, half the slums in our nation would vanish. This includes the inevitable "niggertown" in Southern cities and villages, not just the big-city slum, Chinatown, or Latin Quarter.

This is perhaps idealism never to be realized. But in personally eliminating from our vocabularies words that cause hatred we can approach the ideal.

Return

To me you will return again this spring;
The lovely sight of you—your form so trim
Will be a wondrous and delightful thing.
Think you yet you still love only him
Who hath confessed to you among the smell
Of lovely spring in all its glorious hue,
His love so true? Recall how he did tell
Of how his passion budded, bloomed and grew?
Enraptured by your virtues, pure and white,
Buried as the nectar of the rose,
I, too, have lived enthralled, have felt delight
In basking in your beauty. All of those
Rare moments that your absence took away
Will live again. The harps of love will play!

—O. L. Gilbert

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Afternoon of an Eccentric

(From page 11)

"But, of course, you haven't thirty-five children to your credit. That's experience par excellence, you know. People in school aren't expecting anything in what a guy writes. So to get over a subtle point you've go to be real obvious. I don't mean to be pedantic at all, but—"

"Siegreicher Muth, Minnegewinn, eint euch in Treue zum seligsten Paar."

Horace started to go, and the industrious young writer warmly showed him out.

"I hate to rush. This seems like the beginning of a nice friendship—"

The door shut, the light off, the young writer lay on his bed angry at the world.

The next day, the aspiring young writer got a set of earphones attached to the phonograph, blacked the transom, put on the flowing Byron tie, pulled his Keats shoe strings, lighted the incense burner. The cauldron bubbled. The storm roared. Soulful words flowed from the pen of the aspiring young writer.

Wofford Athletics

(From page 13)

Wake Forest, the University of Tennessee, Clemson, and Furman were numbered among their regular victims.

Dr. Snyder considers an incident in a 1902 contest his biggest thrill in his long years of watching Wofford sports. One afternoon the team was playing Clemson who had a terrific fastball hurler. The big Tiger had an easy time of it in the early innings and going into the last of the ninth, he enjoyed a 2 to 0 lead. He got into trouble right away by walking the stocky, bow-legged Brabham twins of Wofford. Up to the plate stepped a well-built, southpaw slugger. The first pitch was a blazing fastball right down the groove. The hitter drew back, took a healthy cut, and sent a towering drive down the right field line and out of the playing field for a three-run homer. Walt Greene, the team's speedy second baseman, was the hero of the day as he smilingly trotted across the plate with the winning run. They say that boy could have gone places in baseball, but he quit the game after graduation.

Wofford entered its first basketball team in intercollegiate competition in 1909. The sport in which Wofford was destined to win its greatest fame

got off to a rather inauspicious start according to the BOHEMIAN of that year. The yearbook reported, however, that the quintet did win a few games.

Thus are the origins and traditions of the Wofford athletic program which has been brought to its highest peak during the current season under the capable and forward-looking direction of Phil Dickens and Bill Scheerer. These men, their assistants, and the men who have played under them have made a definite contribution toward maintaining and extending Wofford's great 79-year-old tradition of good, clean, hard-fought intramural and intercollegiate athletic competition.

The Irony of it All

(From page 15)

a knock at the door.

"See who it is, will you, honey?" Evelyn called from the kitchen.

He slid out of the club chair and slowly opened the door. It was Mr. Becker with a quart of whipping cream in his hand. His face was glowing and friendly.

"Sorry I didn't get to see you, Mr. Garner, but I had to be away from the store awhile. I had to come over your way anyhow, so I decided you might need that cream after all."

Evelyn came in at this time and shot Ted a hurried, troubled look. He realized he should have told her at dinner.

After several urgings Mr. Becker sat down. Then Mr. Becker reached across and handed Ted a check. It was for $100. "I don't quite understand," Ted stammered.

Mr. Becker smiled. "I would really be surprised if you did. You see, it's this way. That man you hit today was an escaped convict from the state pen. He was serving a long sentence for armed robbery. The other man who was with me was a special agent and, since he had given me his description a few weeks before, we were sorta working together on the thing." He made a gesture of summation with his hands, "So when we tried to nab him, he jumped the gun on us and ran. If you hadn't come along when you did, he would have escaped." He smiled another broad, expansive grin, "But the best part is yet to come. You see there was a $200 reward for his capture, and I think you've rightly got half coming to you." He handed ten bills over to an astonished Ted.

After a moment to recover Ted jumped up. I haven't time to explain anything now but I've got a date with a store and only forty-five minutes to

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make it in. Evelyn, fix Mr. Becker a piece of upside-down cake while I'm gone."

The two of them stood at the door watching Ted's car rapidly vanishing from sight as it carried him to a date with a store and a green dress.

Ghandi

Towering, green perpendiculars
Fingering high into the blue;
Firm and weighty, rooted well.

Massive lengths of monumental
Memorials to God in nature
Seem as answered prayers for
Strength and greatness, and,
Though crowned to high places,
Humility and reverence.

Yet, as we stand and gaze
In awe, the treacherous woodman,
Unseen by our uplifted, admiring
Eyes, creeps to the base of one
Behind us, strikes and slays.

The forest quakes and every
Quivering leaf responds.

"A giant rushes earthward!"

We turn to meet the fallen,
Bent and twisted form
Of one lone oak, aged to
Half-a-hundred feet in height;
One that never awed a passer
With its upward plunging pitch.

"Why the roar . . . the detonating roar
For thousands more
Sounding through the wood?"

(Life had not lifted this Forest Freak
To an exalted vantage point,
From which to see
The place,
The face of God,
But kept him close to nature's breast,
Wafted near the heart of God.)

Ye heard the moaning and the
Weeping of the trees.

—Warren L. Molton

A Definition of Art

(From page 16)

By this, we do not mean that a piece of work that does not teach a moral lesson is excluded from the term, Art. Offhand, we can point to such things as Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and one of the finest things that came out of the Romantic Period, Byron's "Don Juan" as examples of great art but without any particular moral teachings. However, they fall into the other aim of poetry, that is, "to delight."

Someone interrupted at this point to say that we appear to be confining our argument to poetry, and that we have digressed from our original question of defining art. But, we argue if we can arrive at some answer in the field of poetry, can not that be applied also to other branches? We agreed in the beginning that all the arts are in some way related, because in all arts, the artist is consciously imitating and improving and creating. We selected poetry because it represents the highest expression of emotion and somewhere in that statement is the beginning for a definite art. You may ask, then, what is the distinction, or measurement, for determining whether a work is art or is not. We think the distinction might be found in what is truly creative and what is imitative. One is art, the other is craftmanship. A truly great piece of art is one that represents the highest expression of a culture, where the artist has caught the picture of a people, or an age, and so created it that it stands for all time as the truest expression of that people, or that age. A poor artist sees only the sordid, or the evil, or he fails to see the whole picture and consequently resorts to sentimentality and false emotions. That is bad art. He may even attempt to teach a moral, but if he fails in presenting a true expression, how can his moral teaching be justified? Just to attain a blanket statement, we might say that bad art, and likewise a poor artist, lacks sensitivity. Conversely, art, and the true artist, is acutely sensitive. And, in the creation of his work, the artist is aware of the true and the good and feels the responsibility for teaching and portraying his conception of truth.

But, then, you might say that is all very well and you accept what the great artists in the past have created as good art, but what about today? How can we determine in our own time whether a work is good art or is not? That is hard to answer, for usually it is only with the perspective of the past that we are able to judge. We can only apply to it the same principles we have used

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for the past, for it is not for us to say what is great today and what is not . . . What is Art? There are many interpretations. Some say it is beauty; some, truth, and others may say, sincerity. It is all of these, and it goes beyond a phrase or word; it is a people, the highest expression of a nation's traditions and culture, and for all of its definitions, it is always among us, and it is important that we select and recognize the good from the indifferent.

Book Review

(From page 24)

With all its virtues in conformity with our accepted form of modern-day style, **Eagle At My Eyes** is not destined to make literary history because of its subject matter. The tragedies involved in the intermarriage of Jews and Gentiles are presented in all their awe-ful brilliance. The figures of the young lovers are pathetic and politely believable and yet somehow, are not very real. Author Katkov unfolds his yarn with a great deal of fire and effort and one finds evidence of a consuming passion for his characters. As all novels are to some extent autobiographical, so runs **Eagle At My Eyes.** One cannot read it without wondering and actually feeling that Mr. Katkov is presenting a case—that he is crusading for a cause which he believes in wholeheartedly and one in which he has confidence. He makes the reader feel that the story of Joe and Mary is the story of Norman Katkov.

Katkov is a veteran in the news, being prominent in newspapers in Minnesota, his home state, and at present a feature writer on assignment for the New York **World Telegram.** His short stories have appeared in **Collier's** and other prominent national magazines. One of the finest things about the work of Katkov is his honesty. One feels the honesty which he attempts to insert into his story, and on the whole, he succeeds admirably.

—Warren Koon

Book Review

(From page 24)

I discovered that the "Master" (Henry James) had not any of his works printed in the collection. Did Henry not bother to write for the **Atlantic?** If he had, surely one of his works would have found entrance to the compilation! This is to me the great unsolved mystery.

The **Atlantic Monthly** was founded in 1857, but the first article printed was taken from the editions of September, December, 1864. This presents the second mystery. **Time** (Nov. 3, '47) states that Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. James Russell Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and John Greenleaf Whittier were contributors for the first issue of the magazine.

I presume that they each wrote many other stories, poems, or articles for succeeding issues. Yet nothing by any of these famous authors is included in **Atlantic Harvest.** Each of them was personally anti-slavery, and the first ten years of the **Atlantic's** publication were portentous in the history of our nation.

Was it, during its childhood, merely a propaganda magazine devoted so exclusively to the cause of Garrison that it neglected to produce anything other than fleeting opinions on the contemporary struggle? Yet Lincoln is quoted in the introduction to "On Our Visit to Richmond in 1864" as saying, "Can't you get it (a report on Jefferson Davis' attitude toward peace) into the **Atlantic Monthly?** It would have less of a partisan look there." . . . Well, figure the problem out for yourself.

One might rightly surmise that the archives of the **Atlantic** hold hundreds of forceful articles and as many stories that are of the first water, "real literature." Writings of both the great and the famous. Selecting just forty-seven extracts from the thousands available was a magnascopic (to coin a word) task. I shall mention below a few of the reprints which I found of special interest.

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Though I had often heard of, or read about, Sacco and Vanzetti, I never knew anything about Sacco or Vanzetti themselves; what hideous thing they were supposed to have done, or what finally happened to them. An article called "Vanzetti's Last Statement" included in this anthology has left me considerably better educated. The reprinted story supplied the comment of the time; Mr. Sedgwick's happily full introduction, the general history.

"On Our Trip to Richmond in 1864" was published in the **Atlantic** the same year the trip was made. It poses so clearly the implacable clash between the North and South that it had an unsettling effect on me.

"The Salvation of Pisco Gabar" was an unusually excellent short story, whose setting was Peru. Its author, Geoffrey Household, has written a story —"Low Water"—for the January 1948 issue of the magazine.

To the above mentioned authors I shall append that pet phrase of the advertisers: ". . . and many others." Those "others" include Hemingway, Woodrow Wilson, Mark Twain, Galsworthy, A. P. Herbert, Havelock Ellis, D. H. Lawrence, etc.

Excepting the comment on Henry James, I have restrained myself nobly from falling into the current "joke about Boston" position. The Boston hierarchy has lost most of its power, and was "waked" with tenderness and respect by **The Late George Aply,** which, however, revealed foibles without fear.

The **Atlantic Monthly,** a staunch Boston rampart of culture since its first day of life, is cluttered with tradition. And it can be satirized—like all tradition. All nine editors of the magazine have been Harvard graduates, starting with Oliver Wendell Holmes. The sentiment, therefore, of "Boston uber alles" is intrinsically buried in the **Monthly** —and is, to a slight degree, carried into the pages of **Atlantic Harvest.** In fact, the peculiarly subjective qualities of the preface and of many of the introductions make it not difficult to notice the ever-consciousness of the "Hub."

—L. Poindexter Watts

Dawn

(From page 17)

forget the sensations, the emotions of seeing fellows earnestly pray and "open themselves up" in groups such as this. And over and over he seemed to hear those husky, scared voices repeating what was to him the greatest line in the whole prayer, "Thy will be done," "Thy will be done." Yeah, those prayers were answered then, but what about the lives of those fellows now?

To him the loss of his brothers was almost the same as the loss of his own life, but to his mother and father, after years of training, working, praying, could they take it? Would their lives be filled with bitterness toward the world and God?

Slowly he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his last letter from his mother and dad. He opened it and read it in the dim mist of the early morning. Again he read and felt the great faith and courage of his parents, and down at the bottom of the letter he read and re-read these lines:

"My son, God in His infinite wisdom and mercy, chooses what is best. Keep your chin up and everything will be all right. Let's not doubt or defy His wisdom and will."

He folded the letter and placed it back in his pocket. The dock drew very near now, and the expression of bitterness and defiance changed to solemn peacefulness. He could almost hear out of the rising mist husky voices repeating "Thy will be done," "Thy will be done." And with this phrase turning over and over in his mind, he straightened himself to his full height, grabbed his gear, and walked toward the stern of the ship to take a last look at Miss Liberty.

Then, with a parting smile and salute toward the Gallant Lady, he said to himself, "One for all and all for one, eh? I guess it's just 'one for all' now."

Seek simplicity, and distrust it.

—A. N. Whitehead

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Heaven

(From page 27)

to leave school at the end of this semester? Well, now I don't! I still can't believe it. I still can't understand how it happened to me, but it's too good for me to worry about that. Here's what happened:

" 'When I got back from my music lesson today, there was a note from the Dean of Music, saying he wanted to see me. Boy, was I scared! I didn't know what I'd done. I ran right over, preparing myself as I went to hear the worst. Well, guess what he wanted! "Miss Marshall," he says in that cold, cold voice of his (my heart was in my throat), "I just wanted to inform you that a scholarship has been placed with the college in your behalf. All your scholastic, rooming and boarding expenses will be taken care of, beginning with the next semester."

" 'Well, I just couldn't say anything. I know he must have thought I was a moron, the way I behaved. I just nodded two or three times, and ran out of his office.

" 'I must stop now and write Mother and Dad about it. I know they will be so happy. Me, I'm so happy I could shout. In fact, I think I shall!'

" 'Loads of love,

" 'Jenny.' "

They sat there looking at each other, grinning that same sheepish grin that was on their faces that night under the street light.

"Aren't you glad we did it, Sam?"

"Yeah . . . let's keep her there as long as she wants to stay! Neither one of us would have any trouble getting a little extra money from home, and we don't need to spend all this money they're paying us to loaf around like we're doing, anyway. What you say?"

"You know damn well I'm with you, Sam."

Three years passed. Sam and Tommy finished their cadet training, went overseas, fought more than their share of the war, and were discharged. Jenny's letters continued to come through it all. Her scholarship continued also. At last, the time came when Jenny was to graduate. Of course, Sam and Tommy were the first to be invited to her graduation recital. Sam drove his car all the way from Alabama to be there, and Tommy flew in from Virginia. Sam and Tommy would have flown back from India if necessary.

They were the first to take their places in the auditorium, which began to fill behind them, slowly at first, then with unsubdued chatter and rustle of

evening dresses until almost every seat was taken. The lights were dimmed, the accompanist came on the stage and took his place at the piano. Then she appeared.

Was this Jenny? This girl's hair was soft and fluffy—so unlike the pig-tails Jenny had worn the last time they had seen her. Then she smiled, and her nose wrinkled, and they knew this was their Jenny.

Her appearance brought a round of applause, to which she bowed gracefully, then waited for the audience to still before she began to sing. At the end of every number Sam and Tommy beamed, looked around at the audience and nodded vigorously.

Jenny sang the concluding number on the program in a way that gripped the audience in a breathless stillness. When it was finished, the applause was deafening. She smiled her happiest smile and held up her arms for silence.

"Thank you very much," and her voice was humble, grateful. "I would like to sing as an encore a number which is very dear to me, a number which I hope two of my dearest friends who are here tonight will remember. With your permission, 'A Little Bit of Heaven.'"

"Remember!" Sam mumbled. "I'm remembering so hard I want to cry."

After the concert, Sam and Tommy bounded backstage, swept Jenny up in their arms—both at the same time—and squeezed her till she was breathless. Jenny finally tore herself away long enough to change her clothes. When she returned, she was greeted with "You know, Sam, I believe this little gal is old enough to take to the Skyway Club. Come on, opera star."

The evening was perfect. Good food, good music, and thousands of things to talk about and remember.

"You know, I've never been able to find out who sponsored my scholarship," Jenny mused, and her voice bore out her complete innocence of the facts. "If I could only thank whoever it was." She smiled. "I don't suppose I'd ever be able to do that, even if I knew, though. Sam, do you suppose by any chance he was there tonight?"

Sam winked at Tommy and replied, "I'll bet anything he was, Jenny. And as for thanking him, when he heard you sing 'A Little Bit of Heaven' I know he was repaid fully. What do you think, Tommy?"

"Yeah, I know he was."

And they both grinned that sheepish grin.

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LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for *Ben Ornoff, of Univ. of North Carolina*, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to glug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to *Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College;* and *Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ.*, respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

* * *

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

* * *

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

* * *

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

* * *

Current quotation on these is $3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to *Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whittaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.;* and *James O. Snider, Baylor Univ.*, for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

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* * *

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Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: $15 each to *Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif.* and *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.*; $10 to *H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma;* and $5 each to *Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College*, and *Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.*

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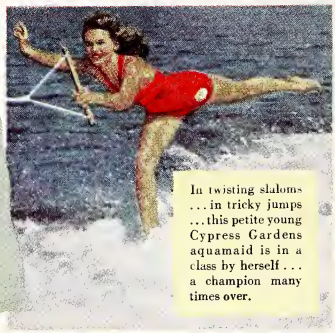

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THE Journal

Literary Magazine of Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

Vol. LVIII MAY 1948 No. 5

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Application for Entry as Second Class Matter Pending

Monthly Memos

As we near the close of the school year we present the final issue of the 1947-48 Journal with the hope that it will furnish you, the readers, with some material which will prove genuinely enjoyable. We have made every effort to select the best material at hand for our closing issue.

The editor wishes to thank the many contributors who responded to the student body's desire for good reading by supplying the various articles and poems which made this year's Journal possible. The generous offerings which these individuals have contributed have enabled the editor to select what he believes to be the best that Wofford has to offer in the way of creative talent.

A special share of gratitude is due to Peter Karegeannes and Robert V. Craig both for the efforts they have expended in organizing the Journal for print and for their various literary contributions.

I am personally very grateful for the pleasure and privilege of serving as editor of Wofford's literary magazine. The labor involved has been dwarfed by the keen enjoyment I received as I watched each issue roll off the press.

Best wishes to Mr. Karegeannes and Mr. Bill Goudelock as they assume their respective offices of editor and business manager of the 1948-49 Journal.

We are indebted to Dr. A. W. Biber for this month's cover; a highly artistic interpretation of the path that lies before the Wofford graduate. Dr. Biber has favored us on several occasions during the school year with examples of his superior craftsmanship.

Between the covers of this issue Dr. Biber has also given us a photograph of a vision of sheer delight; a beauty which dims even the most flattering conceptions of Aphrodite. The lovely young lady is Miss Dorothy Blackwell of Spartanburg. Read the Journal, yes; but see this first.

As our lead story we have selected "The Same As Ever," by Peter Karegeannes. The author has exhibited a mature ability for catching true glimpses of human nature.

Robert Craig has turned from his usual pursuit in non-fiction to something which we find hard to classify. We leave the matter up to you to read "Obituary" and decide for yourselves.

Even as the final issue of your magazine goes to press we are happy to add to our list of exchange magazines the "Trend" of the University of Kansas and "The Surveyor" of George Washington University. Those of you who enjoy perusing the exchange magazines which have been displayed in the library reading room will no doubt be glad to see the list of exchanges increasing. We hope that next year even more exchanges with other schools will be made and that the list will continue to expand.

From one of our new exchange publications, the "Trend," we have selected this month's reprint story: "Toccata in a Low Key," by Bill Roberts. It is a gripping story of World War II, one which is so skillfully written that it will momentarily terrify the reader with its grim realism.

John W. Stevenson is present this month with "As I See It," a feature article of the Journal.

Also included in the final issue is "By Exchange," by L. Poindexter Watts. In this feature article you will find a complete analysis of the exchange magazines this month.

The staff wishes to express its appreciation to one of its members, Michael Drotor, who has held the position of Art Editor throughout the year and who has made for us several fine drawings which have added luster to our endeavors.

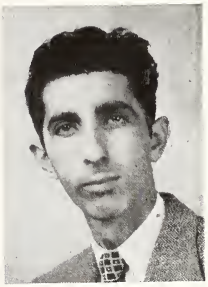
We are indeed flattered by the attention the Journal has received this year by you, the readers, and we wish each member of the student body a most successful future.

—THE EDITOR

THE SAME AS EVER

By Peter Karegeannes

Bill Conway and his leading lady checked into the Pfister that afternoon. She came in a little after he did and I didn't get a chance to see her, because she went up in the other elevator.



Anyway, I was more anxious to see him. We'd both lived in the same neighborhood back in '38, and I was curious as to whether or not he would recognize me. I honestly didn't think he would, because, for one thing, he's about ten years older than I am.

About four o'clock, Younger, one of the hops, came to my elevator loaded down with expensive luggage.

"It's Bill Conway," he said. "On your toes."

Following Conway was a man I recognized as the manager of the Warner Theater. He's a short, pudgy guy with black hair and white eyebrows and he has a very irritating voice.

"Shut that damn door quick," he said. "And take us to the third floor."

I didn't say anything to him, because you have to take that sort of thing when you're dealing with big personalities. I would have preferred Conway's conversation to the manager's, but along with big lip you sometimes get big tips. So I kept my mouth shut.

When I was up to the third floor, I opened the door and turned around to look at Conway. He's just like he is in the movies, only he looks bigger. His face was a little flushed, as if he'd been up all night and had had something to keep him awake.

"How are you, Mr. Conway?" I said.

He'd been standing deep in the corner of the elevator, his head actually touching the roof. When I spoke, he snapped out of some sort of personal meditation and said, "Fine, kid. You okay?"

I didn't get a chance to say anything more, because he and the manager stepped quickly out of the elevator. The hop struggled out after them with the luggage and I went on down to the main floor.

Two women were waiting for my door to open.

"Oh," one of them said breathlessly. "Was that Bill Conway you just carried upstairs?"

"That's right," I said.

The other one asked, "I thought the premiere wasn't until Wednesday."

Just then, I caught sight of Kinsey, the superintendent, shaking his head vigorously from behind his booth across the lobby.

"I don't know anything about it, lady," I said.

"What floor is his room on?" the first one asked.

"I can't tell you," I said. "If I did, I might get fired."

They had me on the defensive but, fortunately, I got a buzz and took the elevator back upstairs.

It was the third floor again. I opened the door and found the pudgy manager waiting for me. "Where'd that bellhop go?" he asked.

"He probably took the other elevator down," I said.

"Conway wants his golf clubs. I think he left them down at the entrance."

"I'll send one of the bellhops after them," I said.

"Make it snappy."

I went down and looked into the lobby. There wasn't a hop at the desk so I turned off the light and pulled the mesh door shut. The clubs were leaning against one of the big stone vases at the side entrance.

I stopped at the desk and asked Conway's room number and then took the clubs upstairs.

I knocked on the door and it was pulled open about two inches. One of the manager's blood shot eyes looked at me and then down at the clubs.

"Come in," he said.

Conway came out of the bathroom in his underwear, wiping his face with a towel. "Got my clubs?" he asked.

"Yes sir," I said.

"Give him a buck," he told the manager.

"Thanks, anyhow," I said. "I can't take tips unless I get them in the elevator."

"Huh?" Conway said.

"Thanks anyhow."

"Go on, take it," the manager said. He'd taken the bill out of his wallet.

"I can't," I said.

I don't know what the guy was trying to do all of a sudden, impress Conway or something, because, with a smirk, he flipped the bill at my face.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

The manager laughed. "Pick it up and get the hell out of here, Jack."

"Pick it up yourself," I said. I turned around to walk out of the room.

"Wait a minute, Jack," the manager said.

I was mad. I stopped, though, because he'd grabbed my uniform at the shoulder and was dragging me backwards.

"Leave him alone," I heard Conway say.

I shrugged my uniform back into shape and turned around to face them both.

"Aw, Bill," the manager said. "These guys are too smart. I'll get this jerk canned if you want."

"Just leave him alone," Conway said. "And you get out of here."

"Wha-a-a-t?" the manager said.

"I said just get the hell out. Beat it."

"But—"

"Gwan, beat it!"

He went out quickly, looking back over his shoulder with his red, fleshy face, his lower lip trembling a little.

"He hurt you?" Conway asked.

"No; thanks for what you did."

"I didn't do anything. I don't know why the studio insists I should have a bunch of schmoes around me all the time."

"I guess I'll go," I said. I picked up the dollar bill and put it on top of the chest. "You understand about these tips, don't you?"

"Yeah, sure. It's okay."

I went out and pulled the door shut behind me.

When I got down to the main floor, Kinsey and the Warner manager were waiting for me.

"Where've you been, Steve?" Kinsey asked.

I told him about the golf clubs.

"What's the story between you and Mr. Lang here?"

I told him that, too.

"Is that the way it was, Mr. Lang?"

"I told you how it was, Kinsey. I want this guy canned."

"Well, now—"

"Listen, Kinsey. You can this guy or else. Understand?"

With that, he turned around and strode off through the lobby and out the front entrance.

"I'm afraid I'll have to let you go, Steve," Kinsey said.

"Okay," I said. "If you'll take his word against mine, it's okay with me."

"It's not a question of whose word it was," he said. "I can't have any trouble here."

"Okay," I said. "Get my time ready."

I went to the locker room and took off my uniform. My hands were trembling as I tied my necktie and put on my coat. I sat down and smoked a cigarette and then got up and went back to Kinsey's desk.

He wasn't at the desk and I sat down and waited. Fifteen minutes later, he hadn't shown up. I decided then to go upstairs and talk to Conway about that louse, Lang, and see if he'd do something about my getting fired.

Instead of taking the other elevator, I walked up to the room and knocked on the door. Conway's voice told me to come in.

He was standing in the middle of the room, still in his underwear and putting a golf ball along the carpet. He looked around and saw me.

"What's the trouble?"

"I just got canned, Mr. Conway," I said. "That guy, Lang, talked to the superintendent about what happened up here."

"Yeah?" he said. "Well, don't worry about it. What's the superintendent's name?"

"Kinsey," I said.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and picked up the phone. He motioned for me to take a chair.

"The superintendent," he said into the telephone. "Play golf?" he asked me.

"Some," I said.

"When he comes back," he said into the phone, "tell him to ring me . . . this is Bill Conway."

He hung up and turned to me, "I used to play up at Northshore," he said. "Ever play there?"

"Sure," I said. "I live up around there."

"That so? I used to live on N. 12th. Is it still the same as ever?"

"Same thing," I said. "You don't remember me, Mr. Conway, but we lived in the house right across the street from you."

He looked surprised at that. "What's your name, kid?"

"Cosmos," I said. "You may remember my older brother, Stacey."

"Sure," he said. "Stacy Cosmos. This is something . . . you're his brother?"

"Yeah."

"Isn't this something? Where's Stacey now?"

"He's dead," I said. "He got killed in the war."

He looked down at the telephone, falling into a quiet conversation with the black instrument. There was a package of cigarettes on the table and he pulled one out of the package. He put it in

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THE QUICK — AND THE DEAD

By Warren Koon

HE LAY there in the half-light which came from the broiling sun, filtered through the overhanging fronds of the palms and giant water oaks which grew so thickly on the island.

The heat was oppressive and the slightest movement sent streams of perspiration coursing down his back and stomach under the coarse herringbone of his dungarees. The ground where he lay was soft and very black, and he had found it fairly easy to scoop out the shallow depression which gave him what slight protection he had from searching bullets and fragments from the deadly accurate knee mortar.

He was facing the draw to his right front—the direction from which the last attack had come. Somehow he knew that the next movement by the Japs would not come from that direction, but he was too weak to change now. He could tell by the drawing stiffness in his back that the wound was draining the life from him slowly. He leaned his head over the breech of his rifle and waited.

He remembered the drawling slowness of Lieutenant Page's voice, the Southerner's mark of dignity. Page had been his platoon leader and now he was dead. It seemed to him that a week had passed since that morning when the twelve men had gone forward under Page. Combat patrol. This one had turned out to be sheer suicide.

He remembered how Whitey, the blonde kid from Iowa, had helped them all over the rough spots with his dry humor. Whitey had been an amateur boxer before the war and he was always talking of going back to the farm his dad owned and train to get into the big money in the ring. Whitey was lying over to his left, his face a shapeless mass of splintered bone and red flesh.

Even loud-talking Stankowski was gone. Stan, who boasted that no Jap would ever get him, was lying in a slight depression in the earth, his face driven into the ground, one leg and hip almost torn from his body.

They were all dead except him, and he lay there waiting. He wondered what it would be like. The fear which had controlled him through the entire campaign had left him, leaving only a feeling of apathy. His mind seemed to be dulled to reality, and he lay there and waited for the death he felt was to come.

About ten yards to his direct front was a dead Jap, one of the first he had hit. One of the Jap's arms stuck up at a crazy angle, the fingers stiff and grey. When the slight breeze shifted toward his position he could smell the nauseating odor of death, and he wanted to vomit but he couldn't. In death, the body of the Jap was swollen slightly and was already beginning to turn black in the heat. He thought of the silly idea of the brass buttons down the front of the greenish uniform the Jap had worn and the target it presented. The brown, British-type helmet with the star in front had fallen off, revealing the Jap's stiff black hair, matted with dirt.

Lieutenant Page had been the first to get it. They were rounding the bend in the draw when the rapid chatter of the Nambu broke the silence right in front of Page who had been leading the file. The rest of them had deployed back into the draw and made what protection they could for themselves. Nothing had happened. They knew the Japs were around the bend, but what they didn't know was how many or where. They could hear the excited voices of the Japs calling to each other and occasionally taunting the patrol in profane English terms. Stankowski had been the one who cracked. He called out in sheer rage, and his answer was the crackling of small arms fire which did no harm, but which swept the draw with a broom of hurtling steel.

In the first attack around the bend, the Japs had been driven back by the patrol into the protection of the jungle. They came a second time, but the superior fire-power of the M1's had taken at least three of the Nips and they had withdrawn to wait. Pretty soon it came — the whooshing sound of mortar shells falling into the draw. The air had become a nightmare of sound, the crack and whistle of shell fragments. He had been hit on the first round. The others were all dead now and he was lying there and waiting his turn.

The shelling had stopped and the jungle was still. Too still, because now he could imagine all sorts of things. He wondered if the Japs were trying to creep up or infiltrate his position. He raised his head off the rifle barrel and ventured a look over the slight banks of the draw. He could see nothing, but he knew it didn't mean anything. The Japs were trained in the jungle and could blend in with the solid wall of green on all sides of him. He knew they would come soon. The mortars had been silent for almost a half-hour and possibly

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OBITUARY

By Robert V. Craig

Robert V. Craig, local citizen and prominent business man died early this morning at his home on Narrowgate Road. The cause of his death was heart failure. He had been under medical care for some time. He is survived by his wife, Ursula, and two dachshunds, Charles and Clarence.

"Sir?"

"Yes."

"My name is Craig."

"I'll try and overlook it—at ease—what do you want?"

"I've come to apply for admission."

"H-m-m, do you have a transcript from below?"

"Yes, sir; here it is."

"Goodness, what a mess!"

"Is it really so bad, sir?"

"It's not very good; let me see your statement from our office." (Pause.) "This isn't going to help you much. The Board of Ultimate Decision is the first cloud on your right, after you pass the gate. Wait a minute while I find those prodigal keys."

"Sir?"

"Yes."

"That Board of, uh—"

"Ultimate Decision."

"Yes, sir; are they pretty strict; I mean, do they let many people through?"

"Well, I can't truthfully answer that; those that fail don't pass out this way again; they just drop straight down."

"Oh, I see."

"Before you go in tell me something of what's been going on down there; I can hear the noise all the way up here. Has there been much progress?"

"Oh, yes, sir; the Russians just vetoed the international police force bill again, and at the same time they made a sensational coup d'etat in ——"

"No, no, no; I don't care about that tripe! I want to know about the church."

"I'm sorry. Let's see; at the moment I died—I mean passed on—the Catholics still outnumbered us, but ——"

"Outnumbered who?"

"The Protestants."

"What's all this got to do with the Christians?"

"We are the Christians, but the Catholics believe in the Pope, while we Protestants believe in the Bible."

"The Catholics don't believe in the Bible?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but they've added a lot."

"That sounds bad. Just what have they added?"

"Well, they haven't exactly added anything. They have misinterpreted a lot, though."

"But you, of course, haven't."

"Well, I'm not perfect."

"That's an understatement."

"At least, I think I have the right interpretation."

"Do you know?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know the Catholics aren't right?"

"I guess I don't really know."

"Then stop pretending. Haven't you ever learned the meaning of the word 'tolerance'? Far be it from me to deny you the right of choosing your own belief; but don't insist that the other fellow is entirely wrong. As a matter of fact, you're probably both wrong, but if you had only gotten together and—oh, well; why worry about what you should have done. I gather that you must be a Protestant."

"Yes, sir, a Presbyterian."

"A what?"

"A Presbyterian."

"What's that?"

"That is one of the Protestant churches."

"Stop capitalizing that word 'protestant' when you think it; it's very unbecoming to your alleged humility. Now, what do you mean when you say 'one of the protestant churches'? Are there more?"

"There are several hundred of them at least."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes; in some towns there are three or four different Protest—"

"Watch yourself!"

"Pardon; protestant church buildings at the same street intersection."

"What a waste of money! Isn't there room enough for all Christians in one church?"

"Oh, no, sir; they even have to put extra chairs in the aisles at Christmas and Easter."

"What about the rest of the time?"

"Well, I suppose they all could get into one church the rest of the time. But if there was just

one church, what would they do on Christmas and Easter?"

"I choose not to answer that. But tell me some more about these different protestant churches; why are there so many?"

"That's because we believe in different things."

"You mean something like your differences with the catholics?"

"Something like that; for instance, we Presbyterians—should that word be capitalized?"

"No."

"We presbyterians believe in predestination."

"That's a new word to me. What does it mean?"

"Oh, that's what Paul wrote so much about."

"Well, I'll look it up sometime; but you tell me what you think it means."

"I'm not too sure I know."

"Then how do you know you're a presbyterian?"

"I ——"

"You don't."

"No, sir—er—yes, sir."

"Frankly, your whole church system sounds confusing to me, but I'm not interested so much in organization as I am in actual church work. Did you exert much influence on the heathen?"

"Indirectly, yes; I gave half of my tithe to foreign missions."

"Foreign missions; what about the people in your own country?"

"I gave some money to home missions, too."

"Is that all you did?"

"What else could I do, sir?"

"Did you ever try to save a soul?"

"You mean preach? Oh, no, sir; I'm not much when it comes to speeches."

"Mortal, you exasperate me! I hope the rest of you presbyterians aren't this stupid. Why do you think you were put on earth; just to earn money to support the church? That much is only trivial. You were expected to spread good news; not just sit around and pay somebody to do it for you."

"But I didn't know how to go about it."

"Why didn't you find out?"

"I was always told that the best way to teach my faith was to live it."

"And just how did you go about that?"

"Sir, with all due respect to your high office, may I inform you that I received a ten-karat gold-filled medal for attending Sunday school for fifteen years without having one single unexcused absence."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho; that's a good one. Don't tell me you call that virtue!"

"Furthermore, I never drank, smoked, nor used bad language."

"You never drank what?"

"Beer, whiskey, or wine."

"What are those first two things?"

"All three are about the same; they have different names, but they make you drunk just the same."

"Is that so?"

"Don't you agree?"

"I don't know about whiskey and beer, but wine in proper amounts never hurt anybody. Why I remember the time ——"

"But once you take that first drink you can't stop."

"I did."

"But maybe your drinking tempted some weaker soul to drink and ruin himself."

"I never drank in front of such people."

"How could you know which ones were weak and which were not?"

"The very same way I separated chronic liars from those who were not; by observation and experience."

"But you could never be sure."

"And just what could you be sure of down there?"

"Nothing, I guess."

"For once, you're right. But we've gotten off the subject; so far, everything you've told me about your 'holy' existence has been the alleged sins that you didn't commit. What did you do that was good? There's certainly nothing noteworthy on your statement from our office. In fact, the only entry is one concerning a basket of food you gave a destitute widow one Christmas eve."

"What about all the money I gave to relief organizations?"

"You mean money that you gave the church for administering to the poor?"

"No, sir; I mean the money I gave to operate the government welfare agencies, the Red Cross, and a lot of similar organizations."

"Why didn't you give it to the church so that they could use it in their relief programs?"

"The church doesn't do that sort of thing. They are concerned with spiritual things; they leave almost all of the welfare work to ——"

"You mean the church doesn't care for the poor?"

"No, sir; we have special government agencies to do that."

"Gadzooks! One of the most important functions of the church put off on a heathen government! What hope is there! The place has gone to the dogs! The church allows every heathen wretch that wants to do church work. Did Jesus

ever instruct his wealthy followers to give their money to Caesar's blackguards so that they could administer to the poor? No, He told them to personally give to the poor, not put the work on someone else."

"But there wasn't time!"

"Simply because you made an ornament out of your religion; because you made religion subservient to everything else. Well, look who's here; good evening."

"Hey there, Pete, how's business?"

"Passable. Mr. Craig, I'd like you to meet the Devil."

"I'm delighted; I've heard so much about you, sir."

"I'll bet you have. What do you think of me?"

"This is terribly embarrassing; oh, goodness! As much as I hate to say it, I'm afraid I've been prejudiced against you."

"Ha, ha! Wait 'til I get you—uh—I mean if you were down in my kingdom I could give you some very tangible reasons for 'being prejudiced'."

"I'm in no position to doubt you."

"How true. What are you doing to this guy, Pete; giving him a 'third degree'?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Pete.' It's beneath my dignity."

"You didn't answer my question."

Oh, I was just trying to find out what's going on down there."

"Disgusting, isn't it?"

"Rather."

"Craig, you shouldn't tell Peter all those depressing details; see, you've made him unhappy."

"I only tried to tell the truth."

"Why?"

"Because that is my Christian duty."

"Are you sure? You could have made him happier by coloring your story just a little bit. Remember, 'Do unto others as . . .'"

"Careful, Craig, he's trying to trick you. Devil, why don't you leave this mortal alone; he's confused enough already. What are you doing here, anyway?"

"I just came up to protect my interests. Tell me, mortal, what do you know about hell?"

"I understand that it's very hot down there."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that; just well heated. We lead a very comfortable existence, as a matter of fact. We have many advantages to offer. Being a Southerner, you might be interested to know that there are no niggers in hell; white supremacy, that's us."

"Why is that?"

"It's very simple; the Board of Ultimate Decision came to the conclusion that they suffered enough on earth. To be truthful, I couldn't find a place in hell that could quite equal the beating they took in South Carolina; so, you see, even hell would be a sort of paradise to them."

"I still don't believe I'd like hell."

"But you haven't heard the best of it. Just think, in hell you can associate with some of the greatest names in history—philosophers, politicians, kings, scientists, poets—oh, you should hear Byron; he's twice as funny as ever. I often sit for years at a time and listen to him talk, in between screams."

"Screams; what's he screaming for?"

"You'd scream too if you were being toasted over a—oh, never mind; he screams because it relaxes his nerves."

"Mr. Devil, I think you're trying to trick me into going to hell."

"That's a very rash statement, mortal; first of all, I don't think tricking will be necessary; and secondly, I'm not at all sure I'd like to have you there. Furthermore . . ."

"Gentlemen, please; remember where you are! This is not the place to carry on such vulgar arguments."

"You're right, Pete. It's a waste of my valuable time. Besides, I have an appointment the Ways of Fiends Committee shortly. We're putting the finishing touches on the plans for World War III. Say, weren't you a presbyterian, Craig?"

"I certainly am!"

"How nice! And just where have you been predestined to go?"

"As I said, I am a presbyterian! I more or less plan to go to heaven."

"Just because you're a presbyterian?"

"What have you got against presbyterians?"

"Absolutely nothing; I like them. As a matter of fact, hell's full of 'em."

"Oh, no! You mean there are more presbyterians than other denominations?"

"I didn't mean that; I have my share of other protestants, catholics, jews, and many others. It's just that presbyterians are more conspicuous than the rest. You see, the others begin yelling and carrying on something awful as soon as they get their first sight of hell; but presbyterians, satis-

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A "MAZE" OF CONTRADICTIONS

By Rabbi Samuel Wrubel

Temple B'Nai Israel Spartanburg, S. C.

Dear Editor:

The February edition of "The Journal" carried an article entitled "Palestinian Maze," by Dewey Dale, which contains so many contradictions and such misinformation that in the cause of "justice," which Mr. Dale clamors for so vociferously, a short reply in rebuttal is called for.

Mr. Dale asserts that the Jewish people "drifted" from Palestine in search of "greener pastures" the past 1300 years. History points out that Emperor Titus drove out the Jews in 70 A.D., which also makes Mr. Dale's arithmetic incorrect. And in the same breath, the author admits that Jewish history during all that time, has been anything but "green" especially if one is familiar with medieval times, which was only surpassed in the days of Hitler. While Mr. Dale prefers to regard the Jews as a "religion," he denies them the religious truth to return to the home of their ancestors, since he argues Palestine is a "religious tract," not an earthly tract. Yet, it seems to have all the "earthiness" when the Arabs are involved, whom Mr. Dale claims are the sole proprietors to the land. In 3000 years of recorded Palestine history, Arabs ruled the land only 437 years—from 634 A.D. to 1071 A.D., when the Seldjug Turks took over. And indisputable statistics prove that 75 percent of the present Arab population are either immigrants or descendants of immigrants who settled the land the past 100 years.

President Truman is charged by the author with fomenting dissension in the land, and interfering with a problem which strictly belongs to England. In 1922 the Congress of the United States passed a resolution approving the development of a Jewish home in Palestine, and every president from Wilson to Truman has gone on record approving American interest in the formation of that resolution. Mr. Dale feels that we as a democracy have no right to dictate to a state as to its internal affairs, especially since it was not "unfriendly" during the war. Records of the War Department will show how Palestinian Jews served heroically with Montgomery's Eighth Army when Rommel was close to Egypt, while the Arabs of all six states "straddled the political fence," waiting for the war to end and share the spoils of victory only when there was no doubt as to who was in the saddle. And all that time the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem openly consorted with Hitler and Mussolini in the event that the Axis might prove victorious. Further study of the matter will prove the difficult time the Allies had with the Arab world in the last war. (Read Pierre Van Passen's "Forgotten Ally.")

This partition plan, which is now a trusteeship plan, was not decided upon by the United States alone, but by a majority vote of the United Nations' Assembly, and everyone is involved in its implementation if the United Nations is to survive as a world organization dedicated to preserve the peace of the world. Dr. Walter Lowdermilk of the U. S. Conservation Service, after an exhaustive study of the economic possibilities of Palestine, points out in his book, "Land of Promise," that with proper irrigation in the Negev, the country can absorb four million people. So let not Mr. Dale worry about the economic future of the land. Oil appears to concern Mr. Dale, who leaves the matter unanswered. Perhaps it should be pointed out that the oil Mr. Dale is thinking of is in Arab lands and that Palestine is only a distributing center, and that the State Department in Washington has done a good job thus far, sealing the hopes of a people in a "mess of oil."

The outstanding contradiction of the whole article is Mr. Dale's assertion that the persecution of the Jew is only imaginary, while a moment later he admits that they were persecuted. If six million dead is imaginary, we should like to know what the truth is like. If the concentration camps and crematoria of central Europe were imaginary, we shudder to think of what would happen to the Jews of the world if Hitler lived a few more years. As to the "clannishness" of the American Jew, which seems to take our author of the article away from his original thesis, we believe the problem is strictly Gentile. Since it has been shown, if a Jew wants to join, he finds bars or restrictions facing him. If he decides to stay away, since he is not wanted, he is harangued for being "clannish." It's no easy task being between the devil and the deep blue sea. I share Mr. Dale's hopes for a better world in the days ahead, and that will come about when TRUTH will guide the world, and justice and goodwill toward men will reign as counterparts in a more peaceful world. . . .

"OLD MACK"

By Hugh W. Mole

WHEN "Old Mack" died, there were hundreds of patriotic bird-hunters at the funeral, and enough flowers around the grave to fill a two-horse wagon plumb full. "Old Mack" was a bird dog, you see. He had pedigreed blood running in his veins; his mother was descendant of a long line of famous pure-bred setters, and his father, whose ancestors were just as pure and famous, was a pointer.

"Mack" was a magnificent specimen of the canine family. He had inherited a big, sensitive nose, and large, brown eyes from his father, the extraordinary skill of the trail from his mother, and I believe, the intelligence of both. He was a huge dog, measuring at least two and one-half feet in height, and his hair was somewhat shaggy, although, not as long as his mother's, and was white with large splotches of black on his body and head.

It was an indescribable pleasure to watch him as he scented a covey of quail, sped along in hot pursuit, and then, at last, as he stood there with one front paw lifted, halted in the midst of a step forward. He realized that one false move might destroy his master's chance of a good shot at the birds. He just stood there like a marble statue, waiting for the signal from his master to flush the covey. And when the signal came, he flushed those birds with a skill such as no other dog in this part of the world has ever attained. He was a grand retriever too, going right to work as soon as the first bird fell, and even though he sometimes had to swim, fighting his way through thick underbrush and briars, and even climb fences, "Old Mack" never failed to retrieve a bird shot down on any of his hunts. Some people even go so far as to say that they wouldn't be surprised to hear of him climbing a tree to get a bird, if it became necessary.

When "Mack" was five years old, his master came out one morning to feed him, and "Mack" didn't appear. Fred, that was his master's name, found him in his dog-house, lying there with his head on his paws. When Fred talked to him and tried to cheer him, "Mack" just looked up at him with big sick eyes, as if to say, "I'm sorry I got sick."

"Mack" was rushed to the nearest hospital, and there, assisted by the best veterinarians in the surrounding country, he fought his way back to health. Three weeks after he was admitted to the hospital, "Mack" was back home. During his illness, he received "get-well" cards, flowers, telegrams, and letters from all over the state. And when he was well again, he received congratulations on his recovery, all of which Fred read aloud to him, and "Mack" seemed to understand.

That same year, he won the prize for the world's best-trained and smoothest-working dog, and maintained the title for three years.

But now "Mack" is dead, and only the memory of him exists. Just talking of him thrills me, and I am sure that I shall never again have the honor and pleasure of knowing such an outstanding dog.

Follow Brunnhilde!

Rise with the Valkyrie's shout!
"Arms! To your arms!" is her song.
"Foes! They are here. Now be stout!
Ready! Prepare to be strong!"

Fight for the valiant war maid!
White in his steel springs her steed
Racing through clouds to our aid;
Bearing Brunnhild' to the lead!

Fair is her form in the flight,
Riding to vict'ry on Gran'.
Grane, whose speed is like light;
Grane, who shies from no man.

Trumpets are sounding on high;
Valhall awakes to the day.
Heaven reverb'rates the cry;
Nor is there sign of dismay.

Brunnhilde stands for the fight,
Strong in the Valkyrie arms!
Sun is now hid as were night.
Hark! From afar come alarms!

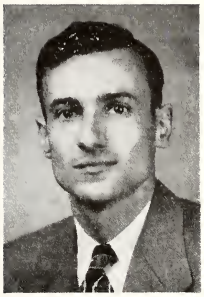
Help her! Defend her with life!
Gods rally now at your side!
Yours is the goddess of strife;
Follow to vict'ry her ride!

—J. L. Taylor

INDIA: UNITY OR CHAOS

By George Maughan

On August 15, 1947, the world witnessed the birth of two new nations: the Dominion of Pakistan and the Union of India. The free peoples of the world were happy to welcome these former British subjugated peoples into the world family of nations. However, the rejoicing world was soon disillusioned, for India in a few short weeks witnessed a period of communal strife during which more people were killed than during the last two hundred years prior to their independence. From this situation two questions now become apparent. What are the causes of this communal strife, and what, if any, is the solution to the problems of a strife-torn India? A satisfactory answer to these questions will necessitate an investigation of the political and religious conditions in India. Of course this investigation will have to be limited in its scope; but it is hoped that, as a result, the manifold problems confronting India will be sufficiently illuminated to furnish a foundation for a satisfactory and equitable solution.



India is one-half the size of the United States, but it contains three times as many people. Its population is approximately 400,000,000. The Hindus, numbering approximately 250,000,000, constitute the largest racial and religious element. The remaining groups are the Moslems, who number 94,000,000; the Depressed Peoples (untouchables), numbering approximately 60,000,000; and the Christians, who comprise the smallest element of about 6,000,000.

India is a land of great contrasts. The vast majority of the people are poverty stricken farmers and workers with 20 percent slowly starving to death and 40 percent barely getting enough to eat. The average worker has an income of about four dollars a month with which to buy food, clothing, and shelter for himself and his family. On the other hand, there is a small upper-class minority of the wealthy, among whom is the Nizam of Hyderabad, reputed to be the wealthiest man in the world.

In the eighteenth century, India came under the economic and political domination of western powers, especially the British, who, as a result of the battle of Plassey in 1757, gained considerable control over the fabulous wealth of India. To accomplish their conquest, the British made treaties with many native rulers who were kept in power in return for their support of the British Crown. Thus, to this day there are feudal territories in the midst of provinces in which democracy is partly operative. There are 584 of these princely states occupying over one-third of the land area and populated by 93,000,000 people. They range in size from Hyderabad of 14,000,000 to the tiny state of Bilbari, having a population of 27 souls. Therefore, in addition to the religious problems; these princely states, because of British support, have stood in the way of a unified India.

Though rivalry between the two great religious sects is long-standing, the acute political rivalry is of relatively recent development. Until 1922, Ali Jinnah and other prominent Moslem leaders worked in close cooperation with Hindus within the Indian National Congress. Originally formed in 1885, the Congress has been the nationalist political party of India and it served as the organized expression of the Indian peoples' demand for independence.

As a result of their successful agitation through a strategy of "non-violent non-cooperation" advocated by Gandhi, the All-India National Congress had developed into a powerful organization with a clear-cut program for independence. It had also developed certain political principles opposing sectionalism, and all forms of particularism which promoted division among Indians and were therefore anti-nationalist. The aim of the Congress party was that members should not regard themselves as Hindus, Moslems, Brahmins, or outcasts, but simply as Indians.

It is sometimes said that differences between Hindus and Moslems were deliberately accentuated by Great Britain in order to facilitate British rule. This indeed, prior to the Labor government, has been the case. In the Constitution of 1935, England sought to establish a federation on a communal basis and with princely leaders controlling their affairs. The idea being to split the electorate into sectional and religious groups. As a result Indians voted as Hindus for Hindu candidates and Moslems for Moslem candidates—not as Indians for different political or economic programs. The plan has tended to obscure the interests that unite them and magnify the issues that divide them.

The mission of Sir Stafford Cripps in March 1942 offers another distinct example of the British desire to maintain their rule by "divide and rule" tactics. His proposals provided that after cessation of hostilities an election was to be held for the purpose of electing a body to frame a new constitution for India. It was to give the right of any province of British India that was not ready to accept the new Constitution to remain in its present constitutional position, and could join later if it so decided. Such non-acceding provinces, if they decided, would be granted a new constitution giving them the same full status as the Indian Union. The princely states were to be invited to appoint (not elect) representatives in the same proportion to their total population as in the case of representatives of British India and with the same powers as the British members.

The Hindu Mahasabha, the Sikh All-Parties Committee and the representatives of the Depressed Classes rejected this outright. The Sikhs opposed because they felt that they had been betrayed by the provision to permit the separation of the Punjab (with its Moslem majority) from All-India Union. The Depressed Classes felt it would place them under an unmitigated system of Hindu rule. Finally, the Moslem League, despite the inclusion of the Pakistan concept in the scheme, was unwilling that Moslems should be compelled to enter a constitution-making body whose main object might possibly be the creation of a single Indian Union.

The Congress Party argued that the treatment of 93,000,000 people in the princely states as commodities at the disposal of their rulers was a negation both of democracy and self-determination. Furthermore, that the acceptance in advance of the novel principle on non-accession for a province was a severe blow to the conception of Indian unity. An examination of these proposals clearly illustrates the fact that they were permeated with the idea of capitalizing on the communal and sectional disunity of India; thereby, preventing a unified nationalist Indian government.

Harold Laski, London analyst, very aptly summed up the matter of divisions, in these words:

> The main interest we support in India, apart from our own financial interest, is a mass of feudal princes. . . . So long as every vested interest in India is, like the Moslem interest, encouraged openly and secretly to believe that it will get better terms from dependence upon us than from a real attempt at accommodation with other Indian interests, of course agreement between them is not forthcoming. . . .

With the outbreak of World War II, Indian agitation for independence became very pronounced as a result of the Viceroy's arbitrary declaration of war without ascertaining the desires of the Indian National Congress. In March 1940, both the Congress Party and the Moslem League defined their positions. The former insisted that nothing short of complete independence was acceptable and that "no permanent solution is possible except through a constituent assembly, where the rights of all recognized minorities will be fully protected by agreement, as far as possible." The latter reiterated its previous stand against a federal solution and announced the adoption of the Pakistan scheme as a basic principle (i.e., the areas in which Moslems are numerically in a majority to be grouped to constitute separate states in which the constituent units should be autonomous and sovereign).

The theory of Pakistan if carried to its ultimate would mean the complete dissolution of India. After Jinnah came out for Pakistan, he was emulated by other groups. The Dravidians of South India clamored for Dravidastan and freedom from Aryan domination; the Sikhs asked for Sikhistan, because they did not wish to live under Moslem rule; and the Depressed Classes were afraid of a Hindu ruler.

An important question now arises: Does the Moslem League represent the majority of Moslems in India? The answer is no. The Moslem League is not the true representative of the Moslem people, they only represent a small portion of the total Moslem population of India. For example, the Constitution of 1935 reserves for Moslems 480 seats out of a total of 1581 in the 11 provincial assemblies. The Moslem League was able to capture 104 of these seats, which is less than 25 percent of the seats specifically reserved for Moslems. It is largely a landowners and lawyers party, and it has practically no following among the poor Moslem peasants. Thus, how can they claim to speak for the 94,000,000 Moslems in India?

The whole idea of Pakistan for religious and economic reasons is basically unsound. The Moslems do not constitute a separate nation within India. More than 80 percent of them are of the same race as the Hindus. They have lived side by side in every town, village and hamlet of India, wearing the same clothes, eating the same food, and having the same culture. Why should a few fanatics and political partitionists alter a historical reality and bring about a split. The whole argument boils down to this: Because of their religion, the Moslems refused to form a united India. By the same argument, Jews, Protestants, Catholics, or various racial elements in the United States might establish separate states and break up the federal union.

With the advent of the Labor party to power,

the attitude of the British toward India was changed. In 1946, the British announced a willingness to hand over the government of India to the Indians; however, the Moslem League refused to cooperate in setting up a unified provisional government. They refused to compromise on their demand for the division of India and, therefore, would not enter the constituent assembly. Realizing that the only method of satisfying Jinnah was to grant him Pakistan, the British, in June 1947, threw their weight behind partition, which was then carried out on August 15. The British did this to prevent further civil strife, which was increasing as a result of Jinnah's agitation for Pakistan. The princely states were given the right to choose individually whether to join Hindu India or Moslem Pakistan. Lord Mountbatten told them that they must join one of the two Dominions, as they could no longer rely on Britain for protection. Some, however, object to this and have decided to remain independent of both. The most notable being the state of Hyderabad.

Since the Moslems are not concentrated in one section but are scattered all over India in varying proportions, the drawing of boundary lines was no easy matter. Whatever the boundary, it was inevitable that substantial groups of Hindus would be included within the Moslem state and substantial groups of Moslems left out of it. The Moslems formed an actual majority, however, in certain provinces in northwest India and in the northeast. As finally constituted, Pakistan is composed of two seaprate areas, Bengali in the northeast and Punjab in the northwest, about one thousand miles from each other.

From the economic standpoint, Pakistan appears to have fared badly by partition. Most of the industries are located in Hindu India. Pakistan territory is primarily agricultural. Its products, mainly cotton and jute, require processing by factories across the boundary lines. On the other hand, of course, Hindu India will doubtless suffer from the loss of food supplies grown in Pakistan.

The exchange of refugees which followed partition increased Pakistan's economic problems. By the end of December 1947, 8,000,000 people had crossed the border of the two new states—four million Hindus and four million Moslems. Although the numbers were approximately equal, their abilities were quite different. The Hindus formed the wealthy element in what is now Pakistan and their migration has resulted in the loss to Pakistan of capital and industrial skill. However, the Moslems entering Pakistan are for the most part uneducated peasants who, when they fled Hindu India, generally left behind them their sole wealth, their agricultural tools. The problem of assimilating these landless, tool-less peasants will not be easy.

The furious slaughter of Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs started when partition took place and these mixed elements found themselves on the wrong side of the border. The establishment of Pakistan and the resulting split of the Punjab only served to arouse the Sikhs who, like the early Christians, were fiercely persecuted by the Moslem rulers at one time. The memories of those days are still vivid, and the Sikhs have been obsessed with a fear that they might suffer similar persecution under the new Moslem Dominion of Pakistan. This splitting of the Sikh community of the Punjab has aroused these martial people.

In addition to the Sikhs, the Hindus have been inflamed by the fanatical leaders of two extreme rightist factions: the Hindu Mahasabha and the Rashtrya Swayam Sewak Singh (National Service Organization). The R. S. S. S. began as an organization to train the youth in defense of Hinduism against both the British and Moslems. After independence it came under control of fanatics. They were against Democracy, Nehru, Gandhi, the Moslems, and wanted war with Pakistan. The Mahasabha, an older organization, was set up to defend Hinduism against the inroads of Islam in the untouchable class. The two organizations joined forces, the R. S. S. S. becoming the armed militant wing. It was this organization that produced the assasin who shot Gandhi. The great Gandhi was shot because he wanted peace and not war. The R. S. S. S. was immediately banned and its leaders arrested and imprisoned after the assasination of Gandhi.

A careful study of the riots which have disfigured India so horrible during the past fifteen months shows that the initiative was frequently taken by these extremist organizations who want a pure Hindu India. For example, in the Bihar killings, in which 15,000 or more Moslems lost their lives, the Hindu Mahasabha element within and outside the Bihar government spearheaded the attack. The riots at Garmukhteswar in the United Provinces last fall were incited by the R. S. S. S., which sent men to the fair being held there to deliver inflammatory speeches and short provocative slogans.

The Moslems in turn have indulged in blood-

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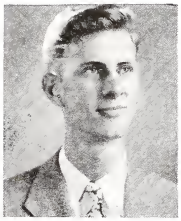
THE NUDE

By Truett Hollis

I was reluctant about going to the camp from the beginning. It meant having only a week's vacation before starting out for that forsaken place in Maine. But my art professor was set on it, and he urged me to the final decision.



The main line of the railway ran only as far as Waterville. From there, after an agonizing three-hour wait, I was vamped into the most antique train I had ever seen. Big white puffs of steam like cat-whiskers were shooting out from the pistons. The smokestack reminded me of a dirty old silk "topper." Smoke belched forth from it in billows as black as printer's ink.

Undecidedly, I boarded the whining monster. I was halfway down the aisle when the blasted thing started off with such a jerk that it threw me into the lap of the only other passenger. She was a very pretty blue-eyed young lady.

But the black demon wasn't content with what he had already done. Her baggage spilled from the tray above, falling all about us. My face was a Venetian red, I assure you, as I scampered around those green velvet seats gathering the lady's strewn "garments." It was like picking pink daisies in a green field.

I apologized profusely and begged her not to cry. She was terribly embarrassed at my having seen her "garments." She cried only a polite little, and so I introduced myself. She was going to the summer camp too. My dampened spirits perked up. Things weren't going to be so bad at the camp after all.

We had a jolly trip the rest of the way—amid our swatting of flies.

We stepped off the train into a sand trap which promptly filled our shoes. We sat down on a bench in front of the little gray wooden station to empty them.

The station was named Eros, but the station-master must have been a highly moral man as he regarded us queerly when we asked the way to the art camp.

The camp was rather isolated but very beautiful. The tall pines rustled soothingly in the salty breeze from the sea. Among the pines and close

(Turn to page 33)

Nokomis Bids Hiawatha Goodbye

or

Don't Drink, Grandmaw, You're Too Old

By the shore of Gitche-Gumee
In the doorway of the station,
Stood the weary-looking travelers
Waiting for the seven-fifty.

In their midst was one outstanding
Sweet old lady, face a-wrinkle,
Sweet old lady, face care-worn.
All around her stood the men-folk,
Stood the men-folk, pale and wan,
Two things had they all in common:
All were paunchy, all were bald.

Low-slung pants and bulging paunches,
Bulging paunches, bulging pockets,
Pockets bulging from their load,
Bulging with their load of liquor,
Swishing merrily when shaken,
Giving health and vim aplenty
To the stranded on the platform.

Brothers were they 'neath the dermis
Yet they ignored one another;
For what reason no one knows:
Possibly 'twas lack of Lifebuoy,
Possibly 'twas lack of Bromo.

Down the track the train came roaring,
Pushing through the knee-deep snow,
Stopping suddenly with tremors,
Stopping suddenly, convulsing,
Stopping twenty minutes late.

Brethren, love thy fellow-brethren,
As the parlor-book doth say,
Push not out their eyes and molars
Trying to obtain a seat.
Do protect the sweet old ladies
Though they don't seem sweet to you.

Let the lady have a seat, sir,
Dammit, let 'er have that seat, now.
Can't you see that she's not able,
Able for to stand and sway?

Grandmaw grabs the seat vacated,
Cackles merrily and smirks,
Then drags forth her shiny bottle,
Smacks her lips in glee and drinks!

Ha! she cackles, can you not see?
I'm the Big Fire Water's Daughter,
Daughter whom they call Nokomis,
Here to bid my boy goodbye.

Goodbye, son, I bid you sadly,
Goodbye, but before I go,
Let me have just one more short one,
Just enough to stop my woe!

—John D. Wilson

TOCCATA IN A LOW KEY

By Bill Roberts

University of Kansas *Trend*

Editor's note: Bill Roberts was born in Pine Bluff, Ark., and is a graduate student in the English department of the University of Kansas. He has been a member of Feoh Rune of the American College Quill Club for the past two years.

1. Adagio

HEY, Blackie, thuh sahjunt's lookin' foah yawl down at headquarters. Bettuh get it in high geah and beat it down theah on the double. He looked like he might be kinda tee-ed off at yawl not being around."

I looked around at the speaker. I had recognized him by his Southern drawl, which was always put on for my benefit so thick you could have cut it with a bayonet. It was my erstwhile buddy, Jack Maupin, of Ohio, who took a rather fiendish delight in trying to scare me with the perpetual threat of trouble with the sergeant. (He had actually lived in the South, in Atlanta, Georgia, until he was fifteen.) I eyed him for a moment longer before I spoke.

"Go on—beat it—peasant. Get back to your own miserable life. I've got an inside track with the sergeant and you know it. As for his being tee-ed off with me, that's probably just a cover-up job for yourself. He probably got a good case of the reds when he saw that homely face of yours within eyesight."

"Awl-right, so yawl know all thuh ansuhs, Mistuh Anthony," he replied. Then he changed tack —and accent. "You had better beat it down to headquarters. The sergeant really is looking for you. He said it was something important. Sort of a special mission. You lucky bum!"

"Come on, let me have the straight story. It's obvious from that silly grin that you know all about my 'special mission'."

He was back in character: "You bet ah know all about it. But I'm not goin' to tell yawl a damn thing. Find out foah yo'self, ya damned apple-polisher, brown-noser. Go have yoah fun, traituh. Let thuh rest of us sweat out combat patrol. Yeah, have yoah fun. Take yoah little sight-seeing trip. Go ahead. And bring me back some souveneahs, why don't yuh! Yuh'll have plenty of time foah it."

"Really hurts you to see someone else get a good assignment, doesn't it, Jack buddy. Don't eat your heart out over it. I certainly won't. And I'll be delighted to bring you a souvenir, if the job is as easy as you say. See you after the fight, BUDDY! and cheer up! Quit Maupin around!"

Having delivered this thrust, I stooped down to pick up my cap and meant to stride away before Jack could get a snappy comeback. He threw his helmet liner at me as an attention-getter and said slyly, "Some pun, Hun!" which I thought was a lousy last line. I didn't bother to answer, just strode away singing lightly "I'm off to see the sergeant" to the tune of "We're off to see the Wizard" in a happy-go-lucky way that should have finished him off. As for the souvenirs, I had really no notion of bringing back anything to that guy Jackson. I knew that he already had a duffel bag stowed away somewhere, filled with his own private collection of war relics. Besides I was really tee-ed off at him for bringing up that word "souvenir" again. He knew all the trouble that I had had with my little redhead back in Philly. I had been begging her to marry me all the time I was stationed near there, but she wouldn't. And that last night before we sailed, I had begged her to at least show me how much she loved me. Give me some kind of a token to carry away. She had refused. "Sorry, Blackie. I've told you how much I love you. You'll just have to take that. I don't want to go that far — not until we get married, after you come back . . ."

When I arrived at headquarters there were already eight other guys waiting to see the sergeant, so I got in the line. Three others appeared within another minute. Twelve of us. It only took a minute for us to find out that we were all there for a mission. It seemed that I wasn't the only one whose loving buddies had kidded him about an easy situation. That talk about an easy mission worried us—made us figure we might get combat patrol. About that time the sergeant appeared and ushered us into the colonel's office. The colonel told us only that we were to go on a security mission to guard a mortar OP about a half-mile in front of the lines. We didn't quite see why the sergeant couldn't have given us that information, but we didn't feel quite like quibbling with the colonel.

Anyway, after worrying about combat patrol it was a real relief when the colonel told us we were to have a security mission. We lost all the tenseness that had accumulated. It certainly wouldn't be the picnic that Jack had outlined to me, but at least it looked like a routine affair; barring accidents there would be no immediate danger of getting shot up.

"Okay, men," Sergeant Hastings spoke out,

"now listen." He had been designated by the colonel as our section leader. "We don't have long to get ready. Go by Supply on your way to quarters and draw out some K rations. Better get two or three. We might be delayed. And take beaucoup grenades. This task sounds easy, but you never can tell what will happen. So come back ready to go on a battle mission, not a picnic. All right, that's all. Now, take off!"

We took off for quarters, talking all the way, excitedly. We were to meet the three mortarmen in three-quarters of an hour. I drew the rations as Sergeant Hasty had asked. I made sure I had plenty of ammunition; then I went on with my packing. After I had filled my canteen with water, I remembered the sergeant's advice about grenades and got eight of them. I needed some extra room to carry them all, so I emptied my meat-can pouch of the dextrose tablets, candy Life Savers, the lemon and coffee powders I had saved, and some cigarettes, keeping only a piece of a fruit bar. I put the cigarettes into my inner shirt pocket.

"What are you going to do with that sharpshooter rifle, Blackie? Shoot butterflies?" My buddy Jack was trying to be funny again. But I saw the point and traded the rifle to Jack for his M1. He already knew that he was assigned to duty in the company area for twenty-four hours. Then I finished packing, put leaves and mud on my helmet, and started back.

"Don't forget the souvenirs, playboy!" Jack's voice sang out after me.

What a louse! That word again. He knew what the redhead had said to me that last night. Like a sap I had told him about it. She was afraid that I might leave her a souvenir, if we loved too hard. She asked me to take her picture. She knew I would. She asked me to bring back some souvenirs of the trip. I thought maybe I would. I might even bring back some souvenirs she didn't expect. If she didn't want my love, maybe a cute little French girl would. Yeah, I might bring back a little French souvenir, one that looked just half like me. It was no go. The redhead didn't get mad. She knew I loved her too much for that. She had me, no getting around that.

"Didn't you hear me?" Jack sang out again. "I said don't forget the souvenirs!"

"Aw, go blow it out . . ." I retorted in army fashion.

2. Allegro

We were out on a little wooded rise covered with a few stumpy trees and lots of overgrown shrubs. We had dug some shallow slit trenches after we arrived, and now I leaned back in a trench, using my helmet as a headrest. We had made the trip with no trouble. Now we tried to kid each other as we leaned back and waited. It was no good. We knew that now we were in front of our lines—a half-mile in front. The tenseness grew. Enemy artillery fire started laying in around us and higher up the hill.

"Damn those bastards!" snorted Blair. "What the hell do they expect us to do out here? Guarding a mortar OP! We can't even reach the Germans with a mortar shell!"

"You hope!" retorted Heuser. "You hope they're so far away that we couldn't reach 'em with a 105."

There was a general nervous laugh, but it was still no good. I tried to think about something else. I remembered packing my extra fatigue jacket, toothbrush and shaving equipment.

Blair spoke up now: "Say, Black, don't you wish you were back in the noncombatant Engineers, or maybe the Air Corps?"

"Hell, no!" I retorted with a snort. "That redhead wouldn't love me so much if I were."

"Well, maybe not," Blair snorted back, "but she might get to love you a few more years!"

"Make me vake in 15 minutes." Aberhardt, one of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, made believe he was going to sleep. "Make me vake in 15 minutes." He always pretended to sleep while he was waiting. He didn't fool us. We knew he was more nervous than the rest of us. He sat there with his eyes shut, imagining every small burst of gun-fire was the beginning of a major attack.

I wondered what the redhead was doing. Took another tack in a hurry. I remembered that the colonel had come out while we were waiting for the three mortarmen to come along. He had given us another little pep talk and then had come over to me. "I suggest, Black, that if you can't wear regulation color socks, you might at least keep those Maggie's Drawers covered. The enemy would spot you a mile away."

"Sonuvabitch, these damned leggin' laces always break. Wish we had those new combat infantry boots." I found myself saying it aloud, repeating what I had said mentally to the colonel.

"Still aching over the red socks, huh, Black," said Hop Harrigan. Hop was from New York City, but could have been from almost anywhere. He didn't have any accent. His real name was Charles and he was a sharp kind of character who could always find something funny in any situation—and could see a lot deeper into things than he let on. "You have a lot of trouble with red, don't you? Red socks that get the colonel down on you, and the donor of those socks, a snappy red-headed gal

that keeps you in mental hot-water all the time."

"Yeah, I guess so." I didn't feel like any comeback just then.

Everyone was quiet again. We just sat there and waited. It was quiet. Too quiet. Along the front lines there were always a few exchanges of bullets. But not now. Not a sound. It was about noon now. The sun was out and it was warm. Very warm for October. It was still quiet. No patrols hitting us. Then we heard machine-gun fire somewhere to the left and a way off. Must be a patrol out, after all.

"Sarge, do you think we'll see any enemy patrols?" Aberhardt had opened his eyes and addressed Hastings.

"I hope not," responded Hastings. "There are only twelve of us with rifles. The mortarmen aren't armed, except for their .45 pistols."

Aberhardt pressed him. "How long does the colonel want us to hold this OP if the Germans hit us?"

"He never did tell me," the sergeant shot back.

"Let's go back and find out." Aberhardt was nervous again. "Gee, maybe a combat patrol would be better than this—at least you're moving."

Blair got jittery, too. "Aw, pipe down, Aberhardt. We're all as nervous as hell without you keeping up the loose talk!"

Hop Harrigan jumped right in the middle:

"There's a Star Spangled Banner waving somewhere," he sang, "Over a distant land so very far away. Only Uncle Sam's brave heroes get to go there; Oh, how I wish I could go there, too!"

Blair swore: "I'd like to get my hands on the bastard who wrote that song. I'd like to give him his wish."

And suddenly the tension was gone. We all laughed. We all hated the 4-F bastards and knew we were brave heroes far from home. Oh, hell, yes! I felt a lot better. I looked around. The valley stretched below us, green and clean. We were located about a half-mile down the mountain in front of the lines. There were no Jerries in sight. Planes on patrol flew overhead. Our planes. Everything looked easy.

"Chow time," Aberhardt called out. I opened up my dinner unit and began to eat. I hoped we'd be able to rest all afternoon. We deserved an easy job after the last few days. Everyone was relaxed now. We yelled back and forth to each other like we were on that picnic that Jack talked about. Like we weren't in a combat area. We might well have been on a picnic, except that we wouldn't have been dressed so, or have chosen K rations to eat.

"I think this is going to be a real cinch," Aberhardt called out. He had really caught the spirit. Blair call out, "Hey, Sarge, how about trading your cheese unit for my ham or eggs. I've got the GI's."

Hasty laughed back, "The hell with you. I've got the GI's too."

Harrigan noticed me as I dug around in my pack for the fruit bar: "Hey, Black, do you think you're going to see that redhead here in these mountains?"

"Look, fellows, he thinks he's going to keep looking neat on this trip. He brought his razor along," the sergeant chimed in.

And Blair chipped in with: "Maybe he has inside dope that the colonel is going to hold a personal inspection here this afternoon."

I just ignored the whole thing. I started munching on the fruit bar. I thought I heard a noise and looked around, but couldn't see very far. Those overgrown shrubs covered up the immediate landscape pretty well. I tried to turn the conversation, "It looks like Italy couldn't grow a man-sized tree."

3. Largo

I leaned back again and lazily munched at the fruit bar. Again I heard a slight noise. I sat forward, trying to see ahead. Suddenly I saw something moving in the brush about twelve yards away. My jaw and hand froze at the same time. I felt sick. It was a Jerry. Only one, I hoped. He was coming out through a small clearing. Fortunately we were about three yards back of cover. We hadn't been seen yet. The Jerry came out into the open, looked around and turned to signal the others in his party to come ahead.

Now another Jerry came in sight, and another. I didn't know what the hell I was doing now, but I realized that I could feel my fingers tightening around the stock of my rifle which I must have picked up automatically. I realized also that the others had seen them. They couldn't help but see them. They were very still. I knew I should have held my fire until they were all out in the open, but I heard a noise and realized my finger had pressed the trigger too hard. Lucky I had traded with Jack for the M1. I could shoot it from the hip. Aberhardt fired just after I did. Two Jerries went down. And then we knew there were many more Germans behind them. You could hear them

moving in the bushes about twenty-five yards away. You could hear them scatter out to see how far our line extended. I don't know what made me think of Jack.

> Souvenirs? . . . Sure, Jack, I'll bring you back some . . . exhibit number one . . . German patrol, consisting of ten men . . . brought down single-handed by Earl Black, Company C, U. S. Army . . . I wish to hell there were only ten of them. . . .

"Hey, men!" Sergeant Hastings was all business now. "Be sure to cover your flank. It can't be more than a matter of minutes before they close around us. I don't know how many there are yet. I'll contact the other men and be back as soon as I can."

> Sure, Jack, souvenirs . . . it'll be a picnic . . . maybe you'd like an autograph . . . Hans Mueller, captured by Earl Black, his signature . . . just a picnic, a cinch . . . some cinch . . . I'm ready to leave . . . I'm scared as a bastard . . . still I'm in a good position here . . . wonder how the others are.

I rose up slowly to take a look. From my right flank a machine pistol sang out. I smacked my face down on the ground. That was too close. I took another look. Another machine pistol sputtered in front of me. A third one started on my left. I fired a couple of rounds at the man in front of me. Then I knew what was happening. One machine-pistolman was firing while the other two crawled closer to me. I could hear them. Then another fired and the other two crawled. I couldn't raise up any more to fire back.

> Anything for an old buddy . . . souvenirs . . . by whom . . . for whom . . . maybe I'm not the only one looking for souvenirs . . . the Jerries? . . . maybe they're not the only ones looking . . . the colonel? . . . the general? the president and commander-in-chief? . . . looking for souvenirs? . . . the red-head . . . hey, you . . . yeah, you up there . . . in the sky . . . what's the game . . . what's the game . . . are you souvenir hunting? . . .

I heard a scream on my left. Blair was standing up, his tommy gun in his hands. He was hit in the chest. He ran at the Germans. A machine pistol blasted away and tore the top of his head off. The rim of his helmet dropped down around his neck. I got sick and turned away quickly. One of the mortarmen was firing futilely with his .45 automatic.

> Souvenirs? . . . C'mere, Jack! . . . Got a little surprise for you . . . See? Blair? . . . Just a little trifle . . . he lost his head . . . get it? . . . He lost his head . . .

I felt myself grow sick again. My three Jerries were about six yards away. I could hear them. I couldn't do a thing.

"Sarge! Sarge!" It was my own voice screaming. "Get me the hell out of here. I'm so damned scared. Get me out of here, Sarge, before they murder me. Get me the hell out of here!"

And there suddenly was Hasty at my side. He had circled around from behind. He surprised the Jerries, but good. He killed two of them. I got the other one. It was time to leave the position. The other half of our patrol had already started back, on the Sarge's orders. We could hear the Jerries still fanning out around our position. And more of them coming up from behind. Hundreds of them coming up. It could mean only one thing —an all-out assault by the Germans on our main lines. We could do no more good there. The bushes snapped on both sides.

Sergeant Hastings gave the order and we started to retreat in pairs. Aberhardt and I covered each other. We had to hurry like hell, and be careful at the same time. If we lost more time, they might surround us. Or they might hit our lines before we could get back. I kept stumbling over my feet. The mountain hadn't seemed so steep when we came down. It was hard going. My rifle got in the way. I couldn't use my hands. I thought of throwing the rifle away, but decided against it. It was a long half-mile. It grew longer. We'd never get there. We'd be shot by our own front lines. We'd be captured by the Germans. We'd never make it.

> Trinkets . . . trifles . . . for Jackson . . . and the red-head . . . a string of glittery beads . . . an ashtray that said "Made in Italy" . . . a German helmet . . . maybe a gold star in the flag . . . or a Luger . . . a man with half his head gone . . . Hey, look, Earl! Have a look-see! You see, I lost my head . . .

4. Coda

We had made it. The Germans had been too slow. We hit headquarters and broke up after reporting briefly. Then we headed for our own area.

I slumped down into a half-sitting position against my pack. Some of the guys had looked up as I came and were watching me now. They already knew what had gone on below. Jack was sitting near me in the small space the two of us called home. He, too, was watching. For once he was at a loss for words. He didn't feel like joking. He didn't want to say anything serious.

I looked up briefly: "Sorry, Jackson! No souvenirs today!"

BY EXCHANGE

By L. Poindexter Watts

As deadline for this, the fifth and last issue of the 1947-1948 **Journal,** is the end of the third week of April, many magazines on our exchange issued in April and May will not have gotten here in time for review this year.

The present plan is that the magazines arriving after this has gone to press will be saved for review in the first issue of next year's **Journal:** November, 1948.

The magazines reviewed below will be placed, as usual, in the library for Wofford students' interest.

Three additions to our exchange list are featured this month: **The Harvard Advocate, The Surveyor** of George Washington University, and **Trend** of the University of Kansas.

(**Trend** will not be reviewed here because the reprint story is taken from it—and the editor has the magazine.)

When I first discovered that we had been honored by exchange with the **Advocate,** I thought perhaps a law quarterly had accepted our "swap-offer" by mistake. But the cover of the first issue to arrive convinced me that it was a literary magazine. I will not commit myself by any comment on that cover (Winter Issue) except to say that I immediately thought—rightly or wrongly—of Richard Wagner. **Die Gotterdammerung!**

The Spring Issue of the **Advocate** is thin, but each selection is of high quality writing. "Yes, My Lieutenant" by Denis Fodor pictures, cynically, the apathy of the Loyalist soldiers in Greece. I should like to know whether Mr. Fodor got his source material second-hand or not.

In **The Surveyor,** I was impressed by Stan Wexler's "Five Letters from Japan." I should not like to attempt five different styles in a single story, as he did. Readers will enjoy "The New Look: A Survey."

Smith College's **Outlook** is represented with two issues: "February '48" and "Morality." On the masthead of the latter, though, you will find a "March" in very small letters. "February" has two short stories, both written by men (one from New York University, the other, Dartmouth), outstanding in their naturalism. The only fiction written by local talent is a "portrait" of a (presumably) nonexistent professor. It was written by "D. E. J." There is no poetry in that issue.

"Morality" must be pennance for some of the realism of the previous number. There is no fiction, much poetry, articles entitled "Art and Morality," "Politics and Ethics," "Society and Morality." The poetry, however, is almost completely in the light-humorous fashion. There **must** be a reason!

From Duke's **Archive:** "Luck of the Irish," by Clay Felker. A sort of **Body and Soul** without the idealized finish. Well-drawn. Marilyn Skinner's "Discretion Is Better" is a delightful farce.

The first two stories of **The Yale Literary Magazine** concern funerals. And both—it seems to me—depict the reactions of neurotic characters. As stories they are both excellent, and unalike. They are Frank Sheldon's "For They Shall Inherit" and "And Our Fathers That Begat Us" by J. E. Mamis. "Not With A Bang" by J. Swift has quite a "bang" of its own. The Yale publication is a literary magazine in the strictest sense.

Strangely enough, **The Criterion** of Columbia College has only four poems included in this issue. "Pablo and the Rose," a short story, viewed from an academic standpoint, should probably make up its mind whether to stress the action of the melodramatic plot, or, the pervading theme of beauty and love implicit in the characterizations. Yet, the fluid prose of Lorraine Burke fuses the two elements into an effective, beautiful story set against a colorful Mexican landscape.

The latest **Virginia Spectator** has two items of especial interest: the joke about the elephant (page 34) and William C. Larner's "One-Way Ticket to Hell." Larner's story is a broad and deeply satisfying satire on extreme naturalism of the type to be found in novels such as **End As A Man.** Striking cover!

We realized a bonanza when Georgia Tech's **Yellow Jacket** came through with three issues of their magazine at once. It appears they forgot us for a while. Their entire March issue is a parody on **Esquire;** the mid-section of their February number is devoted to a parody on the **Atlanta Journal Magazine.** You can easily imagine the beautiful possibilities. These three issues are what our editor would call "triumphs."

Freelance is published by The Writers' Club, University of Connecticut. As this is the only magazine received this year from them, perhaps **Freelance** should take its place at the beginning with the other three new magazines. But as we have been in agreement about exchange since early fall, I think of this magazine as an established friend.

The Writers' Club has been writing furiously all winter, submitting manuscripts to be judged (in an annual contest, I suppose). Therefore, beneath

(Turn to page 22)

to the
graduating class
of 1948

the journal staff
extends wishes
for a
successful future

By Exchange

(From page 19)

the titles of several of the prose and poetry selections, a random "(First Prize)" or "(Honorable Mention)" may be found. "The Medal" by Clark K. Wiswell gives a picture of a boy's life in a large city, which, I fear, is entirely too accurately drawn.

The **Owl** of Ohio Wesleyan University has consistently produced good magazines. The current one has achieved that difficult quality: sustained interest. For a professor's report on students, read "Inside North America." But then be sure to read "Part Time Democracy," by Chud Long. A review of Richard Wright's **Native Son.** Roy Knoop's "The First Love" is enjoyable nonsense.

Pen of Mississippi State College has come out with a story notable for its suspense: "Reconnaissance Report," by Billy T. Manning. Charles Crawford's "Mama Races Her Motor" is a good-natured story after the **Life With Father-I Remember Mama** pattern. Mama is, as if you did not already know, the hero.

The Window of the University of Colorado has a most intriguing classroom caricature over its masthead on the first page. Very clever. Despite an ending that I did not know exactly how to take (the movies lead you to expect the pat "they married and lived happily ever after" finis), I think Melvin Mencher's "The Casualty" is outstanding. For a "sharp" satire on music and record review columns (symphony), see page 18 of **The Window.**

The Marquette Journal has two long, serious poems, "Loredano," by Patricia Smith, and "The Only Night," by Paul Mattheisen, in its January issue. Except for less "white space" in the Marquette magazine, it is on the same order as that of Yale. "Ellie Be Bright" is well-handled agrariana by Betty Delaney.

We have two issues of **Columns,** University of Washington: March and April. The March issue parodies **Life** and **Look** magazines. The April issue takes as its theme "The War Between Men and Women." A feature of the war is the difference between the woman's account and the man's account of the first date: Female Viewpoint by Barbara Caples, Male Viewpoint by Mike Hansen. To be found on pages 8 and 9.

We also have two issues of **The Fordham Monthly**: February and March. An Irish "blarney" story, "Shamus," is the feature of February's number. Concerning the Kinsey report I quote from Fordham's March issue: "It would appear to us that unsuspecting people believe that in this book, the very apex of literary eroticism has been reached and are eager for that reason to explore it. They will probably be very dissappointed at the clinical treatment and chaste multiplicity of charts—and we think it will serve them right . . ."

Lander's **Erothesian** has a humorous feature (or is it humorous—from the girl's standpoint?) about a college girl on a date. "Things Are Rough All Over," by the editor, Elizabeth Brown. Thank you Mary Eaddy for your attack on soap operas.

The Thunderbird of the University of New Mexico has again come up with a high-standard magazine. "Return of the Alien," by Henry H. Hayden, gets first honors on my list. "Escape From the Rock," by Starr Jenkins, was a well-conceived story—well written. "You Just Don't," by Doug Benton, is an ironical, nasty little story of bigotry coupled with "wheelism." Rather interesting . . .

Advertisement

Deceitful sun, I feel your fraudulent warmth.
You, skies, the new-found brightness of your blue
I have no choice but notice. Yes, of course
I saw that marigold, and stand full willing
To declare it bore a brighter hue
Than any spring could bring to rightful birth.
That robin you so slyly placed upon
The lawn, I saw that too. The long forgotten
Smell of poignant balmy air caressed
My face; then chilling winds swept down to mock
My revelry. Let us be spared this torment,
Nature; issue no false hope of life
And warmth and birth returned. Let winter reign
Unflagging yet a while. Then may we welcome
In due season love and life reborn.

—Rab Braddy

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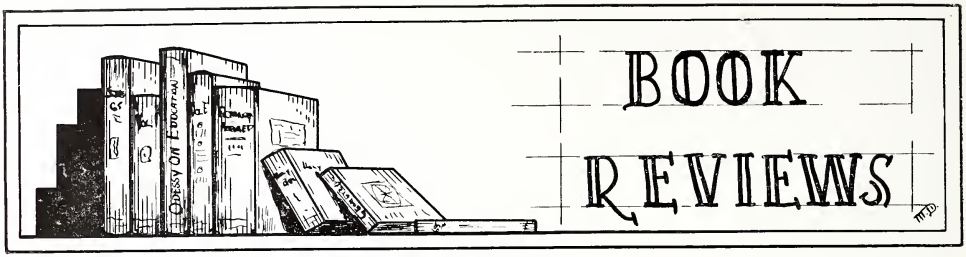
A VISION OF DELIGHT



COMPANY COMMANDER, by Charles B. MacDonald; Infantry Journal Press—$3.00

This true account of a small area of the war, viewed from the vantage point of a company commander of a rifle company intrigues this reviewer for two very good reasons. First, the author is a young man, only 25 years old, whom I have known personally for a good number of years, having attended school with him at Presbyterian College and later associated with him in the department of publicity at the same school. Secondly, his writing is among the best of the modern literary period, and I agree with one of the editors of the august Book of the Month Club when he called **Company Commander** one of the best stories to come out of World War II.

Charles MacDonald was born and raised in Dillon, S. C. He attended Presbyterian College and received his commission in the ROTC in 1942 and was immediately called to active duty. He was one of the youngest and most talented men ever to graduate with his commission from that school and some two years later he landed on Omaha Beach where he was given command of I Company, 23d Regiment, 2d Infantry Division.

MacDonald tells his story of the frontline, infantry warfare with the skill of a veteran writer, although it is the first thing he has ever written for publication. His prose is spare and vigorous, and he makes no attempt at being literary. He was very young to command a company of infantry, and he was literally scared stiff when he took over the company made up of veteran combat men. MacDonald tells of how he struggled to hide the fear which gripped his heart, and how he eventually won the confidence of his men.

There is rich humor also in his story of the war. His narrative of how he almost captured the important city of Leipzig will grip the reader with its suspense and the humor of the situation. The editors of the Infantry Journal Press call it "one of the funniest stories of the war, combining some of the best elements of **Don Quixote** and **Terry and the Pirates.**"

MacDonald dedicates his book to the GI—the miserable, frightened men who, as MacDonald puts it, "win wars." Every man who had a part in the war will want to read Captain MacDonald's accounts of what it's like to hold men's lives in your hands. They will relive the horror of showing fear. It is a book which is well worth the reading.

MacDonald is now engaged by the United States Government in helping to compile an official history of the war, and his ability will add to the rich history made in the last decade.

—Warren Koon

CONSPIRATOR—Humphrey Slater; Harcourt, Brace, New York

There is a genus of the novel known as the "thriller"—a type of story which doesn't occur too often here in America but a type at which the British are particularly apt. That is not to say that American writers don't try to write "thrillers" because, as a matter of fact, our common "who-dunits" are in most cases just weak attempts to emulate the "thriller."

Until Humphrey Slater came along last year with his volume **The Heretics,** the only notable writers of this type of story could be counted on the fingers of one hand. These writers were—and are—practically all Britishers, i.e., John Buchan, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Graham Greene, and Eric Ambler.

Mr. Slater's second effort, **Conspirator,** fulfills the promise he gave in his earlier book and also follows in the tradition that the British are the only good writers of the "thriller."

There is something in this story, however, that fits Mr. Slater to step just above the heads of his predecessors—the story contains the kind of brilliant writing that raises men to literary eminence. Unfortunately, the fact that the story is intended only to "thrill" will never bring about this lofty ascent but will keep Mr. Slater—for the time being,

at least—only that one step above the late Buchan.

The unsuspecting reader, beginning the story, will think himself about to embark on a very charming love story, but not for long—the narrative soon begins to slam him around in an England filled with subversiveness and intrigue.

Major Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot is a young man who shows promise of becoming a combination Lawrence of Arabia and Chinese Gordon. Indeed, he looks like the British Army's most promising individual.

He is a man of mixed political ideologies, having moved around the world quite a bit and taken part in several of those national skirmishes that humor all soldiers of fortune while roaming between major wars.

His sparkle and dash properly dazzle a young lady named Harriet and, after suffering her certain misgivings, he asks her to marry him. Harriet is fascinated and, as fascination and love are indeed closely related, she doesn't hesitate too long in accepting his offer.

Their marriage is in keeping with the life of those who are bred into the corps—shooting parties, hunts, and dinner with the company commander. While all this is going on, however, Desmond never misses his frequent visits with a crippled comrade, a fine gesture on his part, but visits out of which arise certain rather mystifying occurrences.

Harriet—displaying a certain type of curiosity peculiar to wives—opens Desmond's brief case and finds therein a document indicating that her boy is—of all things—a Soviet agent.

Desmond in turn gets wise to Harriet and finds that he must get rid of her. He strikes upon a novel method for doing just that—the plot consisting in part of taking Harriet duck hunting and, while she is busy with ducks, blowing her head off with a shotgun.

When the reader gets to this point in the book, he will undoubtedly—as we did—find himself in a kind of supercharged state and will go on and read the last few pages without pausing to bother with such trifles as evening sustenance. In other words, the last chapter of this little story (188 pp.) is enough to make Slater fans out of every one of us for life.

Incidentally, it might well be noted here that Slater knows whereof he speaks in matters pertaining to social idiologies and soldiering. The jacket blurb informs us that he was chief of operations for the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War.

—Peter Karegeannes

The Unreturning Ship

Lady Nell sat on the grass, knitting fast away,
From out the sky she saw a cloud,
Covering the ocean like a shroud,
Bringing thunder pealing loud,
And she sat quietly, knitting away,
Quietly, quietly, knitting away.

Her husband a sailor, a seafaring man,
And he was sailing far away,
Sailing far from shallow bay,
Sailing forth both night and day,
To friendly and to foreign land.
Foolish and young, a happy man.

They had a daughter, a pretty child,
Of rosy cheek and merry eye,
Of tousled hair and happy sigh,
Of plaid skirt and bright bow tie,
By God's hand they thought her styled.
Of rosy cheek, a happy child.

Nell was a beauty, of golden hair,
Of true heart and clean brown limb,
Of playful joy and youthful vim,
She only lived for sight of him,
How black and dark came her despair.
Despairing maiden of golden hair.

Pretty Nell sat on the grass, knitting fast away,
From out the sky she saw a cloud,
From out the sky came death's dark shroud,
Made of wind and thunder loud,
And she sat quietly, knitting away.
Much too quietly, knitting away.

There was no need to bring her word,
She felt it all down in her breast,
She asked of God that he be blessed,
Tears filled her eyes in rising crest,
And sobs full-low were softly heard.
Widowed woman's soft sobbings heard.

Her seaman's ship in storm had sank,
O'erturned by wind's onrushing roar,
Wrecked by hurricane's sucking core,
Resting now on ocean's floor,
In green waters, dark and dank.
Ocean's coffin, dark and dank.

—James W. Johnson

AS THEY WOULD SEE IT

Mother Goose Tales by the Great Authors

By Richard Kerr Isley

Author's note: Most of the stories in the Mother Goose group are familiar to all of us. We have heard them since our pre-school days, when our mothers, fathers or some favorite aunt or uncle unfolded their magic appeal to our infantile ears. Of course each one of us has heard a slightly modified edition of the story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," etc. The style varies directly with the person telling it, so to speak.

The real origins of these popular examples of folk lore are difficult to trace. Indeed, I doubt if we ever will learn with a definite measure of certainty exactly who started them. This is not important, but something that might prove important would be a standard translation. If we hand an authorized version such as the 1945 edition of the New Testament, we would better know how to retell the story.

With this purpose in mind, I have called on two of the country's leading authors, asking them to give their versions of two of the popular Mother Goose stories. The first, "Little Red Riding Hood," was graciously written for us by Mr. Theodore Dreiser in 1945. The second, Goldielocks and The Three Bears," was written by the leading exponent of caricature in American fiction, Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

A FOREST TRAGEDY

A la Theodore Dreiser

Chapter I

It was late one evening in the year 1925 when Rhoda Riddinghood was sitting in the graceful window seat of the pleasant summer home Old Riddinghood had built some fifteen years before. She had many misgivings about her life and the frustration she had faced up till now. Where did she fit in life? Was there any need of struggling any further?

Perhaps all man's life was just an unfortunate circumstance as so many great writers held. She had tried to be fair with life. Why could it not be tolerant and leave her alone? For emerging on that glorious and blossoming consummation of fatal beauty that nature had decreed should be the lot of all her sex, she could not quite understand why she should simply drop with an insipid and passive resistance into the position society had condemned her to conform with. And because she could not possibly have an inkling of the plots and counterplots of life, she worried so much that when her mother came in she perceived at once the distraught and hopeless resignation on her face. Her mother walked over with her usual sympathetic and understanding look and began to stroke her daughter's golden hair. She did not fully understand and realize the capacities of this daughter of hers and because she could not, she attributed it merely to a chronic condition of nature's great work of sexual transformation. Surely she had gone through the same thing herself and with the passing of years simply could not recall it Yes, that must be it! Surely there was nothing wrong with this seemingly normal daughter of hers.

She had been wondering for some little time as to the most auspicious way to draw her from this lethargy that she had fallen into. Many schemes had entered her mind but none of them seemed feasible for the moment and she was forced to cast them aside and seek for something more applicable. It was after some worry and procrastination that she hit on the idea of sending Rhoda away to her grandmother's on the ostensible mission of taking some food to the unfortunate soul. This grandmother lived in a small brownstone house in the woods, and in spite of the fact that the neighborhood was noted for its notorious and flagrant disregard for morals and lawful restraint, the distraught mother could think of no other solution with less dangers. But the solution to the whole paradox was not clear, with the result that the mother was willing to seek the first avenue of escape that offered itself. Hence, after several deliberations she began, "Rhoda, darling, it's been a long time since your dear old grandmother has seen you. Don't you think it is time you went by to see her?"

"Yes," she demurred, "I suppose you're right." And leaving this matter quite simply, she inwardly hoped her mother would forget the subject and not insist on her going. If she could have had a premonition of the adventure that awaited her in Woodland, she would more eagerly have fallen in

with her mother's plan.

However, the latter, feeling for sometime that some depressing malady was haunting her daughter, and having the completely unselfish and solicitous attention of maternal love, her one thought was that her daughter could overcome this thing that had been troubling her.

The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months. Scarcely three months had passed before the subject was revived and the daughter was more inclined to fall in with her mother's inclinations and make the desired visit to Woodland. For no saving remedy having appeared to draw her from this dreadful malady she now found herself still the victim of, she resolved to cast aside all presupposed opinions she had and make the trip. Perhaps the change in climate and geographical position would help her.

Chapter II

Willard Wolfe was a prepossessing man in many respects. Having been reared in and about the region of Woodland, he had early learned all the artifices of the small community as it pertained to the male conduct to the other sex. Possessing a singular capacity for self-improvement, he migrated to the larger cities of the plain, where he learned what it was to find self-expression by traveling in packs. But having returned to his native Woodland, he was soon thrown into an immediate sense of mental annihilation, and this being something he could not long tolerate, he was at the time of Rhoda's protracted journey, anxious to meet some new conquest.

As circumstances would have it, he happened to be at the grandmother's home the day before Rhoda was to arrive, and having been informed by the simple old woman of her niece's expected visit, he saw in this a means of gratifying his long desire for excitement. He felt the girl would like him. After all, he wasn't at all bad looking, and from the interested looks he received from girls he concluded that they had summed him up as a worthy and able recipient of their affections. His emotions at this time might not have been so inflamed had there not transpired one factor that cannot be disregarded in telling this story. While talking with the grandmother, he had looked about the room and seeing a picture of Rhoda on one of the far tables in the living room, he asked if that were the niece. When he learned this, his natural energy knew no bounds. His usual policy had been to reserve judgment on all photographs until he saw the person in life, but having heard a great deal about her, both from the doting grandmother and others of the community, he thirsted after her all the more. What a creature she must be! The deep-set eyes, the raven hair, and the sensuous lips. What a veritable volcano she would be, once she were aroused!

Willard was a man of unusual energy and when he found some girl who fascinated him, he did not wait around to seek a proper introduction but took the shortest steps toward consummating the acquaintance himself. It was with this intent in mind that he left for the woods located between the train station and the house of her destination. He did not have long to wait. He saw her fragile figure coming, and placing himself in the path she was to take, he pretended to be looking for something lost. When she had reached him he straightened up, "I'm going to walk home with you."

"Yes," she said, without at once marvelling at her own audacity in speaking so boldly to a perfect stranger. She explained to herself a few minutes later that she must tell this man he was mistaken in selecting her for this sort of intrigue. But something about this bold man fascinated her. Perhaps it was his beautiful brown eyes, powerful forehead, and strong jaw line. Something in her wanted to revolt against it, but she seemed pulled along by some magnetic power that was stronger than she. There was about him a sense of dominance, a power of compulsion. She, yielding, felt all the time that she should not. While they were walking he wasted no time.

"Listen to me, Rhoda, I love you and I feel you might come to love me. You do, don't you?"

She began, "Oh, dear, dear," and wringing her hands, "I just don't know! Oh, dear!" Nothing in her past experience offered a suitable precedent for this unexpected meeting.

He took her hand tenderly but passionately. "I must have you. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever met. You're nice and sweet and I don't care who opposes me or what I lose, but I will have you!"

"Please," she began, "you know nothing about me or my family. I can't just bring you with me to my grandmother's like that." The futility of the look in her face punctuated her intense emotional upheaval. Then she summoned courage once more. "Please leave me. It's better this way."

He held her hand closer, "Don't you think you could care for me?"

She shook her head, "Please don't press me for an answer now."

He looked at her intently, "I will leave now, but I'm going to meet you at your grandmother's." And with that he was gone, and she was left to a myriad of speculation as to the probable outcome of the whole affair.

Chapter III

With his departure, Rhoda was left to many misgivings about her whole lot in life. She did not know which way to turn. That Willard was a singularly engaging young man, she would not deny. But his fame of being a wolf had penetrated the community she had so recently come from and because she was not of the lower mental stratum, she quite knew what consequences this whole affair might later entail. But in spite of all the caution that seemed to deter her, she felt drawn by this mystic and cosmic force. She was not schooled in many of the weightier matters of philosophy in spite of her unusual and striking native precocity. This bio-chemical reaction that had been meshed into force quite as silently as the life cycle was as powerful and encompassing as a drag-net. It was her lot in life to be the victim of such a seduction and she could not escape it. Some higher power had made her thus; the same power that had activated Willard and all the other segments of humanity.

When she reached the house, she did not at once see him, as she had expected, but he was not long in coming. Her grandmother was elated over her arrival. Rhoda had always been her favorite grandchild and she had always entertained high hopes for this girl. But the feelings of Rhoda were somewhat confused. Some four years had passed since she had last seen her grandmother, but the change that had taken place during that time had been miraculous. She could scarcely believe that this really was her relative. It was paradoxically apparent that grandmother had grown younger rather than older.

She drew closer to the bed. The more she looked the more cataclymistical seemed the change. After the usual words bridging a long separation were said, she ventured some rather personal questions.

"My! grandmother, how clear your eyes are!"

Grandmother smiled back benevolently. "My child, that is all the better to view your pretty little figure with." She completed this with a noticeable drool.

She ventured even further, "And, grandmother, how beautiful your plates are!

"All the better to eat you with, since you are so delectable."

"Grandmother," she started, "how positively young your lips look!"

Grandmother leered at her and leaning closer, said, "All the better to kiss you with, my dear."

With these words, the figure in the bed sprung to the floor and clutched Rhoda in a sudden embrace. The wig, falling away, revealed none other than Willard Wolfe. "Please, have pity on a defenseless girl," she began.

"I must have you some way or the other. You're so pretty and I can't wait. Say you'll come away and live with me."

She was distraught, "I can't; you just don't understand." Wrought up by the terrible strain of the matter, she began to scream. On hearing footsteps fast approaching, Willard momentarily stopped his advances. He recoiled when he saw the man who came in. With one blow of a stout club, the stranger knocked him prostrate.

This man, who was a woodcutter and who had been working near-by, came over to Rhoda, who was weeping silently following the rescue.

He was a little ill at ease in matters of delicate finesse like this. "Don't cry for him, Lady, he wasn't worth it."

She looked up. "Oh, I wasn't crying for him . . . I was crying for life."

END

GOLDIE LOCKES

A la Sinclair Lewis

Chapter I

Somewhere in the distance a train swung along in the night, its narrow ray of light probing inquisitively into every cottage it passed. Sometimes the stillness of the night was broken by the frenzied acceleration of a heavy-footed, light-headed, Eversharp-pen-wearing taxi-driver. The milk men with their standard trucks, standard color-design and standard characters were just leaving their homes. A frowsy-headed desk clerk at the local Monarch Hotel yawned, shifted to the other elbow and looked through his latest copy of **Laff.** A lone outcast from society stumbled from a bar and made his way hastily along the street. Lawyer Taylor, noted for his unmitigated attack on vice and corruption, was just finishing off his third Tom Collins and continuing his account of boyhood struggles to an acquaintance. The Rev. C. Chadmore Bevins, D.D., LL. D., was bidding his mistress and church secretary good night. The mayor, noted for his sterling austerity and honesty, was just emerging from a crap game in one of his commissioner's house.

While all this was going on with its despicable regularity, a different scene was taking place in the

(Turn to page 35)

AS I SEE IT . . . *By* John W. Stevenson

Looking Backward.—It is with some regret that we come to the last issue of the 1947-48 **Journal**, and, if you will allow us a sentimental reflection, probably our last contribution to the publications of Wofford College. In this issue, then, we will attempt to bestow laurel wreaths on those persons, organizations and activities that merit praise because of their efforts during the past school year. . . .

The Publications.—First, we wish to acknowledge to the editor the very excellent job he has done in making this year's **Journal** the kind of magazine it is. We have little doubt in our mind that the **Journal** will again win the cup for "best college magazine." Recognition, too, belongs to the contributors of this publication, for it is only through their writing that the magazine has attained the high quality that distinguishes it. Equally excellent has been our brother publication, **The Old Gold and Black,** and to the co-editors of that newspaper who, while they may have lacked the journalistic fervor of less accurate men, nevertheless maintained a superior and consistent weekly newspaper. Too often we fail to realize the effort that is required to meet weekly deadlines and student reaction. To both publications, and to the men responsible for their appearance, we pay tribute. . . .

The Food of Love.—Certainly no backward glance would be complete without some mention of the Glee Club and the tremendous strides it has achieved in the past year. Ultimately any praise directed toward the club would focus on their director, Sam Moyer, and we are in agreement that he deserves whole-hearted praise, and to a great extent, responsibility for its success. However, no one can overlook the enthusiasm and almost electric response of the members. Especially effective is their rendition of Richter's "The Creation," a little over-dramatic, perhaps, but well done by the club. However, this is not a program review, and we digress from our eulogy. With the start that has been made this year, Wofford can look forward, under Mr. Moyer's careful direction, to a Glee Club of some repute. We would recommend this as a student activity worth backing. . . .

The Smile of the Gods.—Intercollegiate sports at Wofford have received their share of honors and tributes during the past year and anything we could say would add little to the growing praise of their achievements.

The Summing Up.—If we have excluded any organization or group in this brief eulogy, it is only because of ignorance or oversight, but a general tribute is in order to the school as a whole for the spirit and energy it has shown on all occasions and activities on the campus. . . .

No Newspaper at Wofford!—At the present writing of this column, there is a rather serious problem that can be met only by the Student Body. It has come to our attention that at a recent meeting of the Publications Board, no one presented themselves to the board as a candidate for editor of the school newspaper. The question raised, then, is the possibility of no weekly paper for next year. The reaction to this possibility has been met with only apparent indifference. In an effort to discover what was the matter, the main excuse offered was that the job entailed too much work for one man. Certainly no one man could do the job, but if a responsible and interested group of reporters could be interested, the work of the editor would then consist mostly of arrangement and correction of material. There is also the possibility of co-editorship that was tried with much success this year. Or is there no man, with a nose for reporting, available on a campus of some seven hundred men: Tut, tut, gentlemen, surely there must be at least one crusader in the entire school with a bone to pick with the world!!

Feet of Clay.—True to our promise, we have consulted our agent in the department of faculty inconsistencies, and he has come up with a rare batch of extra-curricular activities on the part of the keepers of the grade book. For instance, there is the member of the Classical Languages Department who spent some of the war years in the State of Washington surveying for the government, perhaps with a copy of Virgil's "Georgics" in one hand. And speaking of languages departments, there is the new member of Modern Languages who is an ordained Methodist minister and who says that this is the first teaching job he has held without also having the accompanying job of a church to care for. We discovered in the Humanities Department the able instructor of History who spent part of his younger days working in a drygoods store and playing a little Pro ball on the side. The "elder statesman" of the Economics Department was once gym instructor; and the younger member of the Psychology Department was once an office boy for a Wall Street concern.

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The Same As Ever

(From page 4)

his mouth absent-mindedly and forgot to light it.

I got up and fished out my lighter and held the flame under the cigarette.

He looked up quickly. "Oh . . . . thanks. Smoke?"

"Yeah, thanks." I took one and lit it. Then I sat down again.

"Is that little delicatessen still there on Burleigh?" he asked. "A guy named Schultz ran it."

"No," I said. "It burned down two years ago."

"I used to hang around there a lot," he said. "Too bad it burned down."

"Mr. Schultz burned down with it," I said.

He looked at me and took the cigarette out of his mouth. Most of the flush I'd noticed when he came up on the elevator was gone; his face had taken on a shade of pale tiredness. He kept rubbing the back of his neck.

"I liked old Schultz," he said. "He got me started on golf. He was quite a golfer.

"He had to give it up," I said. "High blood pressure."

"Is that so?"

I remembered suddenly, while I was there talking with him about Schultz, something that had happened on our street about six years ago—it had happened about a year and a half after Conway had gone to Hollywood. I was still young and I remembered only parts of it. It was a story that had gone the rounds of the neighborhood, linking Conway up with a girl who lived on the next block; a girl named Thelma or Sara, something like that. I didn't know her, although Stacey had known her well and had, as I began to recall, been a little crazy about her.

I don't know why I remembered the story; maybe because of what had happened and because I was now, right here, talking with Conway, the man whom part of the story had been about. This girl, she was—

"Say," Conway said. "I used to know a girl who lived near here. I wonder if she's still around. Her name's Thelma Melton."

"What was her name?"

"Thelma Melton," he said. "She was a nice looking little girl. Honey blond and plenty fine. Know her?"

"I don't think so," I said. I don't know why I said that; maybe I wanted to see what else he had to say about her.

"Yeah. That's funny . . . I haven't thought about her in years. She and I were in the Players together. In fact, I dated her a lot before I went

to the Coast. You sure you don't know her?"

He seemed to be trying very hard to convince me that he hadn't thought about her, like he said. But there was something about the way he leaned toward me expectantly . . . as if he knew for a certainty that I had seen Thelma Melton just that day.

"I know a Thelma something-or-other," I said. "I wonder if that's her?"

"It might be," he said. "She lived in a yellow brick house. Her father was a musician."

"I don't know. This girl is a blond. Nice-looking, too. She teaches school."

"School? Then I don't think it's the same girl. This girl had a lot of ambition. She was a fine little actress, too."

"There aren't any actresses around that neighborhood," I said.

"That's a funny thing," he said, half to himself. "This kid had plenty on the ball. I told her I'd try and find something for her on the Coast if I made good. In fact, we wrote to each other for a while."

"I guess it's just somebody I've never run across," I said.

He went on. "As a matter of fact, I was a little nuts about her, too. You know."

"Sure," I said.

"That's a funny thing," he mused. "I'd kind of like to see her for old time's sake. She was a sweet kid."

"I sure don't know her. If I can find anything out about her, I'll let you know."

He reached out and touched my shoulder. "Say, that's a good idea, Cosmos. How about trying to find her. I'd certainly appreciate it."

"I'll try," I said. "I guess you'll be pretty busy, though, what with your premiere and all,"

"The hell with that. If you find Thelma, let me know right away. Call me direct, even if I'm back at the Coast."

"Okay," I said. "Sure."

"I was really nuts about this girl," he said. "I was—"

He stopped. He looked at his arm stretched out to my shoulder, then down at the burning cigarette in his other hand. He took his outstretched arm away and laid it on his lap and dusted the long ash of the cigarette on the floor. Then he got up and went into the bathroom and came out with a glass full of something. He drank it down quickly and then picked up the phone, standing up.

I didn't much care now whether I got my job back or not. I kept wondering why I hadn't told

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him what had actually happened to Thelma Melton. She had gassed herself in a room on the second floor of her home a long time ago. I kept thinking about that while his voice talked into the phone, wondering why I hadn't told him. It didn't seem very important for a while but—now, it seemed about the most important thing in the world.

The Quick—And the Dead

(From page 5)

the only thing holding them back was the fear that all the Marines were alive, except Page.

He found himself thinking of the rest camp they had built on Guadalcanal after the Guam campaign. The island, the scene of some of the bitterest fighting in the Pacific war, had undergone a miraculous change. Lunga Point, Kokumbona, Henderson Field, Point Cruz, Matanikau had all become regimental centers of entertainment. Hell's Point, where thousands of rounds of ammunition had blown sky-high, had become the peaceful burying ground for burnt-out tanks and other scraps of the war. He remembered the jeep he had bought from a Seabee for fifty dollars after an all-night poker game, and the rides he had taken around the island with Whitey and Del, who had gotten his in the initial assault. He remembered the movies they went to at night. Most of them were second rate. But the guys he knew would go in the worst rain and sit on the coconut logs just to have something to do. When it wasn't raining it was too hot to sit, especially with the regulations regarding mosquitos and malaria. They had to button their shirts to the neck and tuck their trouser legs into their socks. The mosquito repellent smeared all over the men made him want to get up and leave, but he got used to it. What the hell? He had been through a campaign and he was alive, wasn't he?

He was brought back to the harsh reality of the stinking jungle and the nearness of the war by the soft whistle of the mortar shells on the way. He ducked lower in his depression. The shaking began and he began to sob with the fear which came back to him. He still hoped because it was human. But he knew it was coming and when the cough of the mortars stopped, he knew when.

He could hear the sounds of the Japs moving through the jungle to his front. He raised the M1, resting his left hand along the underside of the barrel back of the stacking swivel. Funny how he thought of the prone position for rapid fire that he had learned at the range at Parris Island. He could feel the furious pounding of his heart against the damp, black earth as he waited.

Obituary

(From page 8)

fied that they were predestined to go to Hell, hardly bat an eye; they're to be admired somewhat for that. However, as much as I admire them, I'm almost always forced to send them to the hottest parts of my domain before I can get a proper reaction from them."

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Cheer up; no one has said that you're going to Hell. One would think you were there already, to listen to you squeal. Well, I must be on my way. See you later, Craig."

"Mr. Peter, Mr. Peter! What did he mean by that?"

"I'd rather not say, child; I'd rather not say."

The Nude

(From page 14)

to nature were the buildings. Two long dormitories painted a deep brown nestled on each side of the mess-hall, which coupled as a headquarters for everything. Down the long, rocky hill, the sea dashed against large gray rocks.

Fifty students made up the bunch. We painted every day, starting with landscapes. The girl I had met on the train was named Margaret. We worked together and shared the same tastes in art and in other things.

The third week the directors of the camp recommended that the class try painting a nude, provided a student would volunteer as a model. The matter was entirely optional.

The students buzzed in anticipation; this was a new field. There was only one trouble; none of the girls wanted to pose.

I suggested to Margaret that she would make an ideal model. The passion of her refusal was unexpected. There was in it, it seemed, something more than modesty. We had a long and heated argument which ended with bitterness between us.

Two days later, a girl was finally persuaded to model. Down near the sea, where the breakers were only twenty feet away in the background, she posed. Blue mirrors reflected the rays of the brilliant sun into a soft glowing hue. The gray rock where she lay was draped with dark blue velvet.

Her body seemed like a moment of life crystallized—the beauty of nature caught in a fleeting breath. Her skin glowed with a mellow, velvet texture. One of the mirrors reflected the spray

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of the breakers which appeared to fall in quivering delight over her body. Her dark brown hair flowed over on her shoulder.

I sat enaptured in the spell, and felt a new realization of the meaning of love and beauty in her form. I painted feverishly.

The setting sun dipped into the sea, and we tramped unwillingly up the hill to the camp.

Did I ever see the nude model again? Certainly, I married her. Here she comes now. Margaret.

India

(From page 14)

letting on an almost equal scale. So therefore the blame cannot be placed on any one group. Each element unfortunately has its fanatics, rabble-rousing leaders. Jinnah is somewhat to blame, for during his agitation for Pakistan he was continually stirring up the fear of persecution at the hands of a Hindu majority. There can be no peace until both sections get rid of their fanatics and hot heads and stability is created.

From the publicity in the press at the time of partition the inevitable result has been to give the impression that the entire subcontinent had been aflame. That, however, was not the case. East, South, and Central India have been virtually free from communal warfare. Bihar, Bombay, the United Provinces, and Assam, which witnessed some bloody riots before power was transferred to the Indians, have also seen no fighting. The disturbances were largely confined to the Punjab, the Northwest Province, Baluchistan, and Delhi.

The partition has in no way solved the Moslem problem, it has merely aggravated the situation and deepened the hatreds between the two religious groups. The new governments were unprepared for an orderly transfer of populations and have so far been unable to cope with the hysterical rage that has seized the masses. Both British and Moslem politicians must bear the responsibility for the origin and growth of communal parties in India, and so, for partition. Before partition many Moslem leaders realized, in the provinces where they form the minorities, that the exchange of populations was impracticable. About 4,000,000 have moved but the majority, numbering approximately 35,000,000, still live in India, where they still are minorities. This in itself is ample proof that partition is a failure and has only made life more miserable for the large number of Moslems that remain in the Union of India.

In addition to its failure to settle the Moslem minority problem, partition has brought forth a problem which may at any time involve Pakistan and India in war. This situation arises out of the question of the princely states. As has been said before, each state has the right to choose the Dominion to which it will become a part. We have witnessed in the past few months the tense situation between the two countries as a result of the Kashmir incident. At present, war has been averted by United Nations action. However, a potential war will always exist as long as there is friction over these states.

There can only be one permanent solution and that is for the unification of the two nations into one independent India. The internal war cannot and will not be won until every party and group makes sacrifices for the common good. Economics will force them to submerge their racial and religious differences. They must learn, and will learn, to trust each other instead of disuniting India by their mutual suspicions, distrusts and hatreds.

It is clear that any real settlement must be based on the good will of the various racial and religious groups and on the desire of all parties to cooperate together for a common objective. In order to gain that, any sacrifice in reason should be worth while. Every group must not only be theoretically and actually free and have equal opportunities of growth, but should have the feeling of freedom and equality. It would not be difficult, if passions and unreasoning emotions were set aside, to devise such freedom with the largest autonomy for provinces

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and states and yet have a strong central bond. There could be autonomous units with local self-government within a framework such as in this country. In addition to this, every conceivable protection and safeguard for minority rights could be inserted into the constitution. When the various groups realize this, India will then emerge as a peaceful and unified nation.

Mother Goose Tales

(From page 28)

pretentious unpretentious home of Mr. David Seton Lockes. Here Mr. Lockes was vociferously berating his daughter Goldie for her late dates with Lester Baer, one of the neighborhood romeos. The contagious disease known as class distinction had permeated the Lockes' home to the extent of precluding certain of Goldie's boy friends. Her father who was a Mason, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Democrat, could not tolerate the idea of his daughter going with the son of an Irish-American immigrant of the second generation.

Striking a pose he had seen in a Herbert Marshall movie, he began to expound the reasons, social and otherwise, on why she should not go with young Baer. "It's just gotta stop, Goldie. I don't care how you feel about it. After all, a person's gotta think about prestige and what the neighbors think, whether they damn well like it or not." He looked satisfied with himself.

Goldie, who had not learned the meaning of parental authority, decided to be more sensible in her argument. "But I don't see what difference his nationality makes. After all, he's very likely to get Phi Beta Kappa. That's what Dr. Plannish said, and he ought to know."

Lockes was not impressed. The only achievement that would appease him would have to be something like Sigma Alpha Ephislon or a degree from the State univer-ity he attended. "What if he does get Phi Beter Kapper, I don't see how that would mean anything. Man's gotta have a lot of punch and go if he's going to get into any big 'xcutive posit'on in the world, and no tea-guzzling, lily-livered, Plato-readin' sissy's goin' to make the grade. Personally, I didn't care for the thing; was just a lot of mealy-mouthed book-worms that got it at State. Now, it takes a man to make some'um like . . . well, some big red-blooded fraterni'y like Sigma Alpaher, or something like that."

She looked at him archly. "Father, it couldn't be you feel that way because you couldn't make Phi Beta, could it? Now be perfectly honest."

This thrust really hit home. He put on the invulnerable armour of parental authority. "It certainly could not! And it seems to me that you're getting a little too smart for your own pants, young lady. Why, when I was your age, if I had talked back to my dad, he'd—ugh, have fixed me up sure enough."

This animated if not enlightening conversation went on until Mr. Lockes was mentally exhausted. He was not used to having his dictates questioned. Like many of the conventional American business men, he felt that his inclinations and wishes were the words of the divine oracle, known as the "power of the industrial magnate." In the wholesale packing company he commanded, his rank was generally referred to by the slaves as "MR." This denoted a certain prestige, but its influence out of the office, and from other than employees who were forced to sacrifice individuality for a meal ticket, was quite the contrary.

While she continued her preparation for the next assignment in Sociology he strode around the room, emitting at various intervals angry and indignant streams of smoke from his "White Owl" cigar. In his anger, he had even forgotten the pleasant surprise he was looking forward to in reading the latest of Earl Stanley Gardner's new mysteries. He had all of them, for to be a real conventional Zenith business man, it was absolutely

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essential that he have at least one volume of their bible. Since he was a booster of the first degree and was member of every civic club and lodge possible, he felt that his influence was somewhat heightened by possessing these rarities. Once immerged in a volume, a change would take place within him. He was no longer David Seton Lockes, the prominent and successful business man. He was Perry Mason, the brilliant (not that he wasn't somewhat sharp himself) and hard-hitting lawyer, who took up the cause of the oppressed and brought the miscreants of society to justice. Sometimes the routine of business was more than oppressive, and he would run away to the beach to be alone with his projections. "By golly," he would say, "I should have studied law, but, well, I don't know . . . 'man wouldn't hardly see what he'd 'ccomplished in a materi'll way."

After a while he cooled off and went upstairs to his chair, expensive pipes (he had smoked only one of them), purple silk lounging robe and Earl Stanley Gardner.

He had scarcely gotten out of earshot before Goldie had reached the phone and had dialed Lester. While waiting for the answer, she ran the bracelets on the phone arm up and down her wrist in a characteristic adolescent pose. In a moment she heard the phone being picked up.

She waited to make sure of the voice. "That you, Lester, hon?"

"Natch."

"Better not come tonight; dad's been on a rampage."

Lester was ostensibly indifferent. "The bull of the woods is on the loose, eh?"

She sighed, "I'm afraid so. Looks like you'd better not come over. I'll meet you somewhere uptown."

There was a new note in his voice, "Say . . . my folks are out of town; why not come over here?" He lowered his voice, "We could have a pretty good time."

She hesitated, then decided to be immoral like the sultry stars she had seen on the screen. "Ok., I'll catch the 7:30 bus." As she replaced the phone in its cradle, she wondered what her father would think now.

Chapter II

Along Mulberry Street for a distance of two blocks were a series of brick and stone houses so alike as to be extremely loathsome to the inebriated

and persons with astigmatism. Each of the homes was laid out in an "L" floor pattern on the first floor, while the upstairs seemed to have suffered from the architect's anxiety to finish his blue prints before breakfast. The rooms were precisely all common in possessing the same dimensions. There were two electrical outlets in the living rooms, one in the dining room, two in the "bastard" sunporch, one in the kitchen (where they were most needed), and none in the bathroom. There were built-in aerial and ground receptacles, which did not have built-in aerials and grounds, a concealed ironing board that came down in front of the only connecting door in the kitchen, and a lovely nickel-plated shower faucet over the tub that could not be used, because it was non-adjustable and shot the stream of water practically everywhere except on the person in the tub. The bathroom was done in white tile that was really not tile but linoleum and plaster. The whole floor plan was marvelously inconvenient. To get to the stairs, one had to go through the kitchen, while the bathroom was in plain view of the living room. The upstairs was no better; the rooms were not even cleverly enough arranged to provide early morning visits among the guests with any degree of safety.

Such was the type house Goldie came to shortly after 7:30 that night. Imagine her surprise when she found no one home!

This was not unusual, however. It was quite a fad among the residents of this neighborhood to go to their clubs and movies and reserve the late hours of the night for festive activities.

Slowly she began to walk over the house, appraising one thing and half-admiring another. After she had satisfied her curiosity she went back to the kitchen where she had seen some soup on the stove. It was turned on low heat; that meant they were not too long off in returning. Going over to the cupboard, she got a bowl and poured some in. A sharp burn on her lips convinced her it was too hot, so she got down another smaller bowl and poured the soup back and forth in this to cool it off. At length, after wearying herself by looking through the latest copy of "Life," she walked around the house a few times and then made her way upstairs again. She was more exhausted than she thought and the beds looked so restful. It was hard to resist the temptation. The beds in Lester's parents room looked more comfortable, so she lay down in them first. Something about the stiffness and formality of the room oppressed her: she couldn't seem to get comfortable in this atmosphere. Getting up, she tried to straighten her mussed-up

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hair. Still bored with being alone, she went into Lester's room and looked through his chest-of-drawers. She found nothing of any importance, save the necessities for life and against life.

For some reason or other, she was still tired and his bed looked so inviting. In another minute she had fallen in and had wrapped the spread about her.

Chapter III

The Baers, true to Zenith conventionality, did not believe in staying out on visits for more than two hours. Lester had been a little hasty in surmising they would be gone for longer, but the people they had gone to see were old and dear friends as well as lodge brother and sister gossipper, so he thought the visit would afford him a delectable clandestine meeting with Goldie at the Baer home. Imagine his surprise when they phoned him from the Beavers' to announce their intentions of returning and for him to bring the car over at once. This call had arrived only ten minutes before she was scheduled to arrive and he had been frantic to get in touch with her. Finally, after trying to get her line for five or six times, he resolved to use his own means and delay their return home. Since Goldie had been in his home before, alone with him, he felt, as was the case, that she would make herself at home.

No opportunity arose to delay them and he had been forced to drive home while listening to his father's warnings on ever being late with the car again. What would be the outcome now, only the gods knew.

Father Baer noticed something the moment he came into the kitchen. "Who's been using my soup bowl?" he growled selfishly. "I don't remember using it before we left the house."

Mrs. Baer rejoined, "You didn't, dear. Look, someone's used mine, too. Now I wonder who on earth could have done it? She turned to their son with a knowing look on her face. "Son, you haven't had anyone here, have you?"

He swallowed hard. "Well, no . . . no, of course not. Somebody's probably just been playing a trick on us and thinks they can get a good laugh out of it." He tried to look convincing.

Mr. Baer was not inclined to be put off with this anemic explanation. "Well, I'm not so sure about that. I'm goin' upstairs and see if this practical joker has done any harm up there."

With this he bounded up the steps. When they reached their bedroom they were more mystified

than ever. "Even been in my bed; say, where does this person get off, anyway?"

His wife was more distraught. "Oh, look, whoever it was messed up the spreads. Got them all wrinkled. Believe me, if I found out who did this . . ."

"Don't worry," growled Baer senior, "I'll take care of 'em."

Lester felt if he was to act, now was the time. While they had been in their bedroom he had stolen a quick glance into his room and found Goldie. Desperately he tried to lure them away. "Aw, ya'll, whoever it was, you know they have gone by now. Let's go back downstairs and see if we can get any more clues."

Big Baer was firm. "Not until we've had a look in your room, young man!" Lester sighed perceptibly.

Unknown to him, Goldie had awakened before they came to the room she was in. At first she didn't know whether to hide or not. But further inspection led her to the conclusion that there was no place to hide. Therefore, when they opened the door to Lester's room she put one of his bathrobes over her head and dashed out right under their very eyes. Thus, Goldie Lockes eluded the three Baers.

In Memoriam

Editor's note: Written in memory of Robert Pickett Hamer II, who died 30th December, 1947.

To him whose life was ended in the spring,
So full of future promise, vigor vim,
That put the sense of joy in everything,
Quick'ning the hours of all who played with him.
Fresh are the memories, sweet as the smell
Of fragrant flowers so radiant in hue.
Space would forbid the other thoughts to tell
Of how each act of leadership rang true,
His many deeds of kindness also bright
Shone brilliantly as cheerfulness arose
Upon that Christmas morn. Oh, what delight!
As gratefully enjoyed by all of those
Who dearly miss his laughter and his smile
But forward look to seeing him awhile.

—Douglas Hooker

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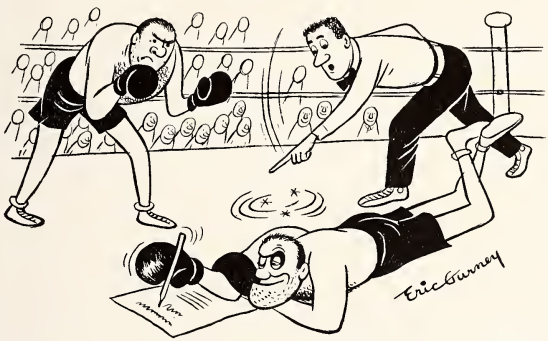

". . . well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

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January winners: $15.00 to *Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y.*, and to *Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College.* $5 each to *Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio,* and *C. A. Schneyer of New York City.*

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

$1 apiece is shamefully sent to *C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College,* and *Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y.* In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.

Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.

Paradox—two ducks.

Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

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HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: *Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ.,* and *Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.*

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

* * *

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *

She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *

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LITTLE MORON CORNER

"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage ($2) for *June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois*:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with *six* flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got *twelve* flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you $2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

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